

July 1932 103

Mr. Hoover's Stalking-Horse

The Pedagogues Leap to Save Us

The American
Mercury

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

The Poetry Revival of 1914

Edgar Lee Masters

The Louisiana Kingfish

Louis Cochran

We Stage a Revolution

Jorge J. Blanco

Another Golden Age Goes Haywire

G. H. Burck

Helen, I Love You!

James T. Farrell

The Making of a Race-Horse

Arthur Mann

Love Affair

Lowry Charles Wimberly

Joel's

Benjamin de Casseres

From an Ozark Holler

Vance Randolph

The Water Lilies

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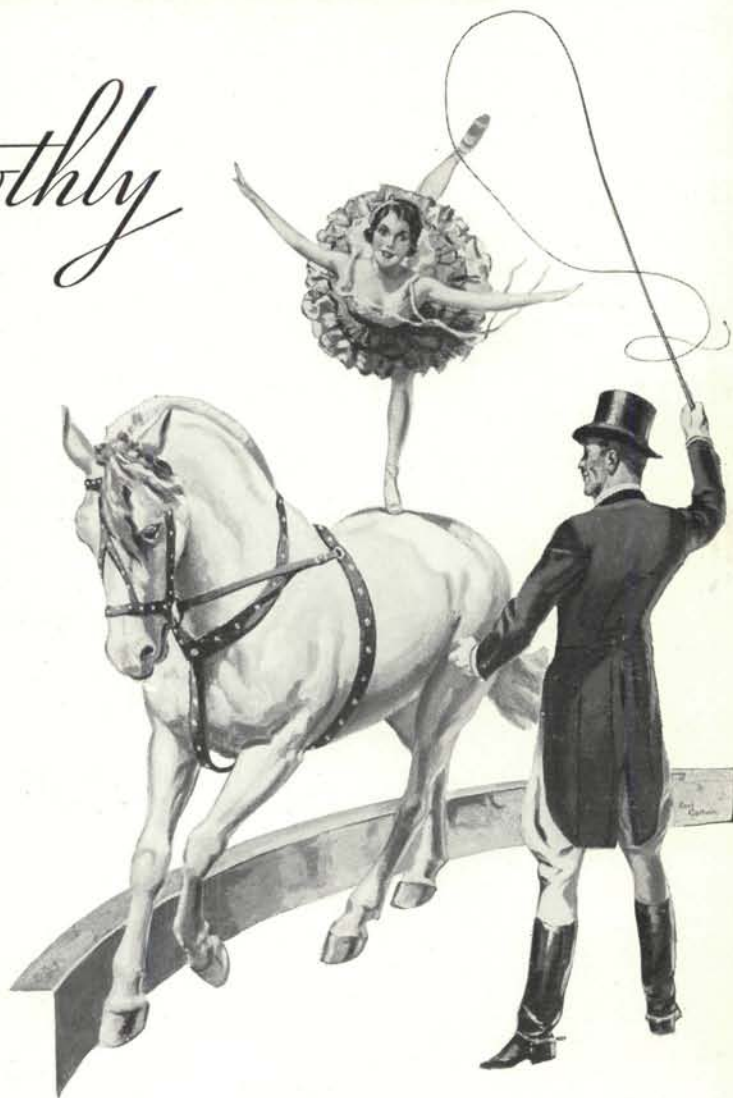
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VOLUME XXVI

July 1932

NUMBER 103

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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

ECONOMICS

ECONOMIC STABILIZATION IN AN UNECONOMIC WORLD.

By *Alvin Harvey Hansen.*

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 8¼ x 5¾; 384 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hansen, who is professor of economics in the University of Minnesota, begins with a highly technical discussion of the parts played by the reparations payments, the war debts, the maldistribution of gold, and Russian dumping in the current depression. He ends with a consideration of the remedies proposed. He shows a tremendous knowledge of his subject and a considerable courage. The depression, he says, "has caught in its deadly grip a larger mass of people than any former depression. Moreover, in point of severity, it is one of the worst on which we have any definite statistical measure." As for its underlying causes, they require "no explanation other than the general theory of the business cycle as such," according to which, in the capitalistic order of things, world panics take place approximately every nine years. Dr. Hansen seems to think that under capitalism—"which is floundering in perhaps the worst depression in history"—nothing can be done to improve matters, and he believes that we shall eventually have to adopt some form of "controlled economy." In the United States "some form of unemployment insurance" is probably inevitable.

BOLSHEVISM, FASCISM, & CAPITALISM.

By *George S. Counts, Luigi Villari, Malcolm Rorty, & Newton D. Baker.* *The Yale University Press*
\$2.50 8 x 5¾; 274 pp. *New Haven*

The four chapters of this book are lectures delivered before the Williamstown Institute of Politics in the Summer of 1931. They all leave much to be desired. Professor Counts of Columbia, who defends Communism, presents many interesting facts about what is going on in Russia, but most of them are familiar, and he does not grapple with the basic doctrine behind the Bolshevik experiment. Luigi Villari says that in Italy, under Fascism, "class peace has been achieved," but he does not trouble to explain at what cost. Mr. Rorty, vice-president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, fills fifty-five pages with familiar stuff about the noble manner in which capitalism fosters initiative, preserves human dignity, and makes for the highest efficiency. He seems to be hot for the new stabilization gospel. The title of Mr. Baker's chapter is

"World Economic Planning," but after a close reading of it, it is extremely difficult to make out whether he is in favor of planning or against it. He does hazard the definite opinion that "modern civilization is worth preserving." There is an index.

THE GOLD STANDARD & ITS FUTURE.

By *T. E. Gregory.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
\$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 115 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gregory is professor of currency and banking in the University of London, and professor of social economics in the University of Manchester. He begins with a brief survey of the history of the gold standard and a study of its workings in the modern world, and then discusses in detail the causes of its breakdown in Great Britain. At the end he considers its future. The international gold standard, he says, has few friends today. Because it has ceased to be international it has become "a less useful instrument of economic progress than it once was." But so long as "the two strongest economic powers," France and the United States, hold on to it—and there is little likelihood that they will abandon it—it will not give way to a paper standard. Altogether, "a universal, permanent departure from the gold standard as a conscious act of choice is most improbable."

SOCIOLOGY

THE OLD-TIME SALOON.

By *George Ade.* *Ray Long & Richard R. Smith*
\$1.50 7¾ x 4¾; 174 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ade is a wet of the school which regards the old-time saloon as an evil institution, and does not favor bringing it back. It began to become criminal, he says, when an English syndicate bought a large number of American breweries. This invasion set up a violent competition between the invaders and those brewers who remained independent, and as a result too many saloons were opened, and most of them had to violate the regulatory laws in order to survive. This theory is somewhat too simple to be sound. The saloon, as a matter of fact, was probably debauched by an excess of laws: it either had to violate them or give up the ghost. Mr. Ade describes it as it existed in its palmy days. His picture is vivid, but it shows a certain hostility. As for what is going on today, he confesses that he must rely upon hearsay, for he says he has never been in a speakeasy. Altogether, his tract will probably offend both wets and dries. It is too critical of the saloon

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

to please the former, and too favorable to a modification of Prohibition to console the latter.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF.

By *Albert Blumenthal*.

The University of Chicago Press
\$4 7½ x 5½; 416 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Blumenthal here attempts to do for a small mining-town in Montana what the Lynds did for Muncie, Ind., in "Middletown." He calls his town Mineville, and gives it a population of 1410. It lies in the mountains, and its people, in the main, get their living from the nearby mines and smelters. Life among them is pretty dull, and they are thrown upon tin-pot fraternal orders and petty gossip for amusement. Their two news-stands sell 60 copies of *True Story* every month, but only two copies of *Harpers*. But there is, nevertheless, a small aristocracy, and it includes at least one family that would be regarded as civilized anywhere. Mr. Blumenthal's account of the town is not very lively; he wastes much of his space laboring the obvious. On the other hand, he says less than he might about the influence of the great mining companies upon the life and thought of the people. His book has an index. It belongs to the University of Chicago Sociological Series.

PSYCHOLOGY

PSYCHOLOGY: SCIENCE OR SUPERSTITION?

By *Grace Adams*. *Covici, Friede*
\$2.50 8½ x 5¼; 299 pp. *New York*

Dr. Adams traces the history of modern psychology from its beginning with Wundt down to the present day. She takes up in detail the conflicting theories of James, Münsterberg, Titchener, Freud, Jung, Adler, Hall, Watson, Koffka, and Köhler, and she also considers such things as mental hygiene, vocational guidance, and intelligence testing. One of the most brilliant pupils ever to come out of the late Edward Bradford Titchener's class at Cornell, she writes with extensive knowledge and authority. In addition, she commands a clear and forceful style. In general, she is very critical of the claims made by the psychologists. She even refuses to call their craft a science, "for science is a discipline of general and impersonal facts, and psychology remains a collection of personal and antagonistic theories," which are heavily loaded with strange metaphysics. Dr. Adams has written a sound and solid book. Some of the chapters in it originally appeared in abbreviated form in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. There is a good bibliography, followed by a glossary and an index.

vi

MY PARENTS: FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

By *Arthur Frank Payne*. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam*
\$2 7½ x 5½; 278 pp. *New York*

This book is addressed to intelligent parents who are confronted with the immemorial psychological problems of growing sons and daughters. Some of the subjects dealt with are the following: how to deal with the unsocial assertiveness of very young children, how and where to direct their pre-adolescent day-dreaming, and how to tell them the whole truth when they ask where babies come from. Dr. Payne, who is associate professor of psychology and director of personnel in the College of the City of New York, has many sensible, if somewhat superficial, things to say about all these matters, and his book should have its uses. Helpful bibliographical notes appear throughout the text.

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF EMERSON.

By *Van Wyck Brooks*. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
\$3 8¼ x 5½; 315 pp. *New York*

Mr. Brooks is here concerned almost exclusively with Emerson the man, and not with his ideas. Interspersing his narrative with frequent and sometimes very long quotations from the journals, essays, and lectures, he has managed to present a well-rounded and highly sympathetic portrait of the Sage of Concord. There are also numerous minor portraits of his more eminent contemporaries, but the three that stand out are those of Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and Emerson's aunt, Mary Moody Emerson. Altogether, the book is skilfully done. Occasionally there are lapses into fictional writing, but in the main the account is strictly factual. The volume will probably help keep alive the legend of the great Yankee philosopher for a few years more, but there is room for doubt that it will add much to Mr. Brooks's reputation.

MARTHA BERRY.

By *Tracy Byers*. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$3.50 8¼ x 6; 268 pp. *New York*

This is the story of Martha Berry, the "Sunday Lady of Possum Trot," who founded the Berry Schools at Mount Berry, Ga., for the education of the children of the Southern Appalachians. Miss Berry, unquestionably, is an interesting person, but there is rather too much sweetness and light in this account of her. The book has several illustrations.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page x*

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The American MERCURY

July 1932

MR. HOOVER'S STALKING-HORSE

BY GEORGE MILBURN

IT is not to be supposed that all the people of Oklahoma like to go to Alfalfa Bill's melancholy camp meetings and chant the anthem, "Hoover Made a Soup-Hound Outa Me." There are still taxpayers in the Cimarron country who are loyal enough to recollect that Mr. Hoover, as a matter of fact, made a Cabinet member of one Oklahoman.

They usually have this in mind when they speak of the Hon. Patrick Jay Hurley's luck, although his appointment as Secretary of War in December, 1929, was by no means his first taste of distinction. He had long been a leading citizen of Tulsa, better known as the Magic City, and reports vary as to whether he had already made only \$5,000,000 or as much as \$15,000,000 in the professions of law, patriotism and real estate. It is known positively, however, that he had begun telling newspaper men as early as 1925 that Herbert Hoover would be the next President of the United States. That alone is enough to show that he has vision as well as luck.

Oklahoma was not much concerned about how or why the first of her native sons got into the Cabinet. He was the only strictly home-grown politician who had

ever achieved an office of such gorgeous prominence, and that was sufficient cause for rejoicing. Editors throughout the nominally Democratic State forgot all party bias in their exultation. They announced to the world that Oklahoma had now attained its political majority. One of them went so far as to venture, "This gives Oklahoma a place close to the President's elbow." And Will Rogers, born and raised in Oologah himself, wrote in one of his syndicated witticisms:

Say, did you know that an old country boy from just 28 miles from Claremore, Okla. was Secretary of War? . . . Due to Pat we're liable to wake up some day with presidential timber on our hands right down home.

A short time later Oklahoma woke up with Alfalfa Bill Murray on its hands, and more presidential timber than it knew what to do with. But even at that electric moment people detected the fundamental sagacity in their favorite comedian's drollery. How could a millionaire from the oil capital, hovering in the sacred proximity of the President's elbow, avoid absorbing enough eminence to be worthy of the high place himself, say by 1936?

All conscientious Oklahomans, at any rate, are now prepared for it, and they are not to be distracted by transient agrarian revolts. They began to hope when they read that Mr. and Mrs. Hurley were the Hoovers' guests at the time of the last inauguration. They were reassured a fortnight later when the devoted Tulsan was further rewarded with the august position of Assistant Secretary of War. And they could sense a portent in Hurley's widely published exclamation, "Mr. President, I'd crawl on my hands and knees to get that office!"

The appointment was more of a tribute to the Great Engineer's benevolence than it seemed. His obligation to Hurley, after all, was dubious, and many an Oklahoma Republican could tell you that it was. While the ardent Irishman had been one of the earliest Hoover prophets, his intensive pre-convention campaign had actually been a dismal flop in Oklahoma, and the State had delivered its entire delegation at Kansas City to old Charlie Curtis of Kansas. It is true that Oklahoma quickly got into line and gave the Wonder Boy a handsome majority in the general election, but that was more validly explained by local distrust of Al Smith's religion and patois than by any of Hurley's efforts, however zealous. So there was good reason for his effusiveness at being recognised by his glum hero after the tumult was over.

Once he had that foothold, however, his fellow citizens regarded it as inevitable that the sainted James W. Good, the first Hoover Secretary of War, should pass on to the heavenly host not many months later. Another month elapsed before the grateful assistant moved up to his present high and privy place, but Oklahoma was furtively confident that he was destined for it long before Eastern observers so much as mentioned the possibility.

Fortified by the dignity of the superior office, the Hon. Mr. Hurley immediately emerged as the principal defender of the administration—in fact, as Mr. Hoover's oratorical right bower. As such, it was only a short while before his name was appearing in many newspapers far beyond the bounds of Oklahoma. One of his first missions on behalf of his apprehensive superior was made at the time of the New York State campaign in 1930. He was sent in to assist the beleaguered Republican candidate for Governor, the Hon. Charles H. Tuttle. But when the new Secretary of War got to New York for a series of speeches, he paid the hapless Tuttle little mind, and projected all his fine Irish tirades against the "kept muckrakers and paid liars supported by political adversaries for the sole purpose of vilifying the President and trying to destroy his leadership and the success of his economic programme." And then he cried:

It is an attempt to destroy by false and malignant propaganda the character of the man the people have elected to be their leader . . . He has undertaken to relieve unemployment, and *believe me, my friends, he will!*

This was back in 1930, and the New York *Times* could not forbear printing a bewildered editorial wondering why Mr. Hurley had brought up the question of Mr. Hoover's character, inasmuch as criticism until then had been singularly free from attack on the President as an individual. The bellicose Secretary of War, in fact, had anticipated by almost a year all those acrid personal squibs that were to be set off under his benefactor.

He was soon in for a considerable vogue as a luncheon club speaker, and everywhere he went he had stirring panegyrics for his pudgy boss and harsh words for those hireling calumniators. All the other

members of the Cabinet became taciturn by comparison. Indeed, he pursued his course so sedulously, with only slight variations on his original theme, that his protestations may well have given rise to the first appalling suspicion that the legendary Hoover was too good to be true. A good while before the Fall of 1931, when the President hustled him off on a banana-oil tour of the Philippines and mordant newswriters began mentioning him as Mr. Hoover's Eyes and Ears, it was obvious that he was in fact Mr. Hoover's Mouth-piece.

Even at the moment he was sailing from Seattle to be out of the United States for some time on his Philippines excursion he sent a parting volley echoing out across the country:

A deliberate campaign has been instituted to malign the character of the President with dirty mean little insinuations. It's gotten so bad that he can't even snap his fingers at his dog without somebody saying he didn't do it right. If the President would talk at his press conferences as I do at mine he wouldn't have any trouble. If he'd come right out and brand one or two of these propagandists as liars, he'd put a stop to it. But he goes his own patient way and remains ever the gentleman.

Mr. Hurley often reverts to these villainies in private conversation, and speaks of them with as much heat before an audience of two as he does before two thousand. He knows how to utilize background for dramatic effect and his inner office in the State, War and Navy Building is like a stage set, even to a pile of officers' commissions to which he applies his signature while talking. Some forgotten critic, a prairie flower, described him once as a man who struts sitting down, but wonder-struck visitors from Oklahoma who have penetrated to his sanctum are likely to find his studied gestures and his handsome, out-

thrust jaw very effective there in the shadowed room, lighted only by a green-shaded desk lamp. He waits until they are seated and then he tells them all about Hoover.

"There he sits," he says, gesturing in the direction of the White House, his low, impressive voice vibrant with emotion. "There he sits, bowed down by these tremendous responsibilities that were not of his making, and they heap abuse upon him, and he can't strike back. He can't, you know—his religion. He's a Quaker. And he often tells me to hush up about it, not to answer back. But I just can't hush up. I'm not made that way. I just boil."

II

The President would have been hard put had he tried to find a more splendid exponent of rugged American individualism than Patrick Jay Hurley. The man's career points to so many high morals and otherwise cleaves so closely to the success-story pattern that his campaign biographer, who wrote "From Coal-Mine to President's Cabinet"¹ for an Oklahoma City newspaper, was not under the slightest strain in being a frank and consistent encomiast. But even so, it was not all clear sailing for this honest historian, and he describes in detail some of the obstacles he encountered. One was a cautious letter from the Secretary's secretary:

The Secretary [Mr. Hurley] is still somewhat skeptical about the necessity of publishing the story which you have written. He ventures the suggestion that if it is published now it will be considered a bid for the Republican nomination for Vice-President. You know, of course, that the newspapers have mentioned his name quite frequently in connection with that office.

¹ Also published in book form as "Pat Hurley: the Story of an American" by Parker La Moore. New York: 1932.

Just how the patient eulogist overcame his hero's bashfulness is not revealed. At all events the story was finally given to the world in permanent and elegant form, and its talented subject, having read it in proof, exclaimed to friends with becoming modesty, "Why, it was so flattering I hardly recognised myself!"

There are, nevertheless, some indubitable facts in the book, and one of them seems to be that he was born on January 3, 1883, as the son of poor but worthy Irish immigrants, Pierce O. Hurley and Mary Kelly, who came into America by way of the neighboring Republic of Texas. There they met and there they were married, but about three years before the birth of Patrick Jay they moved to the Choctaw Nation of the Indian Territory, where the elder Hurley found employment as operator of a pick and shovel in a coal-mining camp near the town of Lehigh.

It was a frontier community, and the Hurley poverty provided enough early hardships for half-a-dozen presidential candidates. The father, as his illustrious son's biographer charitably points out, "was doing no more than would the average Irishman if he imbibed too freely of hard liquor." Moreover, he fell off a horse and that still further put him out of commission as a wage-earner while Patrick was yet quite young. The boy had to go to work for the coal company at the age of eleven. He was paid twenty-five cents a day for tending a trap-door at the top of a shaft. We are told on the authority of old residents that he didn't wear enough clothes to flag a handcar and that his lunch-pail seldom contained anything more than a single raw cucumber.

But his natural ability soon asserted itself and he was promoted to the office of mule-driver in the mines. He drove a particularly recalcitrant beast, and its name,

Kicking Pete, has come down to us. The local legends tell us how the young Irishman, already developing as a leader, met and conquered this criminal animal. The old-timers say that he worked on it with his bare fists, but Mr. Hurley now declares that he brought it into submission with kindness.

But kindness was not what he used on the mining-camp bullies, if tradition can be trusted. It tells of how he met one Fayte Whiteside, a dastard who had been teasing the Hurley sisters, and laid him low. Only one other set-to was necessary for him to establish a reputation so formidable that no one else would challenge him. One Dad McFadden had got him flat on his back and was pouring it on him when Mr. Hurley reached out and got a chunk of slag and hammered down his antagonist's ears so effectively that he won the bout.

It was about this time, when he was fourteen, that he had his first opportunity to engage in gentler pursuits. A Scotchman named Golightly came to the mining-camp and set up a night-school. Hurley was one of the pupils, but his first academic experience was brief, for the coal-mine was shut down by a strike and his pay and education stopped at the same time. So he drifted up into the Cherokee Nation, where he found a job at the Lazy S Ranch. If he did not linger long there, it was because the Spanish-American War had come on, and down in Texas an extraordinary colonel was mobilizing his Rough Riders. Burning with that powerful admiration for Theodore Roosevelt which he keeps bright to this day, young Hurley set out South to volunteer. But the recruiting officers found him too immature for Teddy's Terrors, and turned him back. As soon as he reached Muskogee on his retreat he hired out to another cattleman.

There was in Muskogee a Baptist seminary bearing the glossy name of the Indian University, and, after having been a farm hand for almost three years, Hurley met up with one of its students. College life, as this student described it, seemed much more attractive than chasing cows through the brakes of Brushy Mountain—indeed, it seemed attractive enough to overcome the inconvenient fact that young Mr. Hurley had been brought up a sturdy Roman Catholic (two of his sisters became nuns). He lost no time in submitting himself to the Baptist pedagogues, and this early apostasy was one of the most fortunate steps in his entire political career, inasmuch as it removed his disqualification for the highest office within the gift of the people. But rumors that he is still a Papist haunt him today, and "From Coal-Mine to President's Cabinet" devotes not a little attention to his spiritual experience, with special emphasis on his Baptist education, allowing, however, that "one of his best pals was a Methodist."

A Protestant by intellectual preference, [Hurley] has visited among the various churches of that school of thought, finding spiritual inspiration in them all.

One report holds that he supported himself that first year at school by driving a delivery wagon for a Muskogee grocer, but his authorized biographer, in a jocular passage, says that he was really "chambermaid to the horses" at the school stables, for which he received his board and room. In his second year the school was short of teachers, and he was hired as an instructor of history, a science to which he is still devoted. This recognition was capped some time later when the precocious undergraduate was made a full professor of history. His position on the faculty, nevertheless, did not exempt him from student disci-

pline, and Mr. La Moore relates one distressing experience that is quite as indicative of character as that story about Washington and the cherry tree:

An incident occurred . . . which threatened to cut short his educational venture. The gardener at the institution had spread a thick coating of manure over a hotbed he was making under the windows of the boys' dormitory and on warm days it exuded a most potent odor, decidedly objectionable to the students . . . One morning the gardener discovered that manure and hotbed had disappeared during the night. In the investigation which followed the boys suspected were called before President Scott. It came Hurley's turn.

"Do you know who removed the hotbed?"

"Yes, sir," the boy told the amazed president, "I do."

"Who did it?"

"I cannot tell you that."

"I demand that you do tell me."

"I have the information in confidence and I positively cannot tell you."

"Very well," pronounced the president. "You may have one hour in which to think about it. If by that time you are not prepared to tell me, you must leave the institution."

Hurley immediately began packing up to leave, and it is estimated that two-thirds of the student body got ready to follow him. The threat of this wholesale withdrawal brought the grim old Baptist to terms. He called back Pat and promised not to press the inquiry.

This was the period, too, in which Mr. Hurley received his first military experience, something that newspaper feature writers have made much over, even though the Secretary himself seems inclined to depreciate its more romantic aspects. A home guard company was organized in Muskogee, and he was one of the first volunteers. He quickly became a first sergeant, and then a captain. A short while before

Statehood the Creek Indians, exhibiting a pardonable resentment against the government's final land steal, began taking pot shots at the boomers. These sporadic ambushes and impotent attacks, the so-called Crazy Snake Rebellion, gave the territorial militiamen, among them the gallant young historian, an opportunity for much valiant riding up and down.

There was a minimum of danger and Captain Hurley was preserved to receive in 1905 an A.B. degree from Indian University,

having written his name large in the affairs of his class. He had played the French horn in the orchestra, been first baseman on the baseball nine, captain of the football squad, a member of the university choir, the editor-in-chief of the student publication, and the leading debater of the institution.

And "had there been anything else," his biographer concludes, "he doubtless would have been it."

III

Men with nothing like the illumination of Patrick Jay Hurley could see that when the incipient State of Oklahoma came into being there wouldn't be enough lawyers to go 'round. So he quit a good job that he had got in the Indian Office at Muskogee and set out for the National University at Washington, D. C., where, a short year later, in 1908, he was graduated from the law school. Then he hastened back to the burgeoning settlement of Tulsa to get in while the getting was good. One of his earliest fees was a large block of prairie that was not long in becoming city lots. Obviously, there was big money to be had from unearned increment in the new State, and Mr. Hurley's investments soon put him on his way to his first million.

Encouraged by having been elected pres-

ident of the Tulsa Bar Association in 1910, he now felt that he was prepared to offer himself up on the altar of public service, and so he ran for the State Senate on the Republican ticket. His happy choice of a political party, made in a preponderantly Democratic State, was the effect, we are told, of his old idolization of the ferocious Roosevelt. An Arkansawyer, one Judge Vandeventer, was nominated by the Democrats, and Mr. Hurley gave him a fancy contest, with a series of rousing debates and all the trimmings. The final count was close, but Vandeventer, J., defeated him.

This first melancholy experience in politics seemed to have affected Mr. Hurley more deeply than he pretended at the time. Never since has he come out for an elective office. His biographer says that high-minded voters have pestered him constantly, urging him to be a candidate for this, that and the other, but he has persisted since 1910 in holding himself out of the sordid hurly-burly of popular competition, keeping his potentialities intact for the larger chance. For years, indeed, he maintained such a rigid austerity toward the Republican party in Oklahoma that when he began his inspired barnstorming for Hoover before the 1928 convention, the State organization regarded him as the rankest sort of upstart and lost no chance to let him know it. The State delegation's seditious allegiance to Curtis was really a rebuke to him, since it had been bruited about that he had advised Hoover beforehand that he had Oklahoma in the bag. The regular Republican ring-leaders in Oklahoma are still pretty sour about the way their Boy Scout got on.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hurley resigned himself to his law practice, although his appointment in 1912 as attorney for the Choctaw Nation, with \$5,000 a year and

expenses, was not without its political significance. The incessant tribal suits took him to Washington for much of his time, and this employment gave rise in later years to an erroneous report that he was of Indian descent. There was an unmistakable Celtic whimsey in his prompt denial, "No, I'm not Indian; I'm half Irish and half white!"

He continued to pamper his martial spirit with a captaincy in the Oklahoma National Guard, and in 1916 went to the Mexican border with his company to help exterminate Villa. America's entry into the World War the following year gave him an even more propitious opening. He went to Washington, was assigned a position in the Judge Advocate General's office, was advanced to a major's commission, and later became a lieutenant-colonel.

While he was in the capital he picked out a wife. He went to a horse show and saw a tall, charming blonde girl, portraying Diana, lead the chase so impellingly that he ejaculated, "Some day that woman is going to be Mrs. Hurley!" She was the daughter of Rear Admiral Wilson, commander of the Atlantic Fleet. Mr. Hurley went on to France to save democracy, but he hurried back in 1919 and broke the news to her as soon as he could get her alone,—the first time, in fact, he had ever been alone with her. That was in New York. Miss Wilson was sufficiently impressed, but she told him that he'd have to ask her father. The resolute swain grabbed a launch for the admiral's flagship, moored in the Hudson, got the requisite consent, and the wedding was celebrated before the year was out.

His magnetism seems to have been responsible also for his being awarded a Distinguished Service Cross. After the Armistice the American Army of Occupation was confronted with the necessity

of getting permission to cross the neutral Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The Colonel from Oklahoma, assigned as Judge Advocate General, was sent to treat with the Grand Duchess. First he had breakfast with her, then they went horseback riding, and that night they danced together at a state ball. Mr. Hurley strutted his stuff so persuasively that he had no difficulty in getting what he had been sent after, and his citation followed. His report on the duchy, if somewhat discursive, was couched in such swell language, was so replete with erudite historical references, and was such a gorgeous document throughout that it drove his ravished biographer to say:

No, [Hurley] is not a poet. He is an officer in an Army of Occupation. An Irishman's imagination simply had been inflamed by the romantic land in which he found himself and having delved into its colorful past he needs must give expression to his feelings.

But soon those dazzling days were only memories, and back to Tulsa, bearing his bride, came Mr. Hurley, with prosaic years of Oklahoma law practice and money grubbing stretching out before him. Membership in the American Legion. Chamber of Commerce luncheons. Director in the First National Bank. President of the Hurley-Park Investment Company. Receiver for the Gilliland Oil Company. But watching Tulsa grow is a dull business for a handsome man who has danced with a Grand Duchess.

In the fateful year of 1928 romance was restored to the life of Patrick Jay Hurley. Herbert Hoover joined the Republican party. This galvanizing decision sent the young millionaire into action again with all the swashbuckling that had characterized his Indian Territory days. He climbed into an airplane and flew from town to

town, zooming low over the streets to attract crowds, making stump speeches in nearby cow pastures for the Great Engineer. He financed his own campaign.

The politicians turned clammy eyes on his antics, and he went to the Kansas City convention with no place on the Oklahoma Republican delegation, but he was now close to his hero and the disappointment was mild. He was assigned to the delicate task of placating old Charlie Curtis with the vice-presidential nomination, and the balmy Kaw accepted too quickly to let him get his diplomacy into full play. He saw his adversaries on the Oklahoma delegation humbled. His idol swept majestically into office and Oklahoma came through with an even greater majority than he had pledged.

"I am the happiest man in the world!" exclaimed Patrick Jay Hurley upon being sworn in as Assistant Secretary of War on March 15, 1929.

IV

Mr. Hoover described his Oklahoma protégé as "one of those new patriots who have made considerable sacrifices to take low-salaried positions in the National government." But it had seemed for a while as if there wasn't going to be even a low-salaried job open to this one. The Oklahoma Republicans had steadily avoided giving him any support at the time the administration was being formed, and it was left to the President himself to search out a place for his hustling disciple. He offered Mr. Hurley his choice of three somewhat picked-over berths: one on the Shipping Board, that of Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and that of Assistant Secretary of War. It was the last that the exuberant Tulsan expressed his willingness to crawl for. So Mr. Hoover gave it to him.

That was two years before Speaker Garner could complain: "The President had better keep his assistant secretaries at home. They had better stay here and do what they are supposed to do and not run around the country making political speeches." Mr. Hurley spent nine months doing the things an Assistant Secretary of War is supposed to do, among which was an inspection tour of Panama. He gratified his taste for tailor-made clothing and continued to add to his collection of hats at the rate of one a week. He was the husband of an admiral's daughter, and he applied himself to getting on in Washington society. The muckrakers were soon reporting that always before attending a big function he would practise his entry and exit, small talk and bows, and like behavior before a large mirror. Then Death came to confound those bitter-enders back in Oklahoma and the way was cleared for Mr. Hoover's brightest partisan to strike his full unfettered patriotic stride.

Times had changed since March, 1929. A panic was on, and the august engineer had need for a six-foot spokesman with a resolute jaw—a stalking-horse whose majestic physical appearance would be enough to decoy the country's vanishing illusions. Out over the land travelled the new Secretary of War spreading the seeds of courage and assurance.

Perhaps the most momentous of these errands was the widely publicised inspection of the Philippines, following on the Islands' climactic agitation for independence last Summer. Mr. Hurley spent three weeks among the brown men and came back with precisely the report that his superior wanted to hear: the Philippines were not ripe for independence. But that, unfortunately, did not close the matter. He was invited to appear before a Senate committee hearing on the subject:

SENATOR KING: Just a minute! You try to answer before the question is asked.

HURLEY (*angrily*): You have absolutely undertaken to distort what I said.

KING: I resent what you said as untrue as some of your other statements have been.

HURLEY: Well now, Senator —

KING: Proceed.

HURLEY (*voice rising*): Of course you can conduct your star chamber proceedings in here and call me a liar, but you cannot say it and let me remain here, because you are a member of the U. S. Senate. And I have not stated an untruth, and I decline to let you call me a liar.

KING: I have not.

HURLEY (*shouting*): I will not remain before this committee and permit it.

KING: All right.

HURLEY: You must not call me a liar and permit me to take it. I have taken just about all I can stand from this committee. You won't permit the truth to be told (*striding toward door*). I told you in the beginning that the objective of the United States was three-fold: that it was the social, economic and political development of these islands for independence. Now you distort everything that I say and then call me a liar. Now you can have your meeting. I will not appear before a committee where I have got to be called a liar.

[*Exit*]

Later on the Secretary and the Senator got together and the affair was settled amicably, with apologies all around. But there were reverberations of the hullabaloo in the House when Mr. Hurley sent a letter to a committee in reply to an invitation instead of appearing personally, and one outspoken Representative went on record with a blunt "To hell with Hurley!" But at least that ugly scene proved that the Secretary of War is finicky about whom he truckles for, and that he is not always as self-effacing as he is when he is out making speeches for the administration.

It would, in truth, be a grievous mistake to think of Mr. Hurley as nothing more than a beguiling false-face. Some of the

newspaper correspondents, recalling his haughty bearing, his elegant manners, and his fashionable dress, contend that there is no politician in Washington more vain. This, no doubt, is an exaggeration, although it was lent some credence by a tempest that struck the Secretary's own office not long ago. The occasion was the disclosure of a slight inaccuracy in his authorized biography:

His own speeches he writes himself, something not all public men do nowadays, and he delights in delivering them, but he exercises infinite care in their preparation . . . until he has every word where he wants it.

One night at a dinner party a speaker made a quip revealing that the wit in Mr. Hurley's speeches, which had been so highly praised, was really not Celtic at all, but Semitic. In brief, it appeared that there was in the Secretary's middle office at the time a quiet Jewish officer of Russian birth, Captain A. Robert Ginsburgh (Harvard 1917), and that this gentleman was manufacturing all the oratorical brilliance of the President's spokesman. For a Cabinet member to keep a ghost writer is nothing unusual in Washington, but Mr. Hurley's pride was jarred by the exposure. Far from seeing any humor in the tale, he was furious. Soon he took a notion that only the unhappy Ginsburgh himself could have been responsible for letting it out, and was all for ridding the army of the miserable fellow. He was eventually dissuaded from this by other officers on his staff, who testified as to Ginsburgh's innocence.

Mr. Hurley's violent outburst is rendered the more ironical by the fact that he is quite capable of making a first-rate speech impromptu. In fact, Senator Cutting, in a Senate committee before which the Secretary was appearing, grumbled to him, "When I ask you a simple question, you make a stump speech in reply."

Lately Mr. Hurley has been attempting to inject a liberal tinge into his speeches. He has discussed on several occasions "the weaknesses in our economic system, one of which, as it now appears, is an overconcentration of wealth in the hands of the few." He is fond of describing the difference between the last stock market crash and earlier ones, explaining that in other crises the financial leaders of the nation were right on the scene with their shirtsleeves up, fighting, whereas those of today are a weakling, dissolute crew. "The perpetuation of great estates and the stagnation of these estates in the hands of the people who did not create them and who do not know how to manage them are elements of weakness," he feels. But this does not mean that his faith in democracy has been shaken. "The system is worth saving," he says. "It may need some changes, but we should make them, not in the excitement of temporary crisis, but only after due deliberation."

As for Prohibition, he allowed in a recent Chicago speech that "a great many persons are going to look for wet candidates on the ballots next Fall," and hazarded the opinion that the Republican party might very well adopt a liberal stand. This cautious speech made a considerable ripple back in Washington, and as soon

as he returned to the capital he was prompted from some mysterious source to issue an emphatic denial:

When I want to speak in quotations the words will be mine and not what someone else supposes I said. I did not mention Prohibition in my Chicago address, nor did I mention it anywhere else for publication.

As I write, the Republican national convention has not yet met at Chicago, and only God knows what it will do—that is, after it has renominated Mr. Hoover. It may very well throw out old Charlie Curtis and make Mr. Hurley its candidate for Vice-President. But whether it does or doesn't, you may rest assured that he will be heard of hereafter, and with increasing frequency and volume. His friends hint that his immediate objective, if he fails to oust Charlie, will be the Court of St. James, where Andy Mellon is already withering. But that will be only a stop-gap. After 1932 comes 1933, after 1933 comes 1934, after 1934 comes 1935, and after 1935 comes 1936. In the last of these years Mr. Hoover will retire, perhaps to England, perhaps to California, perhaps to the editorial page of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Thus the way will be open for certain giddy possibilities. Meanwhile, there is at least one man in this great Republic who is not suffering from lack of confidence.

HELEN, I LOVE YOU!

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

IT WAS one of those hopeless rainy Autumn days. Dick Buckford and Dan were in front of one of the small graystone houses in the 5700 block of Indiana avenue, wondering what to do. They looked at each other.

You got uh goofy look, Dick said.

Yeh, Dan said.

Dan was a comparative newcomer in the neighborhood. He didn't know what to say. He looked away. His eyes roved about the damp street, the withering grass and dirt by the sidewalk on the other side, the three-story apartment buildings, and at the sky which dumped down in back of the buildings like something that was top-heavy.

Yeah, yer goofy. Yer goofy, said Dick.

Then so are you, said Dan.

Am I? said Dick.

Yes.

Am I goofy?

If yuh say I'm goofy, then yer goofy too.

Dan hoped that nothing would happen. He knew how, if you lost a fight when you were a new kid in the neighborhood, everybody would start taking picks on you, bullying you, making a dope out of you, that they would all the time kid you because you had been licked. He hoped that he wouldn't be forced into a fight with Dick, who was ten pounds or so heavier. But he pretended that he was fighting Dick, beating hell out of him. He slugged Dick in the face, and saw the blood run

from his big nose. He slugged Dick, and Dick, bloody and winded, said quits, while the girls and guys watching the fight, cheered and said he was a fine fighter, and Helen would come up to him and say that she was so glad.

He'd already had his chance with Helen Scanlan. She had seemed to like him, but he'd been too damn bashful. Once he could have held her hand, and kissed her, and they could have gone over to the park together, and kissed each other some more, if he had only been less bashful. She had even said she liked him.

They were standing right before the parlor window of Helen's house now. He thought of himself slamming Dick around some more, with Helen in the window, watching them. Red-haired Helen Scanlan. He loved her. He said to himself: Helen, I love you!

Why don't you pull in yer ears? Huh? said Dick.

Aw, freeze yer teeth and give yer tongue a sleigh-ride, said Dan.

He wished that Dick would go way. He wanted to walk around, maybe over in the park, where it would be all quiet except for the wind, and where the leaves would be wet and yellow, and it would be easy to think of Helen. A guy could walk around and think and be a little bit happy-sad, and think about Helen. And here was Dick before him, and Dick was supposed to be one of the best fighters in the neighborhood, and he seemed to want to pick a

fight, right here in front of Helen's window. And maybe Dick would win, with Helen there, looking out the window, taking it all in!

Dan wanted Dick to go way. He told himself that he loved Helen. He told himself that he was awfully in love with curly, red-haired Helen. He remembered last Summer, when he had peddled bills, putting them in mail-boxes all over the neighborhood, for half a buck. He had spent the money on her. They had gone riding on the tail-gate of George's grocery wagon, and it had been fun, himself and Helen sitting there in the back of the wagon, holding hands as they bounced through one alley, and out into another, and as they waited while hump-backed George delivered groceries. And they had stopped for candy and sodas, and had to walk through the alleys to find George's wagon again. He told himself that he loved Helen.

After riding in the wagon, he had gone home, and they had bawled him out because he had worn his soles out delivering the bills, and then had spent all the money he had earned in one afternoon. There had been a big scrap in the family, and he had answered them back, and had got so sore that he'd bawled like a baby. Afterward, he'd sat in the parlor, crying and cursing, because he was sore. He'd had such a swell time that afternoon, too! And the family just hadn't understood it at all. And then Helen had come around, because all the kids in the neighborhood used to come around to his front steps at night to talk and play. Somebody had yelled, Oh Dan, here's Helen! He hadn't known what he was doing, and he'd answered: I don't care if it is or not.

After that, Helen hadn't paid any attention to him.

He told himself:

Helen, I love you!

II

If I was as goofy as you, I'd do something about it, said Dick.

Yeh. Well I ain't got nothin' on you.

No? Well lookit! Yer stockings are falling down. Yuh can't even keep yer stockings up, said Dick.

Well yer sniffin', and don't know enough to blow yer nose.

Don't talk to me like that, said Dick.

Well, don'tchu talk like that to me either.

I ain't afraid uh yuh, said Dick.

And I ain't afraid of you either, said Dan.

Wannuh fight? said Dick.

If you do, I do, said Dan.

Well, start something, said Dick.

You start something, said Dan.

But maybe yuh won't, because yer yel-luh, sneered Dick.

No, I ain't neither. I ain't uhfraid uh you.

And I ain't afraid uh you. And today in school, when Cyrilla called on you, you didn't even know enough to know how to divide fractions. I say yer goofy, said Dick.

Well, if I'm goofy, I don't know what you ain't, said Dan.

Dan again pretended that they were fighting, and that he was kicking hell out of Dick. And he thought that Helen was watching. Last Summer he had got a lot of little hats with Cracker Jack marked on them, and he had given her one of them. He had felt good that day, because she had worn his hat. And every night they had played tin-tin, or run-sheep-run, or chase-one-chase-all, or eeny-meeny-miny-mo. He had just moved around then, and he had thought that it was a good neighborhood, and now if Dick went picking a fight with him and beat him, well, he just wouldn't be able to show his face any more, and he would have to sneak down alleys and everything.

But if he beat Dick up, and Helen saw him, he would be her hero, and he would be one of the leaders of the gang, and then maybe she would like him again, and twice as much, and everything would be all swell, just like it was at the end of the stories he sometimes read in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Last Summer he had read "Penrod," and he had thought of Helen because she was like Marjorie Jones in the book, only much more so, and prettier, and nicer, and she had nicer hair, because the book said Marjorie Jones' hair was black, and Helen's was red.

One thing I wouldn't be called is yelluh, said Dick.

I ain't yelluh, said Dan.

I wouldn't be yelluh, said Dick.

And I wouldn't be a sniffer, and not have enough sense to blow my nose, said Dan.

Who's a sniffer? demanded Dick.

Well, why doncha blow yer nose?

Why doncha not be so goofy? said Dick.

I ain't no goofier than you, said Dan.

If I was as goofy as you, I'd quit livin', said Dick.

Yeh, and if I was like you, I'd drown myself, said Dan.

Why doncha, because yer goofier 'n anybody I know, said Dick.

Yeh? said Dan.

Yeh, said Dick.

Yeh! said Dan.

An' lemme tell yuh, I ain't afraid uh nobody like you, said Dick.

I ain't neither. Jus' start somethin', and see, said Dan.

I would, on'y I don't wannuh get my hands dirty, pickin' on a goof. If yuh wasn't so afraid uh me, you wouldn't stand there, and let me say yer goofy.

Well, I'm here sayin' yer goofy too, said Dan.

I couldn't be like you, said Dick.

And I couldn't be as dumb as you, said Dan.

Yer so goofy I wouldn't be seen with you, said Dick.

Don't, said Dan.

I ain't. I was here first, said Dick.

I live on this street, said Dan.

I lived in the neighborhood longer than you, said Dick.

I live on this street, and you can beat it if you don't like it, said Dan.

Yer goofy and you ought to be in the Kankakee nut-house. Yer whole family's goofy. My ole man said I shouldn't have nothin' to do with you because there's goofiness in yer whole family.

Yeh, well my ole man and my uncle don't think nothin' of your ole man, said Dan.

Well, don't let my ole man hear them say it, because he's liable to bat their snoots off, said Dick.

Let him try. My ole man ain't afraid of nothin', said Dan.

Yeh? Don't never think so. My ole man could take yer ole man on blindfolded.

Yeh? My ole man could trim yours with his little finger, and it's cut off, said Dan.

Lemme tell you, if my ole man's hands were tied behind his back, yer ole man would take to his heels down the street afraid of him, said Dick.

Let him just start somethin', then, said Dan.

If he ever does, I'll feel sorry for your ole man, said Dick.

Yuh don't need to be, said Dan.

My ole man's strong, and he says I take after him, said Dick.

Yeh? said Dan.

Yeh, said Dick.

Yeh? said Dan.

Boloney! said Dick.

Bushwah! said Dan.

They looked tough at each other. They sneered and scorned. Dick snapped his fingers and said: That for you!

Dan screwed up his lips, twitched his nose, and said: That for you!

If this is the street you live on I won't hang around it no more, because it smells as bad as you do, said Dick.

That's because yer on it, said Dan.

I'm goin', because I wouldn't let anyone know I'm acquainted with anyone as goofey as you are.

Good riddance to bad rubbage, said Dan.

If you wasn't so goofy, I'd break yuh with my little finger, said Dick.

And I'd blow you over with my breath, said Dan.

III

Dick left. Dan watched him go. Dick didn't look back. Dan sat on the iron fence, feeling good because he had proved to himself that he wasn't afraid of Dick. He said to himself: Helen, I love you.

He sat.

He sat through slow, oblivious minutes. He arose and decided to talk a walk. He wished he could have seen Helen. He walked down to Fifty-eighth street, and bought a nickel's worth of candy. He came back, and sat on the iron fence, before Helen Scanlan's house. He nibbled at the candy for twenty-five minutes, hoping that she would come along, and wondering where she was, and wishing he could give her some of his candy. He told himself:

Helen, I love you.

He thought of how he had held her hand that day on the grocery wagon. He thought of her watching him while he cleaned the stuffings out of Dick. He sat.

The day was sad. He wished it had some sun. The day wouldn't be sad though, if she came along and talked to him.

He went over to Washington Park for a walk. It was lonely, and he didn't see anybody. The wind kept beating against the trees and bushes, and sometimes when he listened closely, it seemed to him like an unhappy person, crying. He walked, wetting his feet, but he didn't care. He stopped at the lagoon. There were little waves on it, and it looked dark, and black, and mean. He said to himself:

Helen, I love you.

He looked at the lagoon. He told the lagoon that it was like Dick.

He walked. Yes, if Dick had started something, he would have cleaned the guts out of him. Dick would have rushed him, and he would have biffed Dick, giving him a pretty shiner. Dick would have rushed him again, and he would have biffed Dick, and Dick would have had a bloody nose. He would have stood back, and led with a left to the solar plexus, and Dick would have doubled up, and he would have smashed Dick with a right, and Dick would have fell down with another shiner. Dick would have yelled quits, and Helen would have yelled for him, and maybe said:

Dan, lemme be yer girl!

He walked. He looked all around him at the park stretching away in wet, darkened, dying grass, with shadows falling down over it. The light was going out of the sky, and he said good-bye to Mr. Day. He felt all alone, and thought how nice it would be if he only had someone to talk to. Maybe Helen. Maybe himself and Helen walking there in the wet grass. Maybe some man would try and kidnap her. The man would run away, with her squealing under his arm. And maybe he would pick up a rock, and fling it at the guy, and it would land on the guy's skull, and he would drop down, but Helen wouldn't be hurt. Another rock, and the

guy would be out, just as if he had been hit by Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime. Police would come, and he'd have his picture in the papers, and be a real hero, and Helen would say to him:

Dan, I love you and I'll always love you.

He walked. It was almost dark now, and the wind sounds seemed worse than the voices of ghosts. He wished he wasn't all alone. He had strange feelings. He wondered what he ought to do, and it seemed like there were people behind every tree. He'd better go home. The park was too lonely to be in. And it was getting to be supper-time, and he'd get hell for being

late, and maybe a couple of whacks for good measure.

The wind was awfully sad. There wasn't any moon or stars in the sky yet.

He didn't know what he was afraid of, but he was awfully afraid.

It would be nice if he was with Helen. She would be afraid too, and he could be protecting her.

Helen, I love you!

He started back toward home, thinking what he would have done to Dick if Dick had really started a fight. Yes sir, he would have made Dick sorry.

Helen, I love you!

THE POETRY REVIVAL OF 1914

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

DURING his seventy-five years of life Edmund Clarence Stedman, who died in 1908, was the most devoted friend of poetry that America had, if not its most discriminating and erudite critic. In the 90's he published his "Victorian Anthology", which he began with selections from Landor and ended with Kipling and Yeats. In 1900 his "American Anthology" was brought out, his intention being that the two books should contain the best and most typical examples of poetry in the English tongue during the years which they covered.

The American book, with the notes, names of authors, and the like, contains 878 pages, 773 of them being given to verse; 588 authors are represented, 317 of whom were living at the time of the book's publication. It begins with Freneau, and ends with George Santayana, Edith Wharton, Gouverneur Morris, Richard Hovey, William Vaughn Moody, Rupert Hughes, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, together with ninety-five other writers of verse whose names no longer mean anything, and have become the children of oblivion.

In making an analysis of his material Stedman divided it into periods. The first was the quarter century preceding Bryant; the second, the period of Bryant and Halleck; the third, the period of Lowell, Whitman and Stoddard; the fourth, the period of Timrod, Aldrich, Emily Dickinson, Lanier, Hay and Harte; the fifth, the pe-

riod of Gilder, Emma Lazarus, Markham, Field and Riley; the sixth the period of Miss Reese, Woodberry, Miss Monroe and Miss Guiney; and finally he devoted the last division of his book to young writers, beginning with Langdon Mitchell, and ending with Joseph B. Gilder, whoever he may have been. This last section marked the close of the Nineteenth Century, and celebrated practitioners of the art who were giving promise, in Stedman's opinion, and who, together with those of an older day, or a different alignment artistically, such as Stoddard, Riley, Aldrich, Woodberry, and some others, constituted at the time the poetical body of the land.

When Stedman was contemplating "An American Anthology" he was warned by a scholarly friend that he could not make it half so good as the "Victorian Anthology," because America did not have the material: there were no Arnolds, Brownings, Tennysons, Swinburnes, Morrisises, Buchanans or Rossettis here. But he went ahead with his survey, and after he had done it, and had come to the preface of the book, he was of the opinion that American poetry excelled English poetry as a recognizable voice in the utterance of the emotions of a people. He spoke of Bryant as the poet of the ages and of Whitman as the poet of the generations. He called Parson's ode "On a Bust of Dante" a lyric as fine as anything which ennobled American verse; he referred to O'Reilly as a poet zealously remembered; to Emma Lazarus

as a star beaconing her oriental race; to Sidney Lanier as a pathfinder; to Eugene Field, lately dead, as a loss to the domains of laughter and tears; to Hovey, as one whose work was "sheer poetry"; to Sill as a member of the company of Clough and Arnold; to Gilder as an artist whose verse was of pure cast, finished in the extreme and often notably lyrical; to Helen Hay as possessing an impassioned lyricism and great dramatic reserve; and to Stoddard as the most distinguished of living American poets, though at the time Riley had sixteen years yet to live and was still producing, Aldrich had ten years to live and was a revered figure in literary circles, and Markham was walking happily amid the applause of "The Man With the Hoe," called at the time one of the greatest poems ever produced.

Some of these judgments will raise a laugh today, but the same can be said of some of the judgments of Matthew Arnold and Coleridge, particularly those which Coleridge passed upon Goethe. And some of the opinions of Taine are clearly the result of a mind working in material too near at hand to be envisioned. Thus Stedman need not be put aside for any of these appraisals as a man incompetent to judge of the art. He was living in a time when such summations were current, and his heart was ardent and hopeful for the future of American poetry. What he said now induces a conservative reflection upon the American Poetry Revival of 1914, and the very favorable, and often extravagant praise paid it. The lesson seems to be that perspective has much to do with seeing things as they are; and that Time alters not merely the look of a thing, but its actual value as well.

In this connection it is only fair to Stedman to note that he said that Emerson, Poe and Whitman were the American

poets from whom the Old World had most to learn. He singled these men out to warn young writers to seek inspiration from within, and not to copy the achievements of masters to whom all resort for edification. Perhaps he was impelled to do this by the fact that just then, and for some time before, American verse was largely derivative and warmed over. It certainly was so when it was in the hands of Gilder and many others of his like, including the facile sonneteers of the time.

It is to be noted that Stedman gave the palm of the hour to Stoddard, unmindful of his own professed canon, in accord with which Riley was producing a large body of American verse that owed nothing to Old World standards, full of human nature, of humor and tenderness, and wholly native to the American scene where it was most American. It seems strange that he would speak of the "classical speech" of William Winter, and of the favorable reception accorded the work of Madison Cawein, and yet have no specific word of honor for Riley. Evidently he was tugging away from the very spirit of creation and judgment which he could reprove in one breath and capitulate to in the next. For he expressed himself in another place as conscious of the period as an intermediary one, whose product is always likely to be that of experiment and vacillation, resulting in correct verse written without inspiration and as an act of taste. He saw about him many writers who were over careful of the look of their words, and not only of their pictures, but of the frames that contained them: the format, the paper and the like.

About 1900 was the time of the Roycroft Press, and the dilettante interests of Stone & Kimball of Chicago, and Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine. The trim nature studies of Madison Cawein had a

certain vogue; the sonnets of Princess Troubetzkoy, with those of Helen Hay, were admired by the reviewers, as were the lyrics and dramas of Josephine Preston Peabody. Moody came along just then with "An Ode in Time of Hesitation", done with the ethical fervor of Lowell, and in the grand manner, and was to try his hand with poems on Milton, and a little later with lyrical dramas upon the Promethean myth.

II

Whether the Revival of 1914 was important or not, whether it was more important than the revival under Longfellow and his compeers, it is clear that Moody and the others just mentioned had nothing to do with it. If there is anything to literary heredity (and there is much less than many think), the Revival of 1914 must acknowledge the paternity of Whitman, and it must take for a brother Stephen Crane, whose books of verse were published in 1895 and 1899, and who died in 1900, leaving Stedman to include him in "An American Anthology," but without special praise, and totally ignored as a poetical influence, which perhaps he had never been. When, therefore, Stedman in this preface implied that poetry might soon return in America to dignity and favor, he cast doubt upon the work of Stoddard; but he said nothing by way of singling out writers who would engender a new style characterized by simplifications, by new themes and interpretations, by a wonder, which like Leonardo's, would find material in the commonplace, in the everyday things, as Riley had done for nearly twenty years.

It is clear from this preface that Stedman did not see in Robinson any promise of a new day. Robinson had published

two books by 1900: "The Torrent and the Night" in 1896; and "The Children of the Night" in 1897. From them Stedman took five poems for his anthology, two of which, "Luke Havergal", and "The House on the Hill," are equal to any lyrics that Robinson has produced to this day. The latter is a villanelle, a form in which Riley did not write anything that I remember at this moment; and it shows Robinson's place of emergence, and his kinship to the typical poets of the close of the century. In spite, then, of "Luke Havergal," and its realism blended with lyrical glamour, one feels that Stedman would not have been surprised had he lived to see Robinson delve in the Arthurian legends, as Hovey had done, and to continue the correct and decorous infertility of Stoddard and Gilder in many sonnets and portraits.

If Robinson in 1900 had anything in him to make him belong to the Revival of 1914, his somewhat transparent coloration deceived Stedman's critical eyes; while Moody's fervor and large manner gave him no inkling that a new poetry would stem from him—as in fact it did not. Neither of these men had anything to do with the Revival. In the case of Robinson the Revival revived him. In 1905 he republished "The Children of the Night"; before this, in 1902, he published "Captain Craig"; in 1910 he published "The Town Down the River"; and then for six years he was silent, having turned to prose plays. It was in 1916 that he published "The Man Against the Sky"—that is, two years after the Revival had set in, and three years after Lindsay had published "General William Booth Enters Heaven". It is to be noted that it was also in 1916 that Robinson Jeffers brought out his "Californians", and that in 1900 Moody had published "The Masque of Judgment," and between then and the time of his death in 1910

"The Fire Bringer," and some other books of verse.

Not very much more need be said about Robinson, just as further comment on Moody is unnecessary. Robinson grew out of the last decade of the last century. His metaphysical portraits, done with precious minutiae, are elaborations of poems like "Luke Havergal" and the like; his Arthurian experiments, for which the claim is made in certain quarters that they are better than Tennyson's, link with those of Richard Hovey; and they excite wonder among those who see the highest triumphs in excelling the English on their own ground. Robinson began with villanelles and the like, and so turned his back upon the admonitions of Whitman, and I think it will be recognized fully in time that his spiritual voice is thin and minor, and his prosodical step short, though it is not fast; but it is regular in obedience to a fastidious discipline. The English have accepted him as a "considerable" poet, and Anglo-phils in America have called him a "great" poet, which is his meed for singing English themes, to the neglect of American richness lying in profusion all about.

Everyone can prophesy for himself what Robinson's place will be when as long a time has elapsed from this day as already has passed since the publication of Stedman's "An American Anthology," the preface to which Stedman wrote with such evident care. But at least it can be said that Robinson has not sung his own country in spirit and in truth. Even his poem on Lincoln is done in the Stoddard-Gilder manner, not even in the Markham manner, and is untrue so far as it is poetry at all. Robinson has done no more for American poetry as such than Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

It remains true, however, that as Stedman said of him, he has an individual cast,

having regard to such little poems as "Richard Corey" and the like. But what will happen to these figures of the Maine country when the trans-Mississippi land becomes full-grown and articulate? How do they surpass Riley's humorous and winning pictures of the Indiana neighborhood? If time preserves a collection of American neighborhood poems, on what ground will these of Maine be preferred to those of Indiana? A dominating taste and direction may last for a good while yet with the East; but it will not last forever. For in spite of it Bret Harte put California on the map many years ago.

The so-called New Poetry was brought together by Harriet Monroe and Alice Henderson in their anthology published in February, 1917. It contained selections from 101 authors—thirty-two women and sixty-nine men. Of these seventeen were foreigners. Hamlin Garland was brought over from the very old days, for he had published "Prairie Songs" in 1893. It was distinguished by a freshness and realism which did not seem poetical to the reigning Stoddard-Gilder-Aldrich school, and it had nothing like the acceptance which the correct sonnets on the death mask of Lincoln, and the lyrics on the exploits of Sherman the devastator, had at the time. This New Poetry anthology contained poems by Thomas Hardy, who had published "Wessex Poems" in 1898, brought together from his writings of thirty years before; and from the American George Sterling, who had published "The Testimony of the Suns" in 1903, and many poems before 1900, but who failed of representation in the Stedman book. Rabindranath Tagore was stirring the whimsical literary taste in 1917; and though an Indian, and an old writer by that time, he found entrance to the Monroe-Henderson collection as a figure in the Revival.

Altogether, this collection contained 439 poems. Of the 101 authors, fifty-three were as clearly ephemerides as the now forgotten names which Stedman had allocated to the close of the century years before. There are other causes of poetical mortality beside writing sonnets which begin, "What time the earth takes on the garb of Spring," and interrogating the reader with the question, "Hast thou heard the nightingale?" One of those other causes is having nothing to say, and saying it in barbarous metres. However, taking the poets of the Monroe-Henderson collection to be a demonstration of a revival in the art, one can find as many causes assigned for it as there have been scribblers who tried to interpret it; and there are many opinions as to who it was that set the ball rolling. My own opinion is that there was no progenitor of the movement, because there was no single movement, but on the contrary there were many schools, ranging from imagists to realists, and from those who were innovating to those who were holding on to the traditions in form and theme of the past. Speaking, however, as specifically as I can, I take up Vachel Lindsay.

III

Lindsay published "General William Booth Enters Heaven" in 1913, the same year that Frost, who lived in England from 1913 to 1915, published "A Boy's Will." This poem of Lindsay's owed nothing to the American poets who flourished before him, either in England or America. The Salvation Army had been one of the facts in front of everyone for a long while. Clearly, then, it took only the right kind of genius to make note of the fact and interpret it as he did. How did he do it? To answer that question is to determine what Lindsay's mental constitution was, and

how it had been affected by his home environment, and by what first fed his imagination. His mind cannot be satisfactorily analyzed in an article of this length, and only mention can be made of the external influences brought to bear upon him by the political movements of the day, under Altgeld, Debs, Tom Johnson, the elder La Follette, Golden Rule Jones, and Bryan.

These influences surrounded Frost and Robinson, too, but without having the slightest effect upon them. Manifestly, it was the ear which was Lindsay's, and the sense which he had of the American scene in one of its most characteristic phases that made the poem. When a poet like Lindsay is said to be a product of his time, it means little more than to say that he could not have written this poem in the days of the Crusades; it does not mean that the peculiar genius which was his was not the main source of its germination. No one else wrote a poem like it. It created no school, and formed no part of any movement, except in the somewhat immaterial sense that as its author Lindsay became one of the notable figures of the New Poetry.

All of these things can be said also of "The Congo", "The Chinese Nightingale", the "John Brown" series, and numberless other poems. It was one of the human coincidences that Lindsay's mind as a very young boy was fed with Rawlinson on Egypt, and that his mother, an intelligent woman interested in Confucius and the literature of China and India, gave him what he craved and could assimilate. There was never anyone before him in the world who was like him. He brought forth parodists, but no sons. Whitman was no more his father than Riley was, which is to say that neither was. He saw America, not in catalogues of geography, as Whitman did, but as persons, as Jackson, Lin-

coln, Simon Legree, Uncle Tom and John Brown, all indigenous, all as different from Tristram and Sir Galahad as possible—and all American to the bone. There is a criticism which justifies foreign themes as productive of world interpretations. But all the great poems have been on subjects with which the poet has grown up, like Goethe's "Faust." The world interpretation comes along by a universality of treatment.

It is possible for an academic mind to become a correct metricist in the sonnet, in iambic pentameter. Add to this some power of thinking, some gift of telling a story or portraying soul secrets with meticulous analysis, and the result is a tolerable poet. But "The Chinese Nightingale", "The Congo", "The Santa Fé Trail" and other of Lindsay's successes are immeasurably above such performances. It seems needless to urge the point, and yet many critics, and some who think themselves connoisseurs of verse, do not see the plain truth. Further, it is not because Lindsay is bizarre, because he is strange and past analysis, that he occupies a singular place of distinction; it is because only genius can create a *milieu*, and then give it an echo, a voice, an atmosphere which belongs to it as a living thing, and subtly characterizes it as well. Lindsay is to be judged by such triumphs, which he achieved several times. He is not to be set down from this elevation by his inanities, by his pages of slovenly writing, in which he violated his own verse schemes with harsh feet and a clog of syllables. And above all, he is not to be minimized in his best performances by the fact that he lacked solidity of brain, that he did not think well, and sometimes not at all.

Sandburg, for a time, was given credit for having a better thinking brain than Lindsay. But it is not true. On the other

hand, no one can say that Robinson has not a brain, for he has; and a very sound and subtle one, and well adapted to the kind of fastidious psychology in which he indulges. But brains do not make poetry necessarily; they only back up poetry with authentic thought, without which poetry is but words, unless it happens to be that peculiar thing known as magic, in which men like Coleridge and Blake excelled. Shelley, with all his ethereal fancy, had more depth and strength of mind than either Byron or Keats, and his great odes, like the one on Naples and Liberty, stand sure, not only for their moral fervor, but for the careful intellectual architecture with which they are constructed.

Again I say that poetical movements are not the result of the times, but of the minds which can use the times. Could not Markham have written of John Brown in 1900, or Aldrich drawn inspiration from the Negro Spirituals in the 90's? Both were as much public themes then as in 1913. American culture was as much a Bible culture to the right genius in 1890 as it was in the days of Lindsay; it was as much charmed by the old Gospel hymns then as later. But it remained for Lindsay to capture the inner reality of these things in lines like:

I've been to Palestine.

What did you see in Palestine?

I saw the ark of Noah,

It was made of pitch and pine.

So long as English is read this haunting song will furnish a lightning glance at the racial hopes which backed the Civil War—the recurring dream of the millennialite, who sees history moving in repetitious cycles, but always toward salvation. In these lines he created the truth which is above history, and superior to it, as it is a record of the imaginative spirit, the mind of man.

So Lindsay stands alone, without paternity and without heirs. This cannot be said of Frost, who has cultivated a thin Vergilianism, and whose people are exiguous, and cannot be in the stream of national life, even as they are not taken from it. They are down-East trilobites, having the virtue of a colloquial treatment, but without significant tragedy, or that genuine humor which made the work of Riley popular, and which will preserve his memory. The idea that Frost is a better poet than Riley is a judgment due to a diurnal myopia; that he is truer and deeper than Whittier is likewise much amiss of the mark. He has written nothing equal to "Snowbound" or "The Barefoot Boy", and no lyric as moving and beautiful as "In School Days." Indeed, one can pick out many poems written by poets at the close of the century, as gathered up by Stedman, as good as anything in a lyric way that Frost has done.

I have said that Sandburg has no greater strength of mind than Lindsay had; and I can bring up one piece of proof in substantiation of that assertion. His interpretations consist entirely in the setting of the camera. It is the selection of the objects that he chooses for depiction which constitutes his thinking; not in the use he makes of them after he gets the camera set. Whether he writes of a pool in a brickyard, or of a lace curtain in a grimy window in Halstead street, he does not "tie up" his subject. He does not make an analysis or arrive at a conclusion. In a word, he not only does not know what his material means, but he does not tell us what it means to *him*, further than his selection of the matter for treatment gives an inkling. It is the same way when he writes of a butter and egg man talking at a club table, or of Chic Lorimer walking the streets. These are pictures, to be sure;

but he does not give them summation, distillation, meaning. Hence they are very much like one's own observations of things seen as one goes about a city. They show a realism that at the beginning of his career had an arresting freshness, because of its marked contrast to the stereotyped work of the Stedman poets; but I question that they have more vitality than the best paragraphing of the day—articles, for example, like Reedy's on tuna fishing, and some of the sensational excursions of Elbert Hubbard.

In this connection it may be recalled that Sandburg commenced with so-called prose poems, which were printed in Roycroftie fashion long before 1914. Beginning life as a Socialist, he first put into his poems a species of propaganda, but very soon he saw wisely that this would not do. He has written of the city, but no more than other contemporary poets; nor more of industrialism than others have written, either in quantity or in significance. His education, which was imperfect, his reading, which has been limited, his place in life at the start, and the social antipathies which it engendered in him against people of opportunity and breeding, kept him from knowing Chicago at the top, and led him to judge it, and his period as well, materialistically and from the bottom.

His poem on Chicago as hog-butcher of the world was not at the time he wrote it a reflection of Chicago as a whole. At that time Chicago was still living in the days of grace and charm which had begun in the post-Civil War era, when some of its social leaders were more distinguished for gentility and civilization than they were for their incomes. Placed in a life in which he did not share, therefore, and because of his leaning toward Debs and others in whose activities he could share, he was well headed toward becoming a poet with

a class-consciousness when Amy Lowell raised the cry of alarm, and his own ambition to rise in the world, a kind of ambition which is frequently observable in Socialists, diverted him to observe and to record, but not to agitate and to play the partisan.

IV

It may be true that new words should be grafted upon the poetical tree, and it was one of the tenets of the Imagist movement, as led by Amy Lowell, to find the new word and the exact word, and to discard the word blurred by use, or the word which failed to express sharply the intended meaning. This tenet was not a novelty, either in theory or practice; it was only a direction revived at the time. For Shakespeare took into the body of his work a whole vocabulary of words current in his day, and if they can no longer be used, or much understood except by reference to glossaries, which is certainly the case, the artistic wisdom of using transient slang in poetry is brought into question. Riley wrote vernacular poems, as Burns did; but employing the speech of the poet's place and time, as used by the people, is a different thing from loading up poems, which are not vernacular, with the patois of newsboys and laborers, some of which is not humorous, or very expressive, for that matter. Sandburg has invented no slang, as George Ade did, whose case is a warning. For Ade's slang has now lost its power to amuse, even as his sketches, which were local and superficial, no longer have any interest, since they give no important picture of his times. It takes great creative vitality, producing lasting works, to make transient words, coined out of the conditions of the passing days, into permanent speech.

As to Sandburg's paternity, he has taken for his own the Whitman forms, and even cadences. His most favorable critics insist that they hear in his rhythms the individual susurrations of the American soil; but what those rhythms are in fact is an esoteric divination which cannot be critically shared; whereas the Whitman voice is easily recognized in his work. Sandburg has written whole strophes in which he has captured the very voice of Whitman, so that by one not knowing that he wrote them they would be taken as the utterance of Whitman himself if experimentally read aloud. But he has not had the Whitman vision either in itself or by way of advanced ground. Whitman was a Jeffersonian democrat, who conceived of liberty and fraternity in the terms of the men who founded the Republic. Sandburg, the child of Swedish immigrants, has been led to interpret democracy to mean those rights which guarantee a share in material opportunities, and in the chances which bring acquisition and comfort.

On the other hand, justice to him requires that he be given credit for lines to which a distinctive voice of his own has been communicated; he has moments when a vivid power of fresh imagery gives great beauty to his pictures; and if these be compared to the best inspirations of the poets of Stedman's close of the century, it may be said that, since they are not bridled and bitted and caparisoned in sonnets or villanelle forms, they preserve a freshness of etching, which the others, too much embedded in formality, surrendered. Neither Robinson nor Frost has contributed originality of theme or treatment to the same extent that Sandburg brought to the so-called Revival a fresh, audacious novelty of words and imagery. And if the first two have not advanced the art by subject matter, neither can they lay claim

for originating something new in the way of form or vocabulary.

I have already mentioned Robinson Jeffers and his book "Californians", published in 1916. He brought out "Tamar and Other Poems" in 1924, the year in which my "New Spoon River" was published. If the latter was not a carry-on of the 1914 Revival, there was no Revival. In Jeffers' book of that year he abandoned rhymes and old forms in which he had had much practice, and adopted a long rhythmical line of great beauty, and one which is organically suited to his genius. There is nothing new or that can be new in verse forms, quantities and rhythms, except as they come out of an individual diaphragm, and speak the man who is writing them. With this understanding, Jeffers' rhythms are original, just as Sandburg's are when he speaks for himself, not Whitman.

As time goes on the difference between 1914 and 1924 will lessen as the parallax draws together. But in a deeper sense than that, Jeffers belongs to the Revival of 1914. He has great imagination and it is motivated by a thinking mind of subtlety, courage and power. Being still in the heyday of his creativeness, the success to which he may go is beyond prediction. I shall not forget the noble generosity with which George Sterling, who had but recently published his "Lilith", hailed Jeffers as a great poet.

V

Not to say something of Amy Lowell and Edna Millay would be noted as an omission calling for explanation. Miss Lowell created great excitement in her day, and as a critic of the art of poetry made herself heard, to say the least of it. She spoke

of Robinson as "cribbed, cabined and confined", of Frost as a "jay", and of myself as sex-obsessed and pessimistic. She spared no one, unless it was Sandburg, who by a strange magnetism growing out of opposite temperaments drew her admiration to him. These judgments of hers must be settled by the reader for himself, while I express the opinion that the excitement she created by her pronouncements, and her verse written in the vein of every known school, was greater than the admiration they produced; while at the present time there is no excitement about her, and not as much admiration for her work as she anticipated there would be.

Miss Millay requires a very different approach. In no sense does she belong to the so-called Revival, except perhaps that she produced notable poetry while it was in progress. Her lyrics are not better, however, than those of Josephine Preston Peabody, certainly not better than those of Lizette Woodworth Reese. Her sonnets surpass in phrasing and music and imagery those of any woman poet in America, and I have only one doubt of her place among the poets of English speech. This doubt puts her work to the severest test that can be made of poetry: it asks whether her sonnets are backed by something in herself, in her life, as one of the travelers in this world, which can fill their magic and their music with permanent significance and ever remaining interest. I mean has she something in her story, personality or attitude, corresponding to what we find in Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or in the mysterious career of Shakespeare?

For when Whitman said that who touched his book touched a man, he meant that back of every book that lives there is a man, and that it takes both a man and a book to make a book.

THE LOUISIANA KINGFISH

BY LOUIS COCHRAN

THE HON. HUEY P. LONG, junior Senator from Louisiana and general high cockalorum of the State, doesn't care very much for the folderol of his fellow legislators at Washington. Perhaps, as the harassed Joe Robinson of Arkansas reminded him during a Senatorial skirmish some time ago, it is because he possesses "a quick, bright mind that grasps everything that comes within range of his contemplation, and many things that do not come within range of any one's contemplation." Whatever the reason, Huey is disappointed and disgusted by what he has seen and heard in the Greatest Legislative Assembly on Earth, and is again casting yearning eyes at the Governor's mansion in Baton Rouge.

"I just don't like it, that's all!" he exclaims with a wave of his clenched first. When Huey dislikes anything, spectacular phenomena are sure to follow, as every Louisianan knows.

Possibly only the Louisiana law which prevents a Governor from succeeding himself drove this great man away from the swell fixings of the gubernatorial mansion. Today he scowls at thought of the small office doled out to him in the Senate Office Building, not to mention the lack of appreciation of his colleagues. In Louisiana things were different. There he more than once made good his boast that "I am the constitution," and it would surprise neither his friends nor his now thoroughly cowed enemies if he should suddenly decide to

move back to his suite in his New Orleans hotel and take more direct command over the destinies of his State than is possible from Washington. As he explains, Washington is "too slow and too distant" to make easy the crown of any State boss who languishes there, no matter how resourceful he may be.

Nor can one blame him for his fretfulness after reviewing the exuberances of his State régime. His was a life which even a Mark Hanna or a Boies Penrose might have envied; no mere Democrat had ever visioned anything so grand and gaudy. After he had been elected Governor on his second attempt by 140,000 votes, the enlightened voters confirmed their mandate by giving him a victory over the veteran Senator Joseph E. Ransdell at the Senatorial election of 1930. This made him the only Chief Executive of the State ever to occupy, simultaneously, the offices of Governor and United States Senator. It was during the Senatorial fight that the last of Huey's once powerful enemies, the Old Regular Ring of New Orleans, the Tammany Hall of the South, was smashed to smithereens, leaving, as the *Louisiana Progress* pointed out, only the red light districts to vote solidly for the venerable Ransdell.

Huey, of course, did not demean himself by talking of national affairs during his Senatorial campaign. He is too smart to befuddle the minds of his lieges in any such fashion. He won simply because the

voters in the cotton patches and the cane brakes felt that he was one of them; he had no need to bother about the vehement opposition of the eighteen daily newspapers of the State and of practically every weekly. Protestant and Catholic, factory worker, laborer and share cropper, having voted for eighteen years for the Catholic Ransdell, now turned to vote for the youthful Baptist deacon, and made him their junior Senator while he was yet their Governor. His victory left the opposition flattened and inarticulate, and he made his own terms with enemies who had boasted that they would drive him from the State-house to the penitentiary.

II

Huey was born in Winnfield parish thirty-eight years ago of the proverbial poor but honest parents, and boasts that at the early age of seven he joined the horny-handed sons of toil he now holds so securely in the hollow of his hand. Gradually, as the years passed, his daily wage advanced to thirty-five cents, and out of this opulence he saved enough to buy second-hand sets of Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, Scott, and other big shots of the world of ideas. He memorized whole chapters of the Bible, and once offered to bet \$10 that he could recite the whole of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Those who knew him lacked the courage to accept his challenge, and those who then knew him not at all do not doubt now that he would have won his wager.

As preparations for life's mighty tasks this brown-eyed, curly headed and somewhat fattish young man then served an apprenticeship as a book peddler, a printer, and a salesman of soap, groceries, furniture, clothing and starch, and tramped the State organizing cooking contests for the

makers of a lard substitute. Once he gave a prize to a pretty lass, Rose McConnell of Shreveport, for her bride's loaf, and soon thereafter, such is the masterful impetuosity of all his acts, he married her.

At his wife's urging he borrowed \$450 and quit lard substitutes for law, enrolling at Tulane University as a special student, and taking every class offered. By working day and night with the fury which later was to become familiar to friend and foe he completed the course in seven months, and passed the bar examinations. Whether he became a good lawyer or not is immaterial; the main thing is that he became a very aggressive one, and now boasts that he never turned down a case.

Out of an untroubled sky in 1918 he announced his candidacy for the office of Public Service Commissioner, and to the surprise of everybody won easily over four opponents. During the time he occupied this comparatively obscure office he cemented the contacts made while a tramp salesman and paved his way to higher preferment. In particular, he courted the displeasure of the corporations, among them, Standard Oil, greatly to the delight of the cotton patches and cane brakes, and when he ran for Governor in 1924 he thought, and so did many others, that he had an easy victory. But the gods willed, otherwise, for they deluged the roads with rain and kept the rural voters at home.

Huey thinks today that he ran a bit too soon. The Ku Klux Klan, in those days, still held the center of attention in Louisiana, and most of the Kluxers were pledged to one Henry Fuqua. On the other hand, the anti-Klan forces were bound to Hewet Bouanchaud, a Catholic of French descent. Huey was thus caught between the upper and nether millstones of the opposing forces, and with his natural supporters all shivering in their tenant homes, ran third

in the race. The Hon. Mr. Fuqua, who, beside the Klan vote, had the support of the New Orleans ring, was elected.

But Huey bided his time, and between intervals of practicing law enlarged his hold upon the yeomanry by making speeches in every section of the State. In 1928 he launched his second campaign for Governor. This time the heavens were kind. There were no rains to dampen the enthusiasm of his bucolic friends, and in a field of three his plurality was so impressive that his chief opponent, Congressman Riley J. Wilson, conceded him the Democratic nomination, equivalent to election in Louisiana, and let him have the job without a run-off.

Since that time Huey has been accused of practically all the crimes in the category, but he has managed to lick his enemies at every turn. He became not only Governor, but also Senator, and the undisputed boss of Louisiana. Today he is really a one-man machine. His red hair always seems to get redder as he works himself up to fighting speed, and his five feet ten inches bristle with limitless energy. He is a smart politician, for all his eccentricities. He brooks no interference and takes no advice. Nor is there any detail too small or unimportant for him to give it his personal attention. He is, in brief, the State of Louisiana, and its worthy Christian people, save for a few disgruntled souls like Paul N. Cyr, his former Lieutenant-Governor, like him the better for his preëminence. All the other State officers are no more than his clerks, and whether they like it or not they take his orders.

During his race for the Senate he purchased a \$5,000 sound truck, and raged from one end of the State to the other. At seventy miles an hour, with the reporters panting far behind, he darted hither and yon among the populace, screaming anath-

emas upon his enemies and talking so fast that his supporters frequently broke into cheers at the wrong time. "The people," he always explained, "and not Huey Long, rule the State." What he did was done for them and because of them; they were the true saviors and the directors of Louisiana's destiny. With a glow of righteous pride in their power they hurled their broad-brimmed straws into the air and yelled themselves hoarse for Huey.

His enemies have often charged that if he had his deserts he would be the principal attraction in the State penitentiary, but his friends, who outnumber them enormously, declare he was the greatest Governor in the State's history, and is making a great Senator. He was accused, as Governor, to mention only a few of the charges, of taking fees from State contractors, of shaking down his old enemy, the Standard Oil Company, of outright banditry in the State treasury, and of bribing legislators with jobs or cash in hand. Not content with these alleged malfeasances his enemies charged him with bargaining with one Battling Bozeman, a heavy-weight prize-fighter, to make away with the Hon. Jared Y. Sanders, an active opponent. Incidentally, the Hon. Mr. Sanders is still alive and well. Huey has been called a thief, a plunderer, a liar, a thug, a panderer, a buffoon, and a common crook. He simply laughs, and perhaps scratches himself a little. He can well afford to ignore his opponents, for despite all their ravings he remains the sole hero, god and proprietor of Louisiana.

Their mightiest effort to undo him was the celebrated impeachment trial of 1929. In that year Huey called a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of levying a high tax on the sinful business of refining oil, but once they were assembled the legislators decided that it would be

more expedient to impeach the Governor. He tried at first to adjourn the session by ruse, and then by force, but the law-makers had blood in their eyes and voted nineteen articles of impeachment, charging everything from bribery to attempted murder. Huey's enemies were led by Lieutenant-Governor Paul N. Cyr, an eminent dentist in private life, whose enmity dated from the hour when Huey insisted virtuously that Mrs. Ada Leboeuf, together with her lover, Dr. Thomas E. Dreher, die for the assassination of the lady's husband.

Both were duly hanged, and since that day Dr. Cyr has devoted his time and talents to attempts to bust Huey. He has failed at every turn. But while Huey was Governor he never dared to let his absences, if any, from the State be known, for Dr. Cyr would then have become acting Governor, and could have, by a stroke of the pen, increased the general unemployment in Louisiana by adding to it thousands of Huey's officeholders. After a great deal of furor and unparalleled excitement Huey checkmated the impeachment show by inducing fifteen senators to sign a round robin that they would not vote for his impeachment, no matter what the proof. And that was that.

III

This action of the fifteen Senators maddened Huey's enemies beyond all example, but they were thoroughly beaten and realized it. They now realize also that Huey's mind is at least six laps ahead of that of any of his opponents, and that he is absolutely ruthless. All things are subordinated to whatever he seeks to accomplish; nothing is allowed to stand in the way of his ambition. He lives only for today. The past is gone. Tomorrow will take care of itself. He has violated every known rule of the

political game, and yet he grows stronger at every turn. He is not only a born politician, but also a master showman. There has never been in Louisiana one so quick to turn an enemy's thrust against the attacker, or to change a mean situation into a great triumph.

For example, consider the matter of the school-book legislation. The distribution of public moneys to the schools had long been a thorn in the flesh of the successive Governors of Louisiana. The North of the State is Protestant, and the South is Catholic. The children of the Northern section are cared for largely by the public schools, but the children of the Southern section go mainly to Catholic parochial schools. It had never been politically healthful to deny State aid to the Catholic children simply because they attended parochial schools, but it was likewise politically unwise to antagonize that considerable element which held that public moneys should not be given to sectarian schools. So the Governors were in a constant sweat.

Huey, by his own admission, "the smartest man in Louisiana," solved the problem with a child-like simplicity which was devastating. He hatched a law providing that every school child should have free school-books, but that the sinful oil companies should pay for them. Well, free school-books are free school-books. No matter where a child goes to school in Louisiana today the books are free. Huey dared an unfriendly Legislature to refuse to pass his bill, and it was duly passed. His enemies, enraged that so vexatious a problem should be solved so easily, carried the business to the courts, demanding that the act be declared unconstitutional because it gave State money, indirectly, to sectarian schools. But Huey went along from victory unto victory, and finally his law was not only declared constitutional, but even com-

mended by Mr. Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court.

But perhaps his most famous exploit was receiving the officers of the German cruiser *Emden* in his rooms at the Hotel Roosevelt in New Orleans clad in a suit of green silk pajamas. Huey explained that he wore the pajamas only as a lark, and that he had offered his visitors good Louisiana coffee. Nevertheless, they turned on their heels and departed in high dudgeon, and for a time it appeared as if an international incident might be made of the affair. But then Huey swallowed his distaste for formal trappings and called upon the German commander attired in a swizzle-tailed coat and a high silk topper, and apologized. After that, all was well. The *Emden* gave him a salute of twenty-one guns, and he departed vowing never to depart again from the rearing of his forebears. He has been forgiven along the creeks and river banks, for he was later photographed in bed clad in a cotton nightshirt.

Huey was once challenged to a duel by a septuagenarian legislator, Judge Gilbert L. Dupre of Opelousas, for saying that "some men think that just because they're deaf they're honest." Huey made it plain he was talking about Judge Dupre and the latter was somewhat vexed when his challenge was declined, but there was nothing to do about it. Then another judge, the Hon. J. E. Reynolds, aged seventy-eight, whom Huey had been active in having defeated for the State Supreme Court, expressed an eagerness to punch His Excellency in the nose.

"What's the matter with all these old boys?" demanded Huey. "Ain't there somebody younger than seventy who's willing to take a punch at me?"

There was. A reporter from the New Orleans *Item-Tribune*, who resented one of Huey's personal remarks, took a swipe

at the Governor's chin, and more might have been taken had not two of Huey's bashi-bazooks rushed the scribe to the door and held him while the Governor took a punch at his nose. So honors were more or less even. At the time of this pleasantry the *Item-Tribune* was among the most violent of Huey's enemies, but now, strangely enough, it is the only important newspaper in the State which gives him approval.

As a final and desperate effort to defeat his Senatorial ambitions the Louisiana newspapers surrendered their front pages to the mystery of Sam Irby and James Terrell, who were supposed to hold dark secrets about Huey's dealings with the Highway Commissioners—secrets which, if bruited about, would retire the Governor from politics to the penitentiary. The papers accused Huey of kidnapping Irby and Terrell to prevent their testimony before the grand jury, and raised such a hue and cry that the land trembled. Terrell, it appeared, was the divorced husband of Miss Alice Grosjean, whom Huey had appointed as his Secretary of State. Election was but a day away and excitement was incandescent. It was too late for Huey to take another swing around the circle, and so there was much anticipatory gloating in the enemy camp.

But Huey was far from defeated. The night before election he addressed the voters by radio, promising a neat surprise, and he surely delivered it. After a short speech, he introduced none other than Mr. Irby himself, who told engagingly how he'd been taken for a nice airplane ride by the Governor's enemies and paid \$2,500 to say nasty things about Huey. Being a gentleman of honor, he could see but one thing he could do, and he did it. That is, he paid the \$2,500 into Huey's campaign fund.

"Listen," said Huey, "there may be smarter men than I am, but they ain't in Louisiana!"

Came the Summer of 1931. With cotton selling lower than at any time since the Civil War, and the farmers of the entire South in desperate straits, Huey rushed through his now completely subdued Legislature, by a unanimous vote, a bill embodying the celebrated Long Plan, whereby the price of cotton was to be boosted by making it a crime to raise any cotton at all. The bill provided that in Louisiana, during the year 1932, "the planting of cotton seed for the purpose of raising cotton . . . and the gathering of cotton grown in said year and the ginning thereof be prohibited," and decreed that the planting, gathering, or ginning of said cotton should be a misdemeanor punishable by both fine and imprisonment.

Having issued this defiance to economic law and, like Stephen Leacock's English gentleman, leaped upon his steed and galloped furiously in all directions, Huey called upon the other Southern States to do likewise. But despite the personal emissaries that he sent to the special sessions of the Legislatures of Texas and Mississippi, and despite all his vehement harangues by radio, those States contented themselves with passing laws providing for only a partial reduction in the cotton acreage. Thus the Long Plan fell of its own weight. Seventy-five percent of the cotton-growing States having failed to pass it, it was suspended automatically in Louisiana. But Huey, at all events, had showed a gaping world once more that he held his own once truculent legislators between his finger tips.

Just when the State was beginning to think it would enjoy a lull of peace and had decided to let by-gones be by-gones until the next election, Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor Cyr, "the tooth dentist from Jeanerette", as Huey calls him, after serving under Huey as the first assistant State executive for nearly a year after Huey's election to the Senate, suddenly took the oath as Governor on October 13, 1931, and on October 19 filed an ouster suit against Huey contending that he (Cyr) was now the Governor, for hadn't Huey vacated that high office when his credentials as Senator from Louisiana were accepted on March 4? "By accepting the office of United States Senator," declared Dr. Cyr's solicitors, "said Huey P. Long, by that act, forfeited and lost all right to hold the office of Governor of Louisiana."

Huey countered by calling out a unit of the National Guard, and posting a highway policeman at the office of his Secretary of State, with orders not only to turn away the new Governor should he attempt to file his claim, but also to arrest him if he insisted. Then, taking the stand that the tooth dentist had vacated the office of Lieutenant-Governor by taking the Governor's oath, he declared his friend, Alvin King, president of the Senate, to be the Lieutenant-Governor and ordered the State auditor to refuse to issue further salary vouchers to the unfortunate Cyr.

Not to be outdone, an unemployed citizen of Shreveport also took the oath as Governor, declaring that the office had been abandoned and was now anybody's property. A humorous grocer followed suit by taking the Lieutenant-Governor's oath on the same assumption. Others joined in the hilarious scramble and while Huey sat secure in the Statehouse at Baton Rouge, "laughing," as he said, "his head off", the State joined him with a loud, if somewhat sheepish, guffaw at its unusual predicament.

Huey did a great deal more than laugh, however. Arguing his own case before the

District Court of Caddo parish, he answered his obstreperous Lieutenant-Governor by contending that he himself was not and could not be Senator until he had taken the oath of office as such, and cited the cases of La Follette, Hoke Smith, Hiram Johnson, and others, all of whom continued to serve as Governors of their respective States after election to the Senate, and before taking the oath as Senator.

IV

Few of the newspapers, except the *Louisiana Guardian*, which was as rabidly against him as the *Louisiana Progress* was favorable, took the ouster suit seriously, but it gave his supporters opportunity to call attention again to the wickedness of his enemies and the high achievements of his administration. Those achievements were really very formidable. Huey erected the Bonnet Carre Spillway as a protection for New Orleans against floods; he built the Lake Pontchartrain sea-wall and the Shushan airport; he constructed the Donner canal and levee at Algiers, across the Mississippi from New Orleans; he provided free school-books to every school child; he put up the \$5,000,000 State capitol at Baton Rouge, the tallest building of its kind in the world; the new Medical Center for the State University, and thirty free bridges connecting all main traffic arteries; he found jobs on State work for more than 9,000 men; and he laid 1800 miles of concrete road. And though Huey's enemies may fume and fret, there is no gainsaying these improvements of the present, whatever may be their cost in the future.

Nor has he been any blushing violet in the Senate. With his entire State slate overwhelmingly elected, and with Dr. Cyr properly squelched, he has not been slow

in giving of his knowledge and experience to his less nimble witted brethren of the Upper House. He began to make speeches before he had warmed his seat, and the fact that it was dusted on March 21 by Vice-President Charlie Curtis with the admonition that "the Senator cannot refer to Senators in a disrespectful way" has not deterred him from airing his views on whatever he pleases, Senators included.

His greatest contribution to Senatorial wisdom so far is his proposed solution of the unemployment problem, and remedy for the depression in general. "I wonder," he asked his learned brethren, "if it would shock the understanding and the customs of the Senate if we were to turn back to the laws laid down for man when this earth was created?"

These laws, he told the Senate and the cock-eyed world, are there for all to read in the Book of Leviticus, the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth chapters. "It tells you in there," he explained, "how to avoid depressions, how to keep everybody fed, and keep wealth turning over. It even prophesies Al Capone and his gang in those Scriptures."

So far both his fellow Democrats and the Republicans have alike seen fit to ignore his erudition, as well as his leadership, but they cannot keep from listening to him. Even Impresario Robinson cannot take the wind out of his sails. So unless Huey gets tired of his job and decides to go back home and occupy the Governor's chair again, the other Senators have many a wry face to make before his term is ended. During the last Mardi Gras in New Orleans he told a cop who tried to stop him at a traffic light: "Stand back! This is the Kingfish!" The policeman knew the voice of Jove, and stood back—a lesson in prudence which the Senate, alack, has yet to learn.

WE STAGE A REVOLUTION

BY JORGE J. BLANCO

THE revolution we had last year is so far back in the limbo of things forgotten that when reference is made to it many people now ask "*What* revolution?" Therefore, I see no reason why some of the inside facts cannot be told. A number of the wise-crackers in town and one or two fantastically-minded and callow young American press correspondents have spun queer yarns about the business. I suppose that the newspaper men cabled as much as 100,000 words about it to the United States. Their accounts were accurate in spots, but much was overdrawn and they missed a lot altogether.

It took us less than four hours to win the revolution, and our plans went through like clockwork except for some minor errors and a few inconsequential setbacks. There were twelve killed and about fifty wounded on the two sides, but we consider that those casualties were very light. Some of them resulted from ignorance of the use of firearms. I am sure that two of the five boys we liberators lost really shot themselves.

It was my first revolution, although I will not venture to predict that it will be my last one. The loss of several of my friends saddened me, yet I can truthfully say that I had never realized that so many downright amusing things could happen in so short a space of time. Gordo Echeverry, who weighs 265 pounds, and who was a most efficient vice-president of the revolutionary junta, must have laughed off

at least ten kilos at some of the things he saw and heard. I drew a few belly chuckles myself.

I had been living abroad for nearly eleven years, except for a short visit home every couple of years or so. My father has always been generous to me, and while he has never given me any large sums of money to squander he certainly came through handsomely to see that I had a decent education. I went to a military school up the Hudson in New York for a couple of years, and then I did four years at Yale and three at Sheffield Scientific. After that my father gave me a year in Europe, and I took some lectures at the Sorbonne, but I really spent most of the time playing around Paris. At the end of the year I returned to the United States and got a job out on the Hoover Dam.

My mother and sisters wanted me to come home to live after I left Paris but the old man thought it would be good for me to work in the United States for a while and so did I. When the depression grew worse I began to wonder how things were faring on the old manor, so one day I quit and I sailed from New Orleans a couple of weeks later.

When I arrived at home I found conditions to be not nearly so bad as I had imagined them so far as the family fortunes were concerned. The old man was always a careful investor and he had a lot of city real estate, some good American bonds—if there are any such things today,

and a nice cash account in the banks. There was no need for me to do much work around his office, and I saw that I wasn't expected to kill myself. I took things easily, planning to re-acclimatize myself by gentle stages. I gravitated around to the Jockey Club in town and played billiards and bridge with some of the lads who were my companions in my short trousers days.

It didn't take a clairvoyant to see that a gang of high-class racketeers was running the country. I'm not trying to be moral, because I know what Republics are, from the United States of America right down to the smallest Central American country, but those rascals in our government were showing no restraint in their activities. We haven't a big country nor an especially strong or progressive one, but we haven't had many revolutions, and we have always managed to pay interest on our foreign debt and to keep the national budget balanced without much sacrifice. We get a lot of tourist trade, and the vessels of the American battle fleet are frequent visitors, so between our own resources and the money that is spent by transients we do pretty well.

I guess we have always had grafters in our government. Sometimes an administration lands on the country and goes on a rampage; at other times we have a more conservative group of buccaneers in the saddle. It is safe to say that every leading family in the country has a skeleton in its closet when it comes to consider how the bankroll was built up. My father has always carefully avoided politics, although they've tried several times to run him for the Senate, and on a half dozen occasions he has declined Cabinet appointments. I have a cousin, though, who got away with murder at least three times, and were it not that he has high blood pressure I doubt

whether I could resist the temptation to chide him about the time he bought the *estancia* at Los Arboles just two weeks after he was made Minister of Finance. Oh well, we all have our little weaknesses.

I had not been home for more than a fortnight when I was let in on the revolution. It was one of those rainy season days when the downpour starts suddenly at noon and falls in sheets. I was feeling especially low because the rain broke up a golf foursome I had arranged. I parked my car on the Avenida del Norte and went into the Dorado Bar for a whiskey-and-soda. At a corner table I saw three of the fellows with whom I used to play when I was a youngster, and who now call themselves the Younger Liberal Element. Pepe Villapeña, whose uncle was Governor of the province; Enrique Lafont, younger brother of the man who had just resigned his post as Minister of Education as the result of a Cabinet crisis, and the aforesaid Gordo Echeverry had their heads together over some sheets of paper. As I approached their table they looked up, startled, exchanged glances and Gordo crammed the papers into his pocket.

I asked them who they were plotting against, but they answered with none of their usual quips. Pepe told me to shut up and I think Lafont grew pale. I made a move to go to another table, but Gordo called me back and pulled up another chair by hooking a foot under a rung and drawing it to him. I sat down and asked for a dice-box but Gordo told me to forget it and I ordered a drink. After the waiter had left the table Pepe leaned over and whispered something to Gordo, then they both looked at Lafont and all of them nodded.

"We're going to start a revolution," Gordo said.

"Who are we?" I asked.

"El Circulo de Juventud," said Pepe. "We've already organized it, and now that you know that much you may consider yourself dealt in."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "What do I know about revolutions?"

"You know too much right now to remain on the outside," said Gordo. "Besides, all of your friends are in it, and if you were left out you'd feel slighted. We're going to give you the oath right now."

I remained silent for a moment. Fishing for my own reaction I found that it wasn't so bad. Why not? If the gang in office, with nearly two years to go, stayed in much longer there wouldn't be anything left for the next administration to take. Also, the idea promised some pleasant excitement. So I told the boys it was all right with me.

They swore me to uphold and defend the sacred principles of the Circulo de Juventud, to fight to the death for the cause, and to maintain complete secrecy. Then Gordo told me who the principal leaders were, and I was both pleased and astonished to learn that Scipion Sanchez had been drafted to support the move and back it to the limit.

Sanchez is a youngish lawyer, perhaps the best in the country, and one of the few really honest men I know. He would have a large fortune were it not for the fact that he refuses to charge his clients exorbitantly, and it is well known that he has more than once startled litigants whom he successfully represented in seemingly hopeless cases by returning portions of the generous fees they sent him. He is respected by practically everyone in the country, city people and *paisanos* alike. He is our prototype of the American national hero who was born in a log cabin, for he first saw the light of day in a tiny

farmhouse owned by his father in the mountain province of Palmas.

Sanchez subsequently accepted the presidency of the Circulo de Juventud, but by that time the revolution had been pretty well planned. In fact it was set for a date only ten days beyond the afternoon when I joined it. I must admit that I had always thought the fellows with whom I used to play were rather frivolous, and I was amazed to discover that they had developed into a pretty serious set. They did a very fine, workmanlike job on the revolution, at any rate.

There were less than three hundred in on it. About sixty of them were young men of the most prominent families of the capital; the others were clerks, book-keepers and minor government employés. Many of the boys were students at the university. They kept the secret well, so well, in fact, that the government had not the slightest inkling of what was going on. It would have been just too bad had word got out, because without the element of complete surprise the revolution would have been a flop.

I doubt, however, whether any of the leaders would have been placed against a wall and shot, because of the intricate family connections in my country. The capital has a population of something over 70,000, and there are less than seventy families to whom the more snobbish among us refer as the aristocracy. These families are all connected by an involved web of inter-marriage. My mother once counted, for my benefit, the number of cousins I have living here and she stopped after she had reached four hundred and sixty-three, with still more to go.

For this reason, if for none other, I don't think the President would have ordered his own nephew to be shot, nor would the Minister of the Interior have

approved the execution of his young step-brother. Yet both of these youths were prominent members of the *Circulo de Juventud*.

II

The revolution started at about 3 A.M. on December 16, according to schedule. December 15 is our Independence Day, and at night the traditional gala ball is always held at the Presidential Palace. We picked our day as one on which we'd be likely to find our opponents leg weary from too much dancing, or befogged with hangovers from the general merrymaking.

Our country has no Army or Navy. We have a national police force under the Minister of the Interior, who is *ex-officio* head of the Cabinet. There is a detail of picked men, armed with rifles and bayonets, who act as guard at the Presidential Palace. They stand at attention and present arms whenever the President or a foreign diplomat enters or leaves the palace, but most of the time they squat on their tails and dream of Granada rum and mestizo girls.

There is one police station in town and also a jail where prisoners serving short sentences for minor infractions of the law and others awaiting trial on felony charges are confined. About three miles out from the center of town, in a section called Los Llanos, is a police barracks where a troop of mounted police and some uniformed highjackers on motorcycles were quartered.

We took the two police stations at three o'clock, and started the attack on the palace guard a few minutes later after the headquarters of our movement had been informed that everything had gone well at the Central and Llanos Stations. We made no attempt to capture the jail, but it fell into our hands nevertheless. We had it sur-

rounded, and at three o'clock we started firing on it just to keep the cops on duty there busy and to furnish them with a good reason to stay where they were. When we were perfecting our final plans some of the fellows wanted to drive the police out of the jail and take it too, but Sanchez showed us how this might give us a lot of unnecessary trouble. He didn't want us to have the job of caring for 300 prisoners, some of whom might have escaped and started looting in town.

The jail is situated near the outskirts of the city, backed up against a hill with one cemetery across the street and another on the right side of it. On the left is broken vacant ground, and we easily surrounded the building with thirty men, all of whom were well covered. In the cemeteries they fired from behind monuments and tombstones. Almost directly in front of the main gate of the prison, and a short distance back from the street a marble statue stands over the tomb of General Amadeo Brandán. The general was quite a wind-bag during his career, and the sculpture depicted him in one of his favorite oratorical postures. In life he had a large black mole over his left cheek bone, but this wasn't put on the statue. One of the bullets from the jail, however, restored the mole to the general's cheek. I took pains last week, when I went to a funeral, to check up on the statue, and the mole was still there.

The police at the jail held out until six o'clock in the morning and then they filed out in the dawn's early light under a somewhat grimy shirt, tied to a broomstick, as a flag of truce. They delivered up their rifles and gave a long hurrah for the revolution. We picked a dozen of them, returned their rifles, and sent them back on their job of guarding the prisoners. The others were sent to their homes.

There were arms for all of us and plenty of ammunition. Ricardo Parilla, one of the original plotters, had been in charge of his father's hardware business for a couple of years, and the Parilla firm was local agent for the arms company that supplied our police force. There was a big stock of rifles and pistols on hand that the government had ordered but had not yet paid for, and the weapons were distributed to us late at night before the shooting started.

We had no uniforms but each member of the *Circulo de Juventud* wore a bright green cap as a mark of identification.

The police were disarmed as fast as we captured them and their strongholds. It was not a hard task because they seemed only too happy to surrender their weapons and to proceed peacefully to their homes. Only in a few instances did they resist, and principally at the Presidential Palace, the one place where a real pitched battle took place.

I was assigned to the group sent to capture the Llanos Police Station. There were thirty-five of us in seven automobiles. Six of the cars were parked in a vacant lot, a quarter of a mile from the station, and the fellows piled out and stole quietly up to the building, surrounding it at some distance in the darkness. Five of us, with our revolvers concealed, arrived in the other car, and rushed into the station with a wild story of a bad automobile accident down the road a half mile. There was only one man in the station we feared, a motorcycle sergeant named Gutierrez, who was a hard man in action and a good shot. He was at the desk, and he questioned us closely.

It seemed to me that he was suspicious, but he accompanied us to the street, although instead of using his motorcycle he insisted that all of us go with him in our car to the scene of the "wreck." Just as we

were getting into the car some of our companions arrived, and the sergeant started to pull away and reach for his gun. One of the fellows beat him to the draw and shot him, and at that we rushed the police station. We caught the men there flatfooted. We crowded them into cells and left a dozen of the boys on guard. We went to the stables, turned all the horses loose in the fields, and drove off with every saddle and bridle we could find, which we dumped into a swampy field a couple of miles away. The rest of us then drove into town to report at the Central Police Station according to plan.

There had also been shooting at the Central Station. A group of the attackers, following the original plan, forced their way into the mayor's office on the *Calle Obispo*, and proceeded slowly through a dark passage leading from the municipal offices through the police jail into the station. The capture would have been without incident, but a policeman guarding the cells was asleep on a chair in the passageway and our fellows stumbled over him. He must have had a finger on the trigger of his rifle for it was discharged as the chair fell over, and immediately everyone started to shoot. Poor Juan Silva, a nice kid of nineteen, who was preparing for medical school, somehow shot himself in the abdomen. He died a few hours later.

Our fellows on the outside of the police station, hearing the first shot, ran inside from the street, firing their rifles and pistols. Gordo said that he had never before seen so much terror and astonishment as were expressed by our policemen during the brief moments when they were dashing madly about trying to dodge bullets. Five of them were hit, but their wounds were not serious. On our side, Guillermo Castro, one of my second cousins, was shot in the arm.

Added to the din was the yelling of the prisoners in the cells. They were mostly drunks, and above the racket rose the shouts of a leather-lunged American who had refused to pay a nighthawk taxicab driver on the suspicion that he was being overcharged, and who was shoved into the cooler by the night court judge when he insisted, perhaps with some reason, that the judge was in league with the chauffeur. When things had quieted down a bit the American and a few of the other prisoners, who had by then sobered up, were released.

When I arrived in town things had become calm at the police station, but there was heavy firing at the Presidential Palace about eight blocks away. The guard there might have been sleepy, but for a body of men taken by surprise they put up a good battle. The palace was attacked from the inside, from the street and from adjoining buildings, but for all our deep-laid plans the fellows almost missed making their entry.

This Casa Presidencial takes up an entire city block, fronting on the bay. The President and his family live in a large suite on the third floor front, and the servants' quarters are in the rear. The guard-rooms are on either side of the main entrance at the front of the building. In the rear, on the ground floor, are the offices of the Foreign Ministry, and a watchman is on duty there all night, evidently posted to keep anyone from getting away with all the treaties of commerce, amity and friendship. The boys had a forged note from the Foreign Minister, instructing the watchman to let them into his offices to get several valises that the note said he had left there. When our chaps arrived, however, they found that the regular watchman, to whom the note had been addressed, had taken a night off

and had left his cousin on the job. They got the regular watchman's address—fortunately he lived only a couple of blocks away—and two of the fellows stayed with his cousin while the others drove to the house, pulled the watchman out of bed, and, at the point of a gun, brought him almost naked to the building, where he had them admitted.

Both the watchman and his substitute were trussed and gagged, and the boys crept through the offices, down winding corridors and into the front part of the building. One of the fellows opened a window on the second floor, shouted to the men waiting outside, and the attack began. The guard fired through portholes and attempted a sally into the street, but they were swept back, and a hail of lead was poured down on them from the marble staircases, where our men who had entered the building were crouching behind the balustrades. We had two killed and five wounded in the palace fighting but the guard suffered heavily. Six of them were killed and thirty were wounded out of a total of fifty-two men. They finally surrendered, and as far as fighting was concerned the revolution was won.

A group of the boys filed up the stairs and pounded on the doors of the presidential suite. They hammered for nearly five minutes before the doors were opened by the President himself, who demanded to know the meaning of the outrage against his august person. He was quietly told that the revolution had triumphed and that if he would kindly sign his resignation, a document that was then handed to him, already prepared, he would be escorted across the border, which, by the way, is only eight miles from the capital.

I think that the capital must have been built so near the frontier to serve losers in revolutionary movements, and it surely

benefited them that night if you consider the number of cars that crossed the line at breakneck speed, carrying drivers and passengers dressed in little more than pajamas.

There was certainly an entertaining exodus that night. One of the first refugees to make his way out of the country was the mayor, a pompous little man of plebeian origin, who delighted in being hard-boiled when he held daily police court. Nearly every one of the leaders of the *Circulo de Juventud* had felt his heavy hand when arraigned for traffic law violations, mostly for speeding late at night. Our mayor delighted in fining them to the limit, and then in making speeches to the sneering cops and loafers about the disrespect of the wealthy youth for the country's laws.

We especially wanted to get the mayor, and Gordo Echeverry had picked him as his own prize, for he had sent Gordo to a filthy cell once for three days, when Gordo resented some personal remarks the mayor made while fining him for illegal parking. The boys were a little late in taking the central telephone exchange and cutting off the service, however, and our prey was tipped off, so he climbed into his car and tore up the *Avenida del Norte* bound for the *Camino de la Frontera* so fast that he should have fined himself a thousand *quesadas*. Some of the fellows recognized the car as it went streaking along and many of them fired at it. The machine was peppered by bullets but the mayor was not hit. As the car neared the end of the *Avenida del Norte* a patrolman hailed it and asked the mayor what had happened. His Honor stuck his head out of the window and yelled:

"There's a revolution! Report at the Central Police Station at once!"

He then stepped on the gas again, and was off in a cloud of dust. The policeman

stood in thought for a moment, then, having reached a decision, he took out his pistol, unloaded it, threw it and his club into the gutter, and trudged off after the mayor in the direction of the border. An hour later he was stopped by some of our fellows who were in a car on the border road. He wouldn't believe their promises that no harm would come to him, but they made him get in and drove him back into town. They deposited him at the door of his house. He trembled like a dish of gelatine all the way in.

After reporting at the Central Station some of my companions and I left to reinforce the attackers at the Presidential Palace, where the fighting was then still in progress. Ten minutes after we arrived the palace guard capitulated, and I joined the boys who were trying to persuade the President to sign the fateful renunciation. He refused and grew more stubborn as we continued to insist. So we took him into his private office, posted a guard over him and left him to his thoughts.

In the meantime, details were out making the rounds of the residences of our country's highest dignitaries, arresting them and bringing them to the police station. Some of them lived in the suburbs and had not even heard the firing. Others had tried to ascertain what the shooting was about, but the telephones were dead in most cases, and a number, more than suspecting a revolution, decided on prudence and did not venture outdoors. Others simply left for the border, which saved us the trouble of lodging them in the jail.

Gordo's sense of humor was never better than when he planned the arrest of our notables. In every practicable case he assigned close relatives of the doomed officials to conduct them from their houses. The Governor of the province was picked

up by his two favorite nephews. The Governor had been sleeping off his Independence Day celebration, and had slumbered blissfully through all the battle. He was very testy when the boys woke him, and he grumbled something about it being no time or place for practical joking. Somehow the boys got him up and dressed. His celebrating and the shock of the revolution combined proved too much for him, and when he arrived at the Central Station he became violently ill. We gave him some bicarbonate of soda and let him lie down on the sofa in the night judge's chambers.

At four-thirty we had disarmed all of the police, captured the Presidential Palace and held the President prisoner there. The Vice-President, the leaders of all the political parties, four of the six Cabinet Ministers, the Governor of the province, the chief of police, nine Senators, various other officials and seventeen politicians without portfolio were in our hands.

We had planned for no revolutionary activities in the provinces. In our country as the capital goes, so goes the nation, and, as we had expected, no counter movement was started against the revolution.

III

Well, the revolution had come to a gorgeous triumph; the country was ours, and the next thing that occurred to me was the question of what we were going to do with it. I observed some of my fellow liberators narrowly, and by the twitching of their eyeballs I immediately noted the symptoms of approaching oratory. When the gamecock makes his kill he mounts the prostrate body of his fallen foe, flaps his wings, and crows his victory song. The Latin-American makes a speech.

At this point let us give devout thanks

for Scipion Sanchez. Our chief didn't waste time with a rifle. I doubt whether he had gone armed for a single minute during the entire revolt. But he was in the right place at the right time, and that place was the Legation of the United States of America, where he was closeted with the American Minister.

Guantanamo Bay lies within thirty hours fast steaming of our capital. If the State Department of the United States had so decreed we would have had a few hundred Marines in our streets before the setting of two suns. It is easy for those fellows to get in, but extremely hard to get them out. You may ask any Nicaraguan or Haitian about that. The defeated régime would have welcomed the Marines, but they were the last guests we wanted. As a matter of fact, an American cruiser and two destroyers started our way early on the morning of the revolution. Later they lay at anchor in the bay for ten days, but there was no intervention, and they finally sailed off with a booming of their saluting cannon.

Scipion convinced the Yankee envoy that the revolution was now an accomplished fact, that the shooting was over, and all that remained was for the President to submit with his best grace, thus removing any obstacle from the road of orderly reorganization of the country's affairs. I have always believed that the State Department in Washington was not too much in sympathy with the outfit we unseated, and that it was ready to welcome any sound change in our government.

We really did not want to do our deposed President any harm, and we were eager to escort him to the border and see him safely across with our heartfelt benedictions. Naturally, some of the boys felt strongly over a number of the administration's depredations, but after all a Presi-

dent is a President and we did not want anything to happen that would menace his safety or to bring him any more indignity than was necessary.

The American Minister volunteered to aid us by calling on the President himself. He declined our offer of an armed guard, and made his way alone to the palace, his automobile flying the American flag. He greeted the boys on guard at the palace pleasantly; he had dined at the homes of most of them, and we took him into the President and left the two alone.

In about three-quarters of an hour the Minister came out and told us to take the resignation in to the President. Our fallen executive was weeping, but took a pen and signed the paper in a shaky hand. We offered to transport him and his family, under safe conduct, to any point he desired to go to, *en route* to leaving the country. He asked that his wife and children be permitted to remain at their private townhouse. We escorted them there, and then accompanied the ex-President to the border.

Sanchez was immediately established in the presidential offices, and he called us in. Some of the boys, notably Juan Mantero, who had just been admitted to the bar, could control themselves no longer, and they all started spouting speeches at once. We hushed them, and listened to Scipion as he told us that the American Minister had assured him that not a single United States Marine would be landed if we could promise that there would be no more bloodshed. That was perfectly all right with us, for we had had enough fighting anyhow. Scipion also told us that he would assume the provisional presidency, but only for a brief time, as he felt that he could not neglect his law practice.

That did not please us very much because we thought that he would consent

to remain at the head of the nation until the expiration of the regular presidential term, but he insisted on his stand. Gordo grasped his shoulder, looked at us, and said:

"That's all right fellows. You are now gazing upon the presidential candidate of the Circulo de Juventud for the 1932 elections."

We cheered and Juan tried to resume his speech.

Sanchez had discussed the entire situation with the American Minister and they both liked the idea of bringing in our Supreme Court to take a hand in the government's reestablishment. The court, composed of seven venerable gentlemen, too world-weary to engage in politics, had our confidence, but some of the boys found the plan irksome. Lafont particularly objected to the idea of young men fighting and winning a revolution only to deliver what he called "the fruits of our glorious achievement" to a lot of doddering gaffers.

But Sanchez wasn't the country's ablest lawyer for nothing, and he soon convinced us that the plan was for the best. So at seven o'clock that morning there was a strange session of the Supreme Court in the executive chambers of the palace, and the court agreed that the first necessary move was to have the capital adequately policed. It was impossible to bring back the disbanded police force. Many of them were unacceptable to us, and a large number of them were so scared that they had sworn off policing for the rest of their lives.

So the Supreme Court hit on the fire department. That body is a volunteer organization, composed of middle-class men, sober, steady and conscientious. They have never been involved in scandal. The firemen were called out and put to patrolling the regular police beats, most of them

wearing their red flannel shirts, and a few with their trousers tucked in high boots and carrying axes.

It was amusing to see so many firemen on the streets, sweating in their ridiculous red shirts and never a fire. Old Emilio Galvez, with his big paunch and three days' growth of whiskers on his face, wearing his habitual black patch over his blind eye, carried an ax on his shoulder. He looked like little else than a medieval headsman on his way to keep a date with some poor wretch on the scaffold. In reality, Emilio is a gentle, lovable old soul.

The firemen kept the public peace quite efficiently, doing a better job than our regular police ever had performed. We of the Circulo de Juventud still held a few listless meetings, and our central or governing committee conferred each day with Sanchez, who was up to his head in governmental affairs, aided and advised by the Supreme Court. The revolution's dead were buried, a solemn mass was said at the Cathedral, and later a *Te Deum* was sung to celebrate our victory.

We no longer wore our green caps and the boys drifted back to their pre-revolutionary occupations.

The Supreme Court was busily weighing the character and ability of the candidates proposed for provisional President. They finally decided to call on Justo Villares, who was in the diplomatic service, and had been living abroad, far from national politics, for fifteen years. He was filling the post of Minister to Montevideo, and when asked to make the sacrifice of returning to head the State he accepted.

We had a great show on his inauguration day. All the members of the Circulo de Juventud, wearing black crepe rosettes on their arms to honor the memory of their fallen comrades, paraded to the pal-

ace and occupied the position of honor under the balcony from where President Villares delivered his address. He pledged himself and the devotion of the country to the principles for which the revolution was instituted, and solemnly vowed that the nation would have a rebirth of civic consciousness.

Then we filed into the palace, drank champagne and gobbled sandwiches and cakes, while some of the boys showed their friends around to point out the scars made by the bullets on the plaster, the marble and the wooden panellings.

A group, evidently moved to the heights of enthusiasm by the champagne, instituted a fund for the erection of a bronze monument to commemorate the revolution, and about fifteen hundred *quesadas* were subscribed. I have heard nothing of the fund lately. Maybe some more champagne would revive it.

Business went on as usual, and soon the political refugees returned, some shamefacedly. The worst they had to suffer was the joking at the expense of their reputations for valor. The officials and other *politicos* that we had rounded up had only spent forty-eight hours in jail. Some of them went abroad. Others turned to private pursuits—or went back to politics.

Villares formed a new Cabinet, and most of the men he chose had served in previous governments. No real investigation of the charges of graft against officials of the old régime was set afoot and not a single arrest in that connection was made. In a month a new police force had been organized, and the firemen were marched down to the palace to receive the President's thanks for their services and to be dismissed from their job of pavement pounding.

Many of the men whose presence in government posts had been responsible for the

revolution now squeezed back on the public payroll, and the same old cliques of politicians raised their heads once more.

Gordo Echeverry and Scipion Sanchez organized a new political party, El Partido Liberal Revolucionario, and at its convention Sanchez was unanimously nominated for President on the first ballot. Some of the older parties have a lot more money than our new one, and their leaders talk of coalition, certainly the only way they can hope to defeat Scipion in the elections next October. The people are strong for him all over the country, and he is literally mobbed every time he appears to make a campaign speech.

It seems to me, however, that we are just about back to the point from which we started before the revolution. We have a new provisional government, but most of the old politicians have returned, and while

they seem to be minding their conduct most carefully I cannot see that the revolution accomplished very much.

I don't know exactly how Villares feels about the presidential campaign. It is not likely that he is over-burdened by personal ambitions and I suppose that he wants to get back into the diplomatic service. It is extremely hard for him to steer a neutral course with his associates in the government badgering him from every quarter. In recent weeks there have been disquieting reports of preëlection irregularities, and it seems as if the old-line politicians are doing all in their power to disenfranchise many of the warmest adherents of Sanchez. If things grow worse in that way it is hard to predict what may happen after election day.

Maybe we'll have another revolution. I still have my green cap.

THE MAKING OF A RACE-HORSE

BY ARTHUR MANN

BREEDING time on a thoroughbred stock farm is a period of deep anxiety. It is safe to say that the anticipation of a breeder at least equals that of a father awaiting the arrival of his first-born. The anxious father expects only one heir, but the breeder is dealing with fifteen or twenty, and sometimes more. And always he dreams of producing another Man o'War.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hertz were driving over their farm one day in April, 1925, when they came upon a helpless bit of horseflesh that had been foaled unexpectedly in the open field. They placed the poor little filly in their car and drove back to the stable, where the infant and her mother were given the best of treatment. It was a close call, but both animals thrived. The colt grew to be Anita Peabody, the two-year-old champion of 1927.

The stables of a modern American breeding farm are the last word in comfort and preparedness. All sorts of contingencies can be met, and they frequently arise. The colts are foaled during April and sometimes up to the middle of May. During these days hopes, fears and wishes are born. The most lowly foal may become king, and the colt with the bluest blood may grow to be a wind-sucker, or may have brittle hoofs, or a weak digestion, or insufficient racing courage.

You can well imagine the eagerness and anticipation which attended the Man o'War matings and foalings. The whole

racing world talked about them. Man o'War was a king and the blood lines of every mare he served had been subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. And what splendid animals his offspring turned out to be! All but one or two won big stakes. Stud service by Man o'War is today valued at \$5,000, and even then the privilege is extended only to friends of his owner, Mr. Samuel D. Riddle.

In retirement at the Faraway Farms at Lexington, Ky., Man o'War still follows the same training routine he followed when he left competition in 1920, after winning twenty of his twenty-one races. He covers about four miles daily, walking, galloping and at the proud prancing he loves so well. Nor does he want for on-lookers. He entertains more than 15,000 visitors each year, about 1,000 of whom journey to his quarters on the Sunday following the running of the Kentucky Derby.

It is easy to imagine the anxiety surrounding the mating of Anita Peabody, the two-year-old champion of 1927, and Reigh Count, the three-year-old champion of 1928. They had won more than \$300,000 between them. The first of their two offspring, now a yearling, bears the name of Our Count and shoulders the keen anticipations of his justly-proud breeder. Yet an ugly duckling in the same pasture may win hundreds of thousands of hearts and an equal number of dollars while the royal blood goes begging.

Outstanding stallions, such as Reigh Count, Gallant Fox, Sir Galahad III (the sire of Gallant Fox), Blue Larkspur and Black Servant, command service fees of \$3,000, but the average fee for a fairly prominent stallion runs from \$1,500 to \$2,500. The owner of Black Toney, for sentimental reasons, advertises a prohibitive fee of \$5,000 and no return, just because he cannot say no to his friends. Needless to say, the fee and the conditions save him the trouble. Reigh Count has made \$40,000 annually in stud fees since his retirement, and Gallant Fox turns in a similar sum to the corporation which owns the Belair Stud.

II

During the suckling period, which lasts from three to six months, the weanling foal follows close on the heels of his mother. He is at this stage a gaunt and awkward animal, and one can scarcely visualize him as a future champion. His legs are long and spindled. His joints are rather grotesque and appear to be rheumatic. His body is stumpy and his neck is huge.

He spends night and day outdoors with his mother when the weather is not too bad. He becomes hardened to the mild exposure of Summer and early Fall. His feet grow firm from the constant pounding of his gamboling. He is allowed to romp and roam to his heart's content in the paddock. He learns to nibble grass. His stomach becomes accustomed to solid food.

Although only eight months old and possibly only seven, he celebrates his first birthday on January 1, the common birthday of all race-horses. Overnight he changes from a weanling to a yearling, and at this time he is introduced to hardy

meals of oats and mash. The mash consists of oats, bran and barley mixed with a little water. He can always find hay in a rack at the corner of his stall.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of American trainers and now engaged in his fortieth training campaign, has had more helpless weanlings in his charge than anyone else in the business. He has evolved a system that comes very close to guaranteeing success.

"But it isn't a system at all," he said recently at his Aqueduct Stables. "It's just kindness and patience. You've got to realize that you're dealing with the animal that's nearest a human being in intelligence. If he can't run fast, a whip won't teach him."

Fitzsimmons' greatest triumph lies in the unmatched career of Gallant Fox. He took the Fox as a weanling and led him to the highest conquests that the sport of racing offers. He watched the little colt develop such intelligence that he was presently regarded as having the reasoning powers of a ten-year-old boy. You will never believe the stories about the Fox until you have seen him in action.

This amazing horse, winner of \$303,000 in a single season, always knew when his scheduled racing day arrived. On this day he would leave a portion of his noon-day feeding of oats, while the other horses scheduled to race fought to finish everything within reach in their stalls. Sugar in the stomach of a horse about to race may complicate matters. Well, you could not bribe the Fox to eat a lump of sugar before a race, although he'd accept it willingly afterward.

Almost every horse searches frantically for water after a race, but drinking before cooling out brings on cramps. Gallant Fox refused to touch any water before he had cooled out, and he could cool out in fif-

teen minutes, twice as fast as any other horse.

In his very first race he stood at the barrier gazing skyward, trying to fathom the mystery of an airplane overhead. The barrier sprang, but the Fox stood there flat-footed. Though he was smarter than any other colt in the race, he was left at the post, wondering about that strange bird soaring over the race track.

Gallant Fox received the same treatment accorded all other Belair Stud colts in Sunny Jim's stables until he established himself as exceptional. Today, with eighty-odd colts and horses under his care for the Belair Stud, the Wheatley Stables, Mr. H. C. Phipps and others, Fitzsimmons employs the same methods which carried the Fox to the top in 1929 and 1930. Still, he cannot pick you a sure winner. Forty years of observation and close study have taught him what is best for a colt, but he can never be certain of results.

After the yearling gets accustomed to a stall in the company of his mother, he is allotted a stall of his own. He whinnies alone in the darkness at first, puzzled and startled, but he soon gets used to the change. One day a young man enters the stall and throws a light saddle over the colt's back. The colt is startled—and you'd be startled too. He prances a little, and the boy soon takes the saddle off. He feels better, but then the saddle goes back on again, then off, then on, then off and on.

When the girth-strap is buckled lightly for the first time it is a new surprise, and invariably brings a crisp protest. The strap is as suddenly unbuckled and the saddle removed. Then the boy repeats the procedure, buckling the strap more tightly every time. Just as the colt begins to suspect his visitor of foul designs the young man removes the saddle and leaves the stall.

A week of such daily treatment teaches the yearling to recognize the feel of the saddle. Soon it may be strapped on and taken off without any appreciable reaction on his part. The next step in his schooling is to teach him the feel of head restraint. A bridle and bit go on and off, on and off, just as in the case of the saddle, for three days. Without his knowledge a halter shank is added, and this is an important step, for he is now to be led for the first time.

Two weeks have passed, and it is time for the next step. One day, to the utter amazement of the colt, the boy suddenly climbs into the saddle.

"What next?" the colt probably mumbles to himself. "The whole establishment has gone balmy!"

But the boy sits in the saddle only long enough for his mount to feel his weight. He climbs down. Then up and down, up and down. Within three days the colt begins to attach a rational significance to the bridle, the halter-shank, the saddle, and the weight on his back. He is then led around the stall by a second attendant, with the first boy in the saddle, around and around. He begins to recognize the stunt as part of a daily game. Soon he doesn't mind it.

In three full weeks, as you may observe, only the barest rudiments have been conveyed to him. Nothing has been done to frighten him. He has been taught to give the halter and saddle the same welcome he gives to his daily allotment of oats.

At this stage he doesn't know the meaning of the whip. Pain and harsh words have no place in his curriculum. Every tug on the halter shank is light. There are no yanks or sudden jerks. Every move and gesture is natural and without force. It is seldom that a colt fails to respond to the teaching.

With him accustomed to halter, shank, saddle and boy on his back, he is taken out and led around in the paddock where he spent his happy childhood. He learns to stop, to start and to respond to direction. He is presented with his first set of reins. He is taught to recognize the tug on one side or the other, the pull and pinch of the bits, and the signals to turn, start, stop and trot.

III

Four months have now passed since the boy first entered the stall with the saddle. It is August 1. The colt feels a race-track beneath his feet for the first time. He is shown the rails, inside and outside. He is allowed to canter and gallop as he chooses. The boy on his back makes no attempt to start or stop him. The reins are on the bridle, but they are slack.

He gallops of his own free will in this fashion for six weeks—until September 15. By that time he knows the feel of the elastic earth beneath his feet. It is different from the grass, from the paddock, from the stable floor. It is for galloping, for racing. He knows the white fence of the track and the shadows of the grandstand. Usually, he takes to his daily workout with enthusiasm. He welcomes the boy with the saddle. The yearling is now a racer.

He is galloped almost daily from September 15 until November 1, but it is still not a strenuous gallop, mostly of the free-rein type. He covers three or three-and-a-half miles each working day. By the time the lessons of the year come to an end, on November 1, he is galloping eighth-mile strips in fourteen and fifteen seconds.

Despite a common belief to the contrary, the appetites of thoroughbred racing colts are not pampered. There is only one de-

pendable food, and that is oats. A growing colt consumes nine quarts a day. If he eats more, he is considered over-fed. The tendency, surprising though it may seem, is for a yearling to leave or deliberately spill some of each feeding, and a trainer has to be on his guard. Three quarts are fed in the morning, two quarts at noon, and four in the evening. This supply is supplemented occasionally by a helping of mash, and there is always hay in the rack at the corner.

When he completes his scholastic chores for the year, the colt has learned much from that boy on his back, and he has grown splendidly. His shoulders are now powerful, and his whole body is strong and vigorous. His feet are healthy. Once more he is turned out into the paddock for the Winter. He builds up resistance by exposure to the elements, for he goes into his stall only when the weather is unbearable. He becomes a two-year-old on January 1. The deadline has been passed. He is now ready to become public property.

The arrival of February brings heavy chores for the gamboling youngster of the previous year. Serious business is now at hand. He must soon start to retrieve some or all of the dollars he has cost his owner. Entry lists are published and the racing world awaits the appearance of another unknown quantity.

The colt, by this time, may be a slow or a fast starter. He may be a sprinter or a distance runner, despite the different speed or stamina of his forebears. He may favor a hard, fast track, or a slow, wet track. He may have developed in some mysterious manner one or several equine idiosyncrasies during his three months of idleness. He may be cute. He may be tricky, temperamental. He may be a complete failure, or a potential sensation. These and hun-

dreds of other possibilities flash through the trainer's mind as he brings his precious charge out of the Winter retirement.

The colt begins his activity as a two-year-old in February, just as he left off on November 1, with free-rein gallops up and down the track. He is allowed to romp a fast canter, covering an eighth of a mile in, say, thirty seconds. He continues at this pace for a week to loosen up his muscles.

Now, at last, he is ready for speed. The boy on his back takes up the reins. With a click of the tongue and a gentle pat on the neck, the pace is doubled. For the first time in his life the youngster is allowed to gallop a quarter-mile against time. He is paced to cover the distance in thirty seconds. Unless he is a plug, he meets the assignment with ease.

Back he now goes to the eighth-mile distance. The jockey cuts the time down to thirteen seconds. Two days later the colt speeds over the quarter-mile strip in twenty-seven seconds, and is allowed free-rein through the last sixteenth.

He keeps at this task for a week, after which the gallop is raised to three-eighths of a mile, with the last eighth a breeze. This free-wheeling at the finish of a gallop is important, for it serves as a gauge of the colt's racing temperament, of his desire to follow through until held in check.

The two-year-old's efforts run to about five miles of distance every working day. After each workout he is walked around the track or otherwise kept moving for thirty-five minutes. This practice is called cooling out. He is then taken to the stables and washed down with a liniment, three ounces of which is added to each gallon of hot water. The solution and the rubbing serve to quiet his nerves and soothe his muscles. He is dried down and turned into the paddock for relaxation. If racing

horses were denied this treatment after a workout their muscles would tighten. They would be unable to work the next day, and would show lameness for at least three days more.

You often hear of over-working or over-training a race horse, but such a catastrophe is rare. Forty percent of the competing horses gain weight during a moderately heavy campaign. Another forty percent lose. The rest remain unchanged. Loss of weight usually comes from excitement and nervousness, not from over-work. The diet remains essentially the same, but the noon-day meal is reduced a fourth on the day of a race. Gallant Fox completed his record-breaking season of 1930 about 300 pounds heavier than when he started.

Beginning March 1 the handler takes the two-year-old student through additional three-eighths of a mile brushes, and they are stiff workouts. A promising colt will time eleven and two-fifths, twenty-four and forty seconds for the poles. He is then taken over the full three-eighths distance in thirty-nine or even thirty-eight seconds.

By the latter part of March he is sweeping past the quarter-mile post in twenty-three and three-fifths seconds, and past the three-eighths in thirty-seven flat. He now has all the speed that an unselfish trainer desires. He begins to look like a colt that can cover six furlongs in 1:14 or even 1:13 every time out.

On the days when he takes no galloping exercise, he is ridden to the starting stalls and the barrier. There he must learn the significance of that restraining webbing. He must learn good manners, tolerance, patience. It is a difficult task, for there are so many, many items of importance to impress upon his already busy young mind. He is taught to disregard bumping

and shoving at the start. He is taught to "take it." The webbing is brushed in front of his face and eyes to show that it is harmless.

A small army of trainers, handlers and stable boys, as many as can be assembled, take places in the grandstand. They shout and wave their arms at the colt, that he may experience the noise and excitement of a crowd. One Western trainer brought a brass band to the track, but the sudden blast frightened the bewildered colt to such an extent that he never outgrew his fear of music.

Barrier breaks may be considered the most important part of the juvenile preparation. The man in charge of the student must exercise the greatest patience. The colt must be handled carefully, given every opportunity to become acquainted with the circumstances of starting.

A goodly percentage of races are won and lost in that starting area. Spirited and unruly horses, colts poorly or insufficiently trained, are often left flat-footed. Those that get away, regardless of their calibre, have a decided advantage over those left behind. A good and patient colt at the barrier reduces a trainer's headaches by half.

Probably the most serene of all starters was that great gelding, Exterminator, owned by Willis Sharpe Kilmer, and winner of more than \$250,000 during his honorable career. Anyone could ride Old Bones, as he was called. Anyone could saddle him, train him, exercise him or start him. Once an assistant starter used Exterminator to hold an unruly horse against the rail while he lined up the remainder of the field. Exterminator leaned against his charge, keeping his eye on the assistant starter. At the proper time he released the pressure, the barrier flew up, and the field got off to a perfect start.

All veterans of the race track smile in recollection of Exterminator. Like Gallant Fox, he was a horse of amazing intelligence. He could be sent down the track alone to walk around and cool himself out. Of course, he couldn't take a wash-down on his own, but he would always keep moving until the thirty or thirty-five minutes had elapsed, and he had stopped perspiring.

With the barrier lessons completed and the workouts producing big-league speed, the colt graduates to the races in mid-April. Then the Eastern tracks open and the owners trot out their proud little charges to fame and fortune or failure. All eyes are turned hopefully toward the two-year-olds. One of them may be another Man o'War!

IV

The average owner has spent between \$6,000 and \$7,000 on every colt or filly he sends to the barrier as a maiden two-year-old. This sum does not include subscription and preliminary fees, nor the starting assessment, all of which total approximately \$5,000 for the eight most important juvenile stakes. Then there is the expense of transportation from track to track, of insurance, and of the extra handlers who are so necessary to the welfare of racing flesh. Jockey fees, at a minimum, are \$10 a mount and \$25 for a winner. But the better jockeys usually receive an annual salary and 10% of all purses. Earl Sande got \$50,000 in salary and commissions on one season on Gallant Fox.

The most exacting of the two-year-old stakes is the Futurity, now run at Belmont Park during the Fall meet and regarded as the juvenile championship. The owner of a candidate for it pays \$20 as a subscription fee on or before January 1 of, let us say,

1932. The colt or filly, still unborn at the time of nomination, will attempt to retrieve this sum in 1934, two and one-half years later.

The colt is foaled during April or early May of 1932. If the owner wishes to keep his nominee among the starters, he pays \$50 more on November 1, 1933; and on July 1, 1934, he is taxed an additional \$100. As the colt prances to the barrier the owner is further assessed \$1,000 as a starting fee. Thus he pays out \$1,170 for one race with the odds about 20 to 1 against his getting a penny of it back.

These subscriptions and progressive payments, together with the starting fees, are pooled, and about 87½% goes to the Futurity winner. The purse sometimes totals \$35,000 before the actual starters are known. Twenty-five colts at the barrier raise the contents of the pool to \$60,000. Jockey Club officials tilt the ante \$50,000 and the owners battle for the richest two-year-old stake in the world.

The Futurity carries the heaviest financial burden. The Hopeful, held at Saratoga, and a half-dozen other salient juvenile stakes carry installment fees of lesser amounts, with starting assessments of \$500. They are all gambles from the initial payment. An ambitious owner sometimes has fifteen or twenty colts and fillies in training and nominated for all the important stake events.

The outstanding three-year-old features impose equivalent demands, but the owner at least has an opportunity to determine just what he is sending to the barrier. He finds events on all the racing calendars wherein he may make a hurried entry or withdrawal. He may employ these contests, with their more elastic nominating and starting conditions, as a medium of competitive comparison for his untried colts. There are at least 200 such events

for juveniles on the Eastern tracks, giving the owner ample leeway and time in which to make decisions about starting his colts in the more important stakes.

Yet there are always confusing precedents to upset his soundest reasoning. Many mediocre two-year-olds have blossomed into invincible three-year-olds. Galant Fox seemed to have ordinary ability as a two-year-old, but no horse could touch him the following season. Anita Peabody won \$111,000 as a juvenile, but bowed a tendon the following Spring and was retired. Man o'War was good every day and in every race. Reigh Count enjoyed a reputation for consistency, but even he was a better horse than a colt.

An owner can't believe what he sees. Dreams and hope often batter down his discretion and judgment, and he envisions all his colts as champions. All signs may point to disappointment, yet he keeps on training and hoping. Always he will recall the contempt in which Morvich was held at the Saratoga yearling sales because of his bulging knees. But Morvich raced on to a fortune, because his owner had hope, and kept on training, racing and believing.

All of the racing world's innocence is not confined to the betting ring. Imagine an owner producing a colt at a cost of \$5,000 and then selling the animal at the annual yearling sales for \$1,500! You can't make money that way, and nobody does. Yet breeders and owners practice such financial suicide every year, and you never hear a complaint.

The owner of a good brood mare pays between \$1,500 and \$2,500 for the service of a fairly-rated stallion. Then he pays out \$900 to maintain the dam in comfort through the year of breeding, and through six months of careful watching after the colt has been foaled.

Another \$225 is added to the bill for

nine months of care for the foal as a weanling to January 1. Further care to July 15 at \$25 a month tacks \$170 to the bill. Care and transportation to Saratoga, insurance and incidentals heighten the expense. When the nervous little bundle of horse-flesh unloads at the Spa for the yearling sales, he has cost his owner just about \$5,000.

The sales at Saratoga last year, conducted by Fasig-Tipton, produced an average price of \$1,284 an animal. This price, of course, was low. Bidding was slow and the competition was dull. Yet even in good times the average seldom exceeds \$2,000 a colt.

Only occasionally does an individual sale reach the five-figure mark. In that event the colt or his parentage must be unusually impressive. A good-looking colt by the Porter topped the 1931 sales, selling for \$16,000. Sometimes there is no bidder at all.

The owners of the Belair Stud, producers of many champions, made the following expenditure in bringing Gallant Fox to the two-year-old stakes of 1929:

Stud fee (Sir Galahad III)	\$3,000
Stabling mare during foal and after, 18 months @ \$50 a month	900
Foal as weanling, 9 months @ \$25 a month	225
Foal as yearling to July 15 @ \$25 a month	170
Yearling from July 15 to Dec. 31 @ \$7 a day	1,176
Two-year-old, Jan. 1 to July 1 @ \$7 a day	1,267
Veterinarian, two years	200
Medicine, two years	200
	\$7,138
Carrying into Futurity (Belmont)	1,170
Carrying into miscellaneous stakes (about seven)	3,800
	\$12,108

This tabulation is for one colt. An active stable sometimes carries its entire juvenile string as candidates for the season's honors. Thus, a stable assumes a debit of \$125,000 or even \$200,000 for two-year-olds alone, with little more than a hope that the animals will bring home a rind of bacon.

The expenditure made on two-year-olds is equaled, if not surpassed, by the cost of upkeep of the older horses. A minimum of \$1,250 a week is necessary to stable twenty-five. And then comes the list of subscription fees for Jamaica, Aqueduct, Belmont Park, Empire City, Saratoga, Latonia, Churchill Downs, Hawthorne Park, Arlington and New Orleans, to say nothing of Hialeah, Coral Gables, Havana, and a trip to Tiajuana or Agua Caliente.

From all this it appears that a sizeable stable must take in \$250,000 or more in winnings to break even on a fairly active season. Needless to say, only one or two owners realize such a return on their outlay. And every owner still has to pay for the upkeep of his country stables, his training staff and his breeding farm.

The C. V. Whitney Stable topped the list of money winners for last year with stakes and purses that reached \$422,923. Top Flight, ace of the stable, turned in more than half of this sum, \$219,000. The Greentree Stable, owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney, stood second with an aggregate of \$384,761.

These are only two of the many stables which sent colts and horses to the post last year on the Eastern tracks. It is doubtful that the C. V. Whitney Stables, with a gross of almost a half-million, realized a profit of more than \$100,000. Thoroughbred horse racing has prospered and grown since the World War, but it must still be put down as a sport and not a business.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE rude sports of the he-men of Fresno, as described by the correspondent of the eminent Los Angeles *Times*:

Dr. Walter M. Throne, local physician, is confined to his bed today with a bullet wound in his chest, because Deputy Sheriff Earl Chandler, formerly of Los Angeles, was not in on a gun-fight thriller that was staged at an American Legion meeting here last night and turned the burlesque into the real thing.

Chandler appeared in the Legion hall as Dr. Throne and Felix Holcomb climaxed an argument by pulling revolvers and firing at each other with blank cartridges. As the hundred or more ex-service men dived under tables, behind pianos and for other points of safety, the lights went out and Chandler got into action.

Lunging at Dr. Throne, Chandler stumbled over a chair in the dark and caught Throne by one leg. With his other hand he reached for Throne's gun. Throne frustrated Chandler's attempt to disarm him, believing he was merely taking part in the scene to make it more realistic, and pointed his weapon at the officer. Chandler drew his own weapon and fired one shot. The bullet struck Dr. Throne in the chest.

DEL-MAR-VA¹

PUBLIC announcement in the eminent Berlin *Times*:

DESERVES HIGH PRAISE FOR BENEFICIAL WORKS

E. D. France of Berlin, Md., better known as the Del-Mar-Va Magician, has given

¹ Del-Mar-Va is a State which exists, so far, only in the imagination of its men of vision. It is to be made up of Delaware, the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and part of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The whole area is actively Methodist, and the form of government will be a forward-looking theocracy.

75% of all his earnings since he was twelve years old for public beneficiaries. Every third performance of his career has been gratis work; he has earned more money for Del-Mar-Va organizations than any other individual, and has gained as much publicity for Del-Mar-Va as any person.

Yet, the Del-Mar-Va Association refuses to recommend or endorse France the Magician and his show of honest efforts and reliability. The Del-Mar-Va Association is mighty selfish, then, and just because one's name is not on their self-styled social register, or is not worth a fortune, they refuse to aid or assist honest sweat.

France the Magician is making an appeal through this means to every public beneficiary on the Eastern Shore, such as Schools, Churches, and Fire Companies, to engage his show of Mystery. He makes no "bones" in asking to reengage his new 1932 programme, which is the largest and best show of his career. He states frankly that all of his good work will have to discontinue if immediate support and succor are not given.

If you are human, and have any artistic or instructive tendencies at all, you, as an individual will suggest this means of raising funds to your local organizations; if you are unfair, you will let it die.

During his life as a Magician, and as a private citizen, France has treated every man, woman, and child, regardless of race, color, or denomination, fairly and squarely, and treating all people as equals regardless of pocketbook or reputation, gotten down with them and helped them with their burdens, tried to cheer and comfort them and entertain them, and he defies anyone to prove otherwise, or not sincere in his friendship to help humanity at large.

If you could say all of the above about yourself, and prove it, what would you do if you were told you were ex-communicated from your church, that the people of your

church no longer considered you one of them, and that God had no place in your heart, and that you, an outcast, had driven Him from your heart, simply because you did not attend church very often? What would you do if you were told that prayer and self communication with your Maker were of no avail unless you attended Church? WHAT WOULD YOU FEEL LIKE DOING?

Any one who cuts this article out of the paper and drops it in the box at the COULBOURNE FURNITURE CO, BERLIN, MD., WILL RECEIVE A FREE GIFT. The entire article must be cut out. As many gifts to a customer as articles he drops in at our store.

[Paid Advertisement]

ILLINOIS

THE freedom of the press at Northwestern University, as disclosed by a United Press dispatch from Evanston:

Rules for the guidance of editors of the *Daily Northwestern* and other student publications as posted today by Herbert S. Philbrick, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Student Activities, include the following:

- One, no references to birth control.
- Two, no use of the name of Margaret Sanger.
- Three, no use of the names of Al Capone and other gangsters.
- Four, no stories reflecting on the morals of co-eds.
- Five, no stories ridiculing the university administration or curricula.
- Six, no story reflecting on Evanston.

MARYLAND

THE Kiwanis Club of Baltimore gives over the first page of its organ, *Kinotis*, to a tribute to an honored member:

OUR BOOSTER

KIWANIAN WILLIAM F. WOODEN

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Stewart & Mowen Company
108 W. North Ave.
Vernon 1342

MINNESOTA

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Minneapolis Tribune*:

Practical nurse gives massage and care for those discouraged. Must be respectable.
DU. 7577.

NEW JERSEY

HIGH light in the career of a citizen of Jersey City, as recorded in a communication to the celebrated New York *Graphic*:

The most dramatic moment of my life occurred when, on a trip to Washington, I shook hands with Representative Mary Norton and had the honor of dining with her.

OSCAR S. BUDOW,

174 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

NEW YORK

THE heroic life of a free citizen of Bolivar, as reported by the illustrious *Breeze* thereof:

Harry A. Cudding, 171 Olive street, Bolivar, was a former employé of the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, N. Y., and a great admirer of the late George Eastman, chairman of that organization. Before going to Rochester, Mr. Cudding had been a successful photographer in Bolivar, being located in the Bliss Block here.

It was in 1905 that Mr. Cudding, then manager of the Eastman Company's San Francisco branch, was invited by telegraph to attend a banquet, the occasion being the opening of Mr. Eastman's new home, a palatial residence with twenty-nine bathrooms and divided into many suites, at Rochester. Mr. Cudding was in Portland, Ore., at the time. He returned to San Francisco, purchased a full dress suit, which the occasion demanded, and then started for Rochester.

The banquet was one of the finest Mr. Cudding had ever attended, the menu being beautifully engraved, with an ivory and gold cover, gilt edged, and miniature photos of the interior of the Eastman home. There was wonderful music and entertainment for the guests. They included Euro-

pean royalty, to whom Mr. Cudding was introduced, as were other Eastman Company employes and officials at the banquet. With the words "Glad to meet you, my Lord," and a bow, the guests moved on.

This new home of Mr. Eastman was built after he had practically given away to one of the Eastman officials a cut stone house that, it is said, cost about \$400,000.

After going to Chicago Mr. Cudding, as a sales manager, attended banquets that cost \$25 a plate, but none equal in splendor to the Eastman banquet.

Mr. and Mrs. Cudding, after living in Chicago for a number of years, returned to Bolivar about three years ago to make this village their future home.

ORGIES in honor of an immortal, as described by the *New York Times*:

Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey cut a 216-pound cake, became, with Mrs. Moore, an honorary member of the Mozart Society and made a speech at its twenty-third birthday luncheon yesterday at the Hotel Astor, which was attended by 800 persons. Music composed by Mozart was played and so was jazz.

Introduced by Mrs. Noble McConnell, president of the society since its inception, who was also celebrating her birthday yesterday, Governor Moore, after cutting the monster cake, the handiwork of Joseph Sommer, Astor pastry chef, presented it to Mrs. McConnell, saying, "She always takes the cake."

"These are days when we can well do with music," said the Governor, paying tribute to the inspiration of Mozart's works. Recalling that the bicentennial of Washington's birthday was being celebrated this year, the Governor said that the first President's life had been a "symphony." He contrasted those who place greed and self-interest first with those, "like yourselves, who stand for the finer things of life, the more beautiful things, which last through eternity."

The special Mozart programme included songs given by Miss Frances Newsom, soprano, and John Lester, baritone, and "Ten Minutes With Mozart," by the Mozart String Trio. Miss Newsom and

Mr. Lester also danced a minuet. Meta Weinzoff's orchestra provided the jazz and the afternoon was completed with a news reel, a movie comedy, "Oh, My Operation," and "Shanghai Express."

NORTH CAROLINA

INCIDENT of life in the grand old town of Goldsboro:

There was a mad scramble and all of the doors of the local Baptist church were used here Thursday afternoon by more than a hundred mourners who had gathered to pay their last respects to Mrs. Mary Johnson when the corpse suddenly rose from the casket and assumed a sitting position.

The woman had died from rheumatism and the malady had drawn the body in such a manner that the hips were set at an angle of about 45 degrees. The undertaker had straightened the body and had strapped it in the right position. During the funeral services one of the straps broke and the body sat up. After the undertaker had re-strapped the body the funeral was continued, but only the closest relatives returned to remain until the finish.

OHIO

A NEW world's champion comes to Toledo and makes the first page of the *Morning Times*:

Staking his last twenty-five cents against the world, Charles Hammye, city snow shoveler, won the all-city egg-eating contest early yesterday by eating fifty-five eggs in a spectacular exhibition in Clyde King's restaurant at 1686 Dorr street.

So groggy at the finish that he had to be carried out of the eating house, Champ Hammye was on his feet last night and re-appeared in the restaurant to order a cup of weak coffee. A fighting heart (or stomach) saved him when patrons of the restaurant carried him into the out-of-doors and called for a police ambulance. At the sound of the ambulance call, Champ Hammye staggered to his feet and made a pass at a dozen imaginary eggs. He sparred with the police and then walked home.

EDITORIAL note in the *Ohio Teacher*:

The *Ohio Teacher* congratulates Supt. Lester E. Seitz of Circleville on his stand against those magazines carrying cigarette advertising. He has written the publishers of all magazines that come to their school library that beginning this year no publication with a cigarette advertisement in it or on its covers will reach their library. It is time that educators come to the rescue of our youth and lessen those temptations that are detrimental to their physical, mental and moral growth.

OKLAHOMA

PUBLIC manifesto of an eminent victualer at Norman, seat of the University of Oklahoma:

Jean is like a racehorse on the track. It shows his breeding. The only way to keep a horse from winning is for the jockey to hold it back. There is no jockey to hold Jean back. Therefore, I must win. Cleanliness, Character, Ability, Morality, Art, and Philosophy will lead me to the winning. At present I employ 28 people, 23 of whom are deserving students from the University. I am proud that I am able to give work to so many students through the wonderful support of Doctor Bizzell, Dean Findlay, Dean McDaniel and the Fraternities and Sororities. I am grateful to those who are so kind as to come to me. I did not come to Norman to make a fortune; I came here only because I wanted to make a living for my wife and five children. My wife is a Kansas University graduate; I am a graduate of the College of Hard Knocks. Having seen the world, I feel I know it. I have no bad habits; with one exception. I give away more to the poor and deserving than many of my competitors make in profits. I will not turn away a hungry person regardless of creed or color. I am sorry to say I am not a good Christian, but I am not a fanatic, scissorbill or hypocrite. If you want to know Jean better, write to anyone you wish in Boulder, Colorado. They will tell you more than I really care to say. I have been in Norman only eight months, and I have more friends than some people who have

been here in business for ten or fifteen years. The reason for this is that my dealings are always honest, my merchandise is always the best. I am not a price cutter. I don't advertise prices, merchandise only. I am a Master in every way in the art of culinary. It is my most sincere wish to help the students with advice when they are in trouble, or any other possible way I can. They are all alike to me, the rich and the poor. I have been asked by a certain customer the following question: "Why do all the girl students come to your place?" My answer was, "They are all my girls; I talk to them and cheer them up, without letting my mind go astray." They like me for it and respect me and they bring their boy friends to me, as a matter of fact. They are all my boys and girls, and I love them and respect them at my place. They all know my place is clean. My kitchen and Frigidaire are open to them for inspection at all times."

Jean's Special Sunday Dinner, 75c

Served from 6:00 to 8:30 P. M.

Music by the Boomers' seven-piece orchestra

How they gobble culture in the intellectual circles of Tulsa, as described by the *World* thereof:

The Columbia Chautauqua Circle will meet Tuesday afternoon in the Central Library. Following the business session and current events, chapters 9 and 10 of "The Enduring Quest" by Overstreet will be discussed. Mrs. M. Hicks will speak on "The Philosophies of Idealism and Realism;" Mrs. Henry Brandner will discuss the "Dialogues of Plato," Mrs. F. O. Shutters will speak on "Traditional Cosmogonies," and Mrs. J. H. Bell will discuss "The Christian Plan of Salvation."

OREGON

FROM the weekly bulletin of Mizpah Presbyterian Church, Portland:

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Woman's Association is sponsoring a visit to the funeral parlors of A. J. Rose and Son, East Side funeral directors, 415

East Alder street, Wednesday evening. A programme will be given in the chapel at 8 o'clock. This will be followed by a visit to the various departments of the establishment. Every one is welcome to attend. Fill your car with your friends. Be sure to register in the name of the Mizpah Presbyterian Church in order that the Woman's Association will get credit for your attendance, as they are paid a certain amount for each one who attends.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE alert United Press discovers another world's champion in the bustling town of Reading:

Tapping their way with canes, five blind men competed in an eight-block race through the business section of Reading. Charles Frantz won in fourteen minutes flat—faster than some persons with sight would walk the distance.

"I got the breaks," Frantz said, "by getting helped over each street intersection without having to wait at all."

The Reading Lions' Club sponsored the race.

BUSINESS card of a great and good man of Philadelphia:

CHRISTIAN-AMERICAN

REV. ZED. HETZEL COPP

SERVANT OF GOD, BROTHER OF MEN

MORAL ENGINEER

PASTOR-AT-LARGE

TO ALL, EVERYWHERE

PHILADELPHIA

PUBLIC notice in the celebrated *Local News* of West Chester:

Another record-breaking event this week at Ivins C. Walker's Norristown Farm Bazaar on Wednesday morning, at 10.30 sharp. Working days will soon be here again. Are you ready? I may be old and crumbling and like old Dog Trust that bad pay killed, but this is one week I have fire in my eye. The Old Man they call competition will sure hide when he hears about the prices we are selling horses for, I don't care whether they come from the hiring stables of Philadelphia or New York, or the best barns of the Middle-West. You that have

bought some of this class and should happen to be here Wednesday and see the prices these young, classy, healthy horses sell for, you will sure go home with nervous chills.

We will open the lid at 10.30 and show you 30 mules that will sure tempt you, if you have any work congestion staring you in the face. Some of the best big young work mules that ever crossed the Alleghenys. Once in a while you find a mule like some women, with rather a picky disposition, but if you find their weakness and play up to it you soon find them kind and docile and ready to put their head on your shoulder and follow you. That's what they call a one-man mule. There are still some one-man women but very rare.

Then the horses, a collection you rarely see. I have 30 horses I bought from an estate at Northern Colorado, I want you to come and see. They did not want to sell them around home where they would ever see them again, so the widow sold them to me. They are all out of a Morgan stallion, and fancy, blocky mares. They ran a dude ranch and used a lot of them during the Summer for their guests to ride and drive, handsome as you ever saw. Two teams of dappled gray chunks. Shetland pony, spotted pony, as beautiful as a June bride. Come see me ride her. A neck like a swan, and what a horse! A lot of them from 3 to 5 years old, the like you never saw on a market.

You Delaware, Maryland, Jersey dealers will sure take notice. I have them at prices to suit the times. The last trip they burnt my finger a little, so was not so keen this trip.

Come early, so when we shake the tree you will be ready to grab the fruit. Troubles may be all around me, but I will be here Wednesday morning waiting for you at 10.30 with a smile.

IVINS C. WALKER.

TENNESSEE

INCIDENT of the spiritual life in the Baptist Holy Land, as reported by the Associated Press:

Refusing medical aid, Mrs. Lois Guire, 33-year-old gospel worker, lay near death at

Big Sandy today as a consequence of a rattlesnake bite inflicted during a demonstration intended as proof that her faith protected her from bodily harm.

Speaking at a revival service Wednesday night, Sister Smothers, as the evangelist is known to her flock, waved a big rattlesnake in the air and challenged it to bite her. As she put the snake back into its box, it buried its fangs in her flesh. She preached on for ten minutes until she became so weak she was forced to go to bed.

At the home of Hurley Goforth, to which she was taken by members of the congregation, she has steadily grown weaker, friends say, but she has refused medical attention, claiming her prayers will heal her.

She had told her followers no snake would bite her because of her faith.

HANDBILL widely circulated in Johnson City:

M. GREY

PSYCHIC PALMIST

Now Located in 27 & 29 Arcade Bldg.

STATEMENT

I do hereby solemnly swear to make no charges unless I fulfill every word embodied in this statement. I further guarantee to make no charges unless you find me superior to all other palmists. I read past, present and future. Give advice on all affairs of life such as love, courtship, marriage, speculations and transactions of all kinds. I never fail to reunite the separated, cause speedy and happy marriages. Control and influence the actions of anyone even miles away. I help overcome stumbling blocks of all kinds. I lift you out of your sorrow and start you on the road to happiness and prosperity. There is no home so dreary or heart so sad that I can not bring sunshine into it. I tell it all without you uttering a word and after I finish if you are not satisfied, then it costs you not one penny. And I do hereby sign my name to this statement.

M. GREY

P. S. I am taking reduced rate plan to introduce myself and my work more extensively to the people of this city. So if you feel the impulse to call, come at once.

VIRGINIA

TRIBUTE to the Hon. John W. Flannagan, Jr., LL.B., teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the Central Presbyterian Church of Bristol, and representative in Congress from the Ninth Virginia District, by a reader of the *Dickenson County News*:

Since the fourth day of March, 1931, we have had the great pleasure of being represented in Congress by one of the greatest orators and statesmen of modern times. When he is speaking before an audience he goes straight to the point; he wastes no words; he fools no time; he tells it to you in language which the most simple cannot fail to understand.

He is an artist on public speaking. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Stephen A. Douglas, or any of the present day orators cannot outclass him. Some speaker, eh? That's what I am trying to tell you. Our orator, when the scenes are developed and assume consistency, moves like clockwork. The drama is not like a piece of statuary when our red-headed Irishman is the actor. He knows how to hypnotize his audience. He presently introduces a sequence of situations and begins to unravel his message, and continues until he reaches the very center of the ball.

He begins by preparing the way for sentiments, to forewarn us of events, to combine effects, and we find at last, the most complete, the most life-like, and also the most interesting that ever existed. The endless myriads of circumstances which accompany and corroborate every event, crowd around that event in your head, and not merely the externals, that is, the sensible and picturesque traits, the particular colors and costumes, but also, and chiefly, the internals, that is, the motions of anger and joy, the secret tumult of the soul, the ebb and flow of ideas and passions, which darken the face, swell the veins, and make the teeth grind, the fists clench; these things and more you will come in contact with when you are before this orator, you will feel all the details, the tides that sway a man, one from without, another from within, one over another, one within an-

other, both together without faltering and without ceasing.

D. B. HOLLYFIELD

Pound, Va.

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Danville:

The Rev. McKendrie Long, who is conducting revivals here, warned tobacco chewers about their chances of salvation. They may go to Heaven, he said, but "they will have to go to Hell to expectorate, as the Lord does not allow spitting on the streets of gold."

WASHINGTON

THE HON. CLARENCE C. DILL, A.B., Senator in Congress from this great State, favors his colleagues in the Senate with a contribution to the history of the Hoover Prosperity:

Mr. President, in the State of Washington there is a town known as Tenino, of about 1,000 or 1,200 people. Some months ago the bank there closed; in fact, every bank in the county but one closed. The frozen assets made it impossible for the people of the community to have money with which to do business. They set about creating a medium of exchange. As a result they have created wooden money.

I hold in my hand three different pieces of wooden money, one of the value of 25 cents, one of the value of 50 cents, and one of the value of \$1. They are made out of spruce cut from our own forests. They are printed by the local newspaper here. They started issuing this money in the month of December, 1931. On the face it bears the following explanation:

This certificate is redeemable by the trustees of the Chamber of Commerce, Tenino, Wash., from dividends assigned to it from the Citizens Bank of Tenino, for the amount of \$1 in United States currency. This certificate is good only during the process of liquidation or within six months after the reorganization of the Citizens Bank of Tenino. Issue of March, 1932.

It is signed by the three trustees of the Chamber of Commerce, F. W. Wickman, D. M. Major, and A. H. Meyer.

During the months since the use of this money was begun they have issued, in terms of 25-cent pieces, 50-cent pieces, and

\$1 pieces, several thousand dollars of this money. They have issued some money in the form of a printed scrip, which they have attached to these small pieces of spruce, of a little higher denomination. The total amount of this kind of money now circulating in the community, being used for the purchase and sale of goods, is over \$5,000.

The security is in the form of an assignment of 25% of the dividends that may be paid by the receivers of the Citizens Bank of Tenino when the assets are made liquid.

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, N. Y.:

HAIR RESTORER AIDS JESUIT UNIVERSITY

The sensational new hair restorer and scalp aid perfected by Father Gilmore at Gonzaga University, Spokane, is now available. Many letters pour in daily telling about successes with the formula in all parts of the country.

Hundreds of cases of new hair, relief from scalp ailments, etc., are reported. These indicate the formula, called "Hairmore," will actually grow hair, even on bald heads, if the hair roots are not entirely dead.

It stops dandruff and falling hair almost immediately, relieves itchy scalp and makes hair rich and wavy. Where scalp ailments have been relieved, new hair comes in with natural color due to the penetrating and stimulating qualities of "Hairmore" on both hair roots and pigment cells.

It is harmless, and is easily applied. Royalties from sales go toward the debt on Gonzaga University.

A bottle sufficient for 100 treatments may be obtained by forwarding \$2 to Gilmore & Burke, Inc., Liggett Bldg., Seattle, Washington, who are handling business details for the university.

CRYPTIC society note in the *Chinook Observer*:

The Lutheran Ladies' Aid will hold a silver tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frans Johnson, on Thursday. Everyone who has resided in and around Chinook for any

length of time knows what the word "tea" means in this locality, so everyone that can possibly get away do so, and come.

WEST VIRGINIA

EFFECTS of the Noble Experiment in this great State, as described by the *Charleston Gazette*:

A second suicide in two days occurred yesterday among Judge George W. McClintic's Federal court defendants when George L. Burgess, operator of a tourist camp and gasoline station on the Midland Trail between Spring Hill and St. Albans, shot himself through the head with a shotgun.

The Burgess suicide followed on that of F. H. Campbell, of Ansted, who killed himself at Roanoke, Va., Wednesday, leaving a note addressed to his wife in which he wrote that he was "unable to continue the struggle" and "preferred death" to facing Judge McClintic today to receive sentence.

Federal court records showed that Burgess, a probationer in the court, was arrested on a charge of possessing forty quarts of home-brewed beer. Held by United States Commissioner A. V. Fitzwater, he was unable to give \$1,000 bond. He was scheduled to appear before Judge McClintic to answer a charge of having violated his probation.

Campbell, in the note left for his wife, said he was writing to Judge McClintic to repudiate a statement made last week, when he was arraigned in court and pleaded guilty to possessing untaxed liquor. The judge gave him the choice of going to prison or revealing the names of his customers. Campbell mentioned a Fayette county coal operator and the judge delivered a broadside of criticism at the alleged buyer.

Campbell, who had squealed with reluc-

tance, was visibly embarrassed by the judge's words. He said he talked only because his attorney, John T. Simms of Charleston, advised him to be "honest with the court."

Campbell and his associate, Flem Legg, were told to come back to court today, which, as the judge calls it, is the term's Sad Day, for further disposition of the case.

CANADA

FOOTNOTE on the Noble Experiment from the Vancouver correspondent of the Canadian Press:

Capt. Robert Pamphlet, colorful British Columbia seaman, hero of a thrilling rescue at sea in 1924, following which he was arrested by United States authorities, charged with violation of Prohibition laws, and sentenced to a two-year penitentiary term, died at the home of his brother, Fred W. Pamphlet, in North Vancouver, last night. He was born in Victoria, B.C. He had been in failing health following his release by United States officials.

Capt. Pamphlet was in command of the vessel *Pescawa*, carrying a liquor cargo from Vancouver to Mexico, and while passing the mouth of the Columbia river off the Oregon coast and outside of the three-mile limit, during a storm he answered a call for help from the steam schooner *Kaoba*. At great risk to his own ship, he succeeded in saving the lives of seven men aboard the sinking schooner.

In doing so he had ventured inside American waters, and when he helped a U. S. coast guard cutter to take off the *Kaoba's* crew, his ship was seized and he and his crew were taken to Astoria, Ore.

Despite pleas that he had entered into United States territorial waters only to perform an act of humanity, he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at McNeil Island.

ANOTHER GOLDEN AGE GOES HAYWIRE

BY G. H. BURCK

RIGHT-THINKING historians of the New Era, if it ever comes and is capitalistic, will probably note well this year's last day of January. For late on that Sabbath night the representatives of twenty-one American railway unions, after days of skirmishing, completely surrendered to their overlords by "accepting voluntarily" a 10% wage reduction for one year. The move was unprecedented. Never before had an agreement between capital and labor involving approximately 1,500,000 men and \$200,000,000 in wages been effected as smoothly, with as little apparent ill will, and with as much soft soap; never before had the conservative press such an opportunity to hymn the new spirit of coöperation between management and men.

Today few railroad men either deny the economic expediency of their representatives' action or doubt the sincerity of their employers' demands. There are many, indeed, who do not begrudge even capital, in these hard times, its just dues. Yet there is no doubt that the agreement is bound to lessen their traditional and unique independence and effect an atrophy of their time-honored contumacy. Old-timers, particularly, have long noticed a trend in that direction. Although the railroad man of today has many advantages that these old-timers didn't have, they don't envy him. In their heyday they could no more have imagined one of their chosen representatives presenting a basket of flowers to an

exponent of capitalism, however worthy, than they could have dreamed of one of their brothers pawning his drag with organized labor for a place in Washington society. Both have occurred only recently.

The independence of the railroad man (the term has come to refer primarily to enginemen, trainmen and switchmen) was an actuality fifty years ago, long before it was ever guaranteed on paper. In those days he worked long and sometimes hard, and now and then he was rawhided without justice. He never knew when it might be his turn to lose a big toe, an arm, or his life. Nevertheless, he found it easy to look any man in the face and tell him to go to hell. He distrusted his superiors openly and axiomatically, and hated the company. He was a kind of amalgam of the picaroon, Teddy Roosevelt of the soft speech and big stick, and the cowboy of *Two Gun Yarns*. What is most to the point, he was in demand. He could afford to do as he pleased.

It was in his time—the Golden Age of railroading, he now swears—that the term boomer had a genuine significance. It designated the vagrant railroader who abhorred sticking to one job and one company, and it served to distinguish him from the drab, steady home guard. Having no respect for job, officials or his own reputation, the boomer made—and found—life interesting. He hired out for a while, worked long enough to make a stake or get fired, and then pulled the pin. On

roads whose yardmasters and master mechanics had him blacklisted he worked under a flag (*i.e.*, an assumed name) until he was given his time on the strength of his bogus references. A few companies, put to it for manpower, didn't bother to look up his past, but their rosters of help showed as many changes as any other. His calling attracted as many idealistic fellows afflicted with the *Wanderlust* as it did scamps, but they all looked and smelled alike. He was well-known throughout the United States and Canada. Too well-known, the management swore, for every home guard had a little of the boomer in him.

Into a busy terminal in the Northwest, one day years ago, there drifted a fireman as prejudiced against work as the road he hired out to was hard up for men. He was assigned a run before his application blank was filled out, and a couple of hours afterward was ready to go. His engineer was a hoghead in the original and worst sense of the word; that is, he always handled an engine in a fashion calculated to break his fireman's back. Worse yet, they had for a locomotive a rusty heap of junk which apparently had been drafted from the dead-line for emergency service.

When they managed to get out of the yard with all the cars it could budge on level ground, the fireman realized his task. The teakettle-boiler could hardly generate steam fast enough to keep up the pressure; the engineer, instead of hooking up the reverse lever after he had attained some speed, thereby shortening the valve travel and allowing less steam to enter the cylinders, ignored his lackey and kept it down in the corner. The fireman said nothing, but for a time tried to keep the needle on the 180 mark. Finally, just before they were about to make a run for a long grade, he loaded the firebox with a

bank that all but smothered the fire, broke his shovel in two and sent it after the coal, and jumped to the right-of-way. He then hiked back four miles into town, where he put in a time slip for a day's pay before booming on to his next job.

Getting work, if there were any, was no trick for the boomer. He could always say he was once night yardmaster at Pocatello. The Oregon Short Line had a hard time getting and keeping men at that division point; hence it was possible for a comparatively new man to hold one of the best seniority jobs around the terminal. And so almost every boomer with verbal references told of the time he was night yardmaster at Pocatello, and it began to be believed that between 1890 and 1910 Pocatello had enjoyed every night no less than a half dozen yardmasters.

In those days speed, at least of freight trains, meant nothing to the men who ran them. In bad weather or the busy season they might be on the same trip for days at a time, for the Hog Law, which limits the railroader's period of continuous service to sixteen hours, was yet unheard of. On an ordinary day the train and engine crew of a peddler (local freight) would idle along at an average speed of no more than five miles an hour. Stops included activities not at all classifiable as duty. In many an out-of-the-way but flourishing hamlet they might take time to soak up a few drinks at the local bar, start a game of poker, or even patronize the town bagnio.

The day came when officials preferred a total greenhorn to a boomer. They granted that the wanderer knew how to railroad. But no matter how many excellent clearances from previous employers he had, the mere fact that he had them weighed against him. They told the story of his volatility as much as they documented his

ability. As an institution he was on the downgrade before the war, but he managed to hang on, and in the early days of the conflict found things easy again. But it didn't last; the hard times of 1921 turned him to more stable pursuits. Although he reappeared in the Gilt Decade, he is now almost extinct. To him belongs most of the credit for the traditional independence of the railroad man. In his own right, too, he was one of the most fascinating and colorful characters in the whole American scene.

II

So much for the boomer and his influence. The conditions which produced him no longer exist, nor will he come back when, as and if the current economic fog lifts. Larger and more powerful locomotives, increasingly efficient operation, and highway and air competition have cooked his goose. The railroader of these times is necessarily a home guard, but he, too, feels the bite of circumstance which has made either a bum or a home guard of his once vagrant brother.

Twenty-five years ago a crew of five men, God and the dispatcher willing, was expected to take a fast freight train of 1200 tons over a certain 110-mile division in ten hours; in these days the same crew can hustle a 5000-ton manifest the same distance in five. The difference between the 2,882,000 railroad employes of that time and the present million and a half tells the story. This decrease has not been effected in the last two years; it has had a fairly steady growth. Even at the apogee of the Golden Twenties the railroader talked of hard times, since every day his seniority, instead of buttressing his position, actually counted for less.

In railroad operation the seniority sys-

tem has reached its most detailed and practical development. It provides that the man longest in employ has the choice of jobs in his department, the next "oldest" man the choice of the remaining positions, and so on. When a new train is bulletined the run is bid in by enginemen and trainmen who want it, of whom the oldest are assigned it. Their vacated posts are filled in substantially the same fashion.

In the irregular flux of business, however, specific jobs do not last long. Accordingly, when a train is pulled off, each member of the crew thereof (it consists of an engineer, a fireman, two brakemen and a conductor) resorts to his right to "bump" or displace any man of similar occupation who hired out later than he. The bumped, in turn, bump again. So the youngest engineer goes back to the top of the firemen's list and the youngest conductor to the brakemen's board. Finally, when the smoke clears away, the brakemen and firemen with the least "rights" find themselves unable to hold any steady run at all. They are marked up on the extra board, while the youngest men on it are laid off.

This sad process, in the last few years, has been the rule. Jack Jensen, who signed up as a fireman when he was twenty-one—that was back in 1916—then congratulated himself on being able to hold some kind of a run or get his share of mileage on the extra board twelve months of the year. His road, because it ran through a wheat-growing country, handled its greatest tonnage in the Fall and found its slimmest pickings in the Spring. For a few years this meant little to him except that it enabled him to grab a passenger run for a while when business was good. But every year the management bought bigger and more powerful locomotives; every year Jensen found himself closer to the bottom of the list.

About 1925, though he had nine years to his credit, he had to drop railroading in the slack seasons and take to driving a bus or selling automobiles. His company was hauling more tonnage and increasing its income, but it needed fewer men to do the work. Steadily his position became worse, until now he is lucky if he has work at all. Scores of his friends who have been engineers so long that they have forgotten what it is to handle a scoop have had to get down on the deck again.

One might wonder, then, how the railroad man of today can afford to be independent at all. Any other worker in a similar position would be forced to take what his masters, out of their Christian benevolence or enlightened selfishness, chose to give him. But such is not the case with the railroader. For all his reverses he is still the envy of every other working man, the despair of revolutionists, and a thorn in the side of the management.

In brief, the home guardsman has gone the boomer one better. He has put his independence on paper and made his employers endorse it. And all the advantages he has succeeded in collaring for himself can be directly attributed to his well-organized unions. They have always had to show their teeth for even the slightest concessions and argue with a shotgun in hand for every point of primary importance. So efficacious have they been that not once in American history has there been a railroad labor disorder of really alarming proportions.

Indeed, most of the advances in the material living standard of labor since 1910 were the result of concerted activity on the part of the rail brotherhoods. As early as 1907 they were ballyhooing for the eight-hour day, and it was due solely to their efforts that it was legalized by the Adamson Act in 1916. The only thing that has

spoiled their dream of a six-hour day is the financial plight of the railroads.

Even in these days of declining glory no other worker, not even the overpaid bricklayer or the forgetful plumber, can show as attractive a job, or, on the average as good a stipend. The Ford worker, who is docked for every tenth second he is idle, isn't in it with the railroad man. And he is immeasurably above the ordinary run of white-collar office workers, who probably constitute one of the most beaten and mentally bankrupt slave groups in modern society.

It is not hard to understand why this is true. An engineman or trainman, no matter how tired he may be of being routed out of bed at three in the morning, no matter how sick of train orders, delay reports, or coal dust, goes to a job that calls upon his imagination and exercises his intelligence. His resourcefulness, mental alacrity, and ability to coördinate a series of apparently unrelated stimuli must be on tap when he least suspects they will be provoked. It undoubtedly requires more downright, active mental ability, for instance, to competently fulfill the functions of a locomotive engineer than to successfully (or unsuccessfully) play the stock market, sell insurance, or rook an opposing lawyer on an insignificant technicality.

Though he lives in a so-called specialized age, the railroader plies a trade which has variety. There is repetition, to be sure, but not within the minute or the hour. It is possible to anticipate his day without conjuring up a mental picture of nothing but detailed dreariness. Not all the hogwash written about his love for his work can quite drown out the fact that it possesses a very definite glamour, even in these days of eight-cylinder flivvers. Consider the steam locomotive, which fittingly stands for his occupation: it refuses to

become a commonplace, even to those who wash out its slime or knock its fires.

What is more, the typical railroad man is relatively free of the great American desire to get ahead. He generally has no itch to make a name for himself, and his advance from the ranks of his fellows is accordingly a rarity. That means there is little or no petty politics with two-bit executives, an absence of kowtowing for doubtful favors, a minimum of backslapping, and no sycophantic yearning for tawdry honors. For every brakeman who has cursed the day he hired out as a student shack there are ten who are satisfied with their lot in life and envy the wealthy only when egged on by capitalist-baiting journals. In no occupation in the world is it possible to be more honorable in dealing with one's fellows; in few is integrity less of a luxury. Selling a railroad man his job is as unnecessary as trying to convince the Pope, a Fundamentalist, or an atheist of his own infallibility.

III

Comparatively speaking, the railroad man, even in these days of cuts, does not receive a bad wage. And if he has been in the game many years he is fairly sure of getting it—which is more than many a fifty thousand inflated dollar-a-year executive can say. In general, trainmen and engine-men are paid on a mileage-hour basis. A hundred miles (150 for passenger trainmen) is a day's work, and is equal to eight hours. Overtime at time-and-a-half is paid after eight hours, or, if the division is more than a hundred miles long, after its time equivalent has been served. Basic rates range from \$5 for brakemen and firemen to \$7.50 for conductors and engineers, but from the total wage 10% is now deducted in accordance with the recent pay cut.

The mileage-hour arrangement permits men holding choice runs to earn their livelihood in very few hours of service. A train crew running from New York City to Buffalo makes the entire round trip of 872 miles in about thirty hours, which includes a lay-over of at least eight hours. Thus it earns a little less than six days' pay by twenty hours of actual work. Moreover, it is off from sixty to seventy hours between runs and once a month gets an extra six-day lay-over.

Overtime and more-than-hundred-mile divisions mean big trip pay. A freight train crew working a 150-mile division receives pay for a day and a half every time it completes the trip, and as soon as twelve hours are up overtime begins. Of late, much to the unions' dismay, the railroads have been consolidating divisions, and now a freight crew which must cover a 175-mile division does not get overtime pay until after fourteen hours. That is why some of the best jobs are local 100-mile freight runs. Their men get overtime after eight hours, and at a higher basic rate. On the other hand, men on fast passenger trains can earn 200 miles in a little more than four hours. Yard engine-men and switchmen, who work on an hourly basis, simply have to trust to ordinary overtime to swell their pay checks.

Prodigious incomes, of course, are not the rule, for a railroad man's monthly mileage is strictly limited. Few of the best-paid engineers draw \$300 a month; plenty of firemen make hardly \$140; to others who now buck the extra board such a sum is a fortune. But hour for hour of work the railroad man is well paid.

This arrangement is in force on all large roads except the Delaware & Hudson, which has reached a tentative agreement with its engine-men calling for a monthly 240 hours of work at \$1.25 an

hour, and a minimum guarantee of 160 hours for men on the extra board.

Since many of his brothers have greater incomes than their immediate superiors, the railroad man has no hankering for Communism or Socialism. Politically he is conservative. He has managed to get a fair deal for himself and the chances are that any violent upheaval in the order of things will work against him. Indeed, in some not far distant day he may be the deciding factor in saving the Republic from the Gibbonsian Red Peril.

Nevertheless, a few railroad men have had semi-radical tendencies. Until recently the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers believed that the banking business should be run in the fashion of a mutual insurance company—with everyone in on the profits. In 1920, out to beat the millionaires at their own game, it founded in Cleveland a national profit-sharing bank. For a while it went great guns, provided fine subject matter for the magazine economists, and created a small furor in banking circles.

Similar organizations were presently set up in other cities. Apparently every man could now be a capitalist (railroad men at no time comprised more than 15% of the depositors), and thus any such thing as class capitalism would cease to exist. But by 1929 the idea was going haywire. As a result of the Florida land orgy the Brotherhood Investment Company went to pot. A year later found the Engineers almost entirely out of the banking business, for their institution had merged with another to form the Standard Trust Bank; last year it, too, gave up the ghost.

Nevertheless, the railroad man can point to one—perhaps his last—triumph. A common switchman has skyrocketed to no less a position than that of Secretary of Labor. And the Brotherhood of Railroad Train-

men, of which the Hon. William Nuckles Doak is a member, could proudly proclaim that it made him what he is today—if it wanted to. Actually, he seems to be of as much use to it as Pallas Athena or General Atterbury.

But if the railroader has not been strikingly successful in his extra-workaday activities, he has compensated for it in his working agreements. In a great number of cases, indeed, he has carried his enlightened self-interest beyond the pale of reason. To protect their rights his unions have hogtied the management to unfair and often ridiculous rulings. Compared to any other business, railroad operation displays an amazing waste of manpower. In most cases the trouble lies not in individual incompetence or laziness, nor in the number of men employed, but in the absurd distinctions in jobs themselves. To be sure, the very nature of a goodly number of railroad posts makes it impossible to keep a man busy for eight hours. When safety still demands that a remote telegraph station remain open all night it is necessary to have a man there if stoking his potbelly stove is the only work he does. But such cases are being taken care of by increased operating efficiency. They are the least of the management's worries.

Other situations are harder to deal with. Consider the following examples.

A passenger train, because of Winter weather and the rush of Christmas mail, is steadily running behind schedule. At every station it stops twice the allotted time while mail and baggage are transferred. Meanwhile the conductor and brakeman stand around and alternately look at their watches and cuss the baggage man for the delay. But do they help? No. Such work is not the duty of these worthies, and if the train froze to the rails they wouldn't do it.

Locomotives tie up in a roundhouse, where they are repaired and fired up again. Access to the various stalls in the house is provided for by an electric turntable, on which the locomotive must be balanced before it can be turned. It is a practice of a certain company, on the coldest Winter nights, to park refrigerator cars containing perishables in empty stalls in the roundhouse.

A switch crew bringing a car to the house finds that the turntable will not revolve because the engine is much heavier than the car and the turntable is therefore unbalanced. The only thing to do is to use a small, light engine which is standing under steam nearby, ready for such an occasion as this. But the switchmen and enginemen remonstrate.

"Nope, by God; we can't take another engine unless our'n is busted down. Not unless we put in another day's pay. Ain't in the rules, brother. Nossir, you don't catch us fooling around with that there dinky."

Whereupon they repair to the nearest shanty and make themselves comfortable until the roundhouse foreman can get a hostler and a helper to do the job. He does, and a half hour later they go back to work which is authorized.

On another system the freight yard is more than a mile from the engine terminal tracks on which outgoing engineers and firemen find their locomotives waiting for them. If the train is scheduled to leave the yard at, say, 7.15 P.M., they must be ready at 7, when the brakeman comes to pilot them to the train. His doing so is necessary because the enginemen, except on very special occasions, may not throw a switch. On this day, by some mishap or other, the brakeman doesn't get there. For fifteen minutes the crew waits. Finally, the engineer gets impatient and sends the fire-

man up to the roundhouse to find out where in the hell that God-damned brakeman is. Neither, in his wildest flight of imagination, would think of throwing a switch or two and coupling on the train. Thus another forty-minute delay at a cost of \$2 a minute.

IV

In such a fashion the average railroad man consummates the last letter of his agreement. Every one does it, for social ostracism is the penalty imposed on a company man. What is more, there is a decided tendency toward taking liberties not granted in writing.

Men in yard service work eight hours. A crew which goes on duty at 10 P.M. theoretically arrives home at 5.55 and ties up at 6 A.M. But on one large line nothing properly describable as work begins until about 10.15. Instead of the allowed twenty minutes for lunch a half hour or more is customary. If there is a great deal of work to do the switchmen will stall around and see that it doesn't get done unless there's overtime in sight. If, on the other hand, the night's assignment is fairly light, they can whoop things up and finish by 4.30, hit the hay for an hour or so, and pull into the house track about 5.55. Two minutes later the outgoing register, signed by the engineer and switch foreman, will record the fact that their locomotive arrived at 5.55 and tied up exactly at 6. It's either a case of overtime at pay and a half or undertime with nothing said.

So it goes. Every situation is circumscribed by a ruling which protects the employé. There have been plenty of times when such restrictions have been galling to even a sympathetic official; today they are more than a nuisance. Bus drivers and automobile machinists have no such hold

on their employers; why should railroad men? Thus there is on foot a growing movement to Fordize the railroad industry; if the worker is to be well paid, then see to it that he fits into the system like the cog he should be.

It is obvious, then, that the railroads would not be sorry to see the hand of God or Devil lay the big unions low. In 1922, as a result of the shopmen's strike, some of them managed to kill the shop unions and install company organizations in their place. From every standpoint these have proved to be grand successes; although they have grievance committees and other devices to make members feel protected, most of them are wholly pneumatic. When the companies began bellyaching about decreased revenues last year the shopmen found their stunted incomes decimated before the ink on the house organs was dry. It would be great if enginemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen could be handled the same way.

Until recently everything has gone to the railroader's liking. Only once before did he receive a cut, but business picked up again and he got a raise. It will be interesting to see what happens when the present wage agreement terminates next January. Executives will probably howl for another deduction, while the brotherhoods will juggle with the idea of an upward revision. They realize, however, that if a national rail strike occurred the management would have no trouble in obtaining a trained man for every striker. There are more than a million men with railroad experience who would jump out of their garters at the chance of steady jobs. The boomer's excuse for being has disappeared for a certainty.

And so there will be every good reason for coöperation with the management. From now on railroad men will be forced to take what they can get. The unruliness and contumacy of the boomer is not for this age. Henceforth there must be more of the sweet spirit of good will and mutual benefit.

There will be. If business were suddenly restored to its 1928 level more than a half million capable, experienced railroad men would still be out of work. Manifestly, the day of organized labor has reached its zenith in the United States; the afternoon of technological unemployment is now upon us. It spells the end of the railroad man's independence. He must remember hereafter that his very success in getting the liberties he has enjoyed was based on the bald fact that his employer could get no one to supplant him. That is true no more. So he cannot plan on anything better when times get good, *i.e.*, when he can effectually threaten to quit or get a better offer some other place.

Thus if the Coolidge Age comes again it is unlikely that it will see him setting the pace in grabbing new benefits, least of all the six-hour day, of which he has already said much. At the recent wage conference brotherhood representatives first proposed that the railroads adopt it, but cut the men's pay. Point-blank refusal was the answer of the executives to all their arguments about humanity and ultimate economic necessity.

In this matter the railway unions were and are butting their heads against a stone wall. If the ten-to-four day ever becomes a reality we shall have some profit-drunk Henry Ford or Charlie Schwab to thank for it.

LOVE AFFAIR

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

HETTIE KATE fished below the dam until late afternoon before she caught anything. And then it was only a little bullhead. It had run with the line like a good-sized fish, and when she pulled it from the water the two men across the creek began laughing. They were Negroes. One of them was yellow and a good deal bigger than the other. The little one was black. A third one, a hunchback, had just now set his lines and left. "Shut your damn mouths," Hettie Kate said. The fish was still swinging from her line out over the stream. It wasn't more than three inches long. Hettie was big and husky, her body filling out her blue dress so that it was too tight on her.

The Negroes kept on laughing, and Hettie Kate, dropping her pole, grabbed up a knife out of a rusty pail. It was a long, narrow-bladed butcher knife. The blade flashed in the sun. So, too, did Hettie Kate's hair and her one good eye. Her hair, except for a faded streak or so, was a blazing red. Her eye was bright blue. The Negroes quit laughing. "I'll lay you wide open," she said. The Negroes bent over and began tinkering with their lines.

She stood there watching them for a minute, her breast heaving. "Big mouth bastards," she said. She dropped the knife into the pail and turned toward a man who was sitting on a dirt bench or shelf halfway up the bank and in the shade of a basswood tree. "Ain't nobody gonna give me the laugh," Hettie said.

The man didn't say anything, but shifted about a little on the bench. He was looking at his line, where, well out toward the middle of the creek, it slanted away from the end of a long bamboo pole. It was taut with the drag of the current. He was thin-nish and slumped-over, with a dead-yellow moustache that followed the forlorn droop of his mouth. A peaked, wide-brimmed straw hat, the sort farmers wear in the field, sat too high up on his head.

Hettie picked up her willow pole and brought the fish in. With her back to the Negroes, she held the line a couple of feet above the sinker and swung it against a stump, knocking the bullhead off the hook. She kicked at the fish with her bare foot, and moved on over into the shade of the basswood. Squatting down, she took the butcher knife and a chunk of liver out of the pail. "Big mouth devils!" she said. She hacked at the liver, picked up a little piece, and then, glancing up, almost caught the man looking at her. She baited her line.

The man uncrossed his legs. Then he crossed them again. Hettie stood up, facing the creek, but she turned suddenly and this time caught the man's eyes on her. "What you gawkin' at?" she said.

He uncrossed his legs. "I was gonna say nobody ain't ketchin' nothin' on liver."

Hettie picked up the pail. "Well, now that you done gone and said it, I ain't seen *you* ketchin' nothin'," she said. She went over, and up a little, to where the man was sitting. "But what you baitin' with?"

Across the creek the hunchback was coming down the bank to rejoin the other Negroes. The yellow Negro had knotted the corners of a red bandanna and put it on his head. The little black one had taken off his shoes and was picking up clods with his toes and then sticking his foot into the water, letting the clods melt away. "Keep that big foot outa that water, boy," the yellow Negro said. "Ain't no fish gonna come foolin' round where yoh foot is."

The man pushed a big tomato can along the bench toward Hettie Kate. She sat down, holding the willow pole upright between her knees, and looked into the can. Then she poked around in it with a twig. It was half full of earthworms and fresh, black dirt. There were a few grubs, too. The earthworms were big, the sort one finds almost anywhere in the Spring before the ground has dried out. "I ain't baitin' with no worms," Hettie said. She pushed the can back.

The man lifted his line out of the water until he could see the bait on the three hooks, and then dropped it back, fastening the pole, as before, in the bank, and resting it on a crotched stick to his right. Hettie Kate twisted about some more. "I ain't puttin' any worm on no hook," she said. She took the pole from between her knees. The man looked sidewise at her and then across the creek. "Don't mind them wall-eyed niggers," she said. She dangled her line in front of him. He drew the line over, took the liver off the hook, and started to bait it with a couple of worms.

"Hi, Dave," the hunchback called over, "I see you got comp'ny." Hettie Kate swung the pole around, jerking the line and hook through the man's hand. "Mind your own goddam business!" she said. The other Negroes said something to the hunchback and he went about looking at his throw lines.

II

Hettie Kate turned back to the man. Blood was dripping off his left hand. "Good God A'mighty, honey, what've I done gone and did?" The man didn't say anything. The blood was coming from his wrist, in tiny jets. Hettie watched it for a second. "You better take and suck the poison out," she said. "That ain't no new hook."

The man put his mouth to his wrist. Then he took it away, spat out some blood, and leaned back against the bank, his face paling. Hettie bent over and tried to tear off a piece of her petticoat. But the hem was hard to get through. Taking the butcher knife, she started a tear, and ripped off a good-sized rag. She set the can to the left of her and slid over by the man. He was holding his hand on his lap, the blood reddening his overalls. She watched the blood jet a couple of times. Then she wound the rag around his wrist and tied the ends in a hard knot. She patted his hand. "It ain't hurtin' none, is it, honey?"

He sat forward, slumping over the way he was when she first saw him. "No," he said, "it ain't hurtin' none to speak of." The Negroes, their eyes big, were looking over. Hettie kept watching the man's wrist. "It ain't soakin' through much," she said.

He looked down at the bandage. A pinpoint of red was showing on it. "It ain't soakin' none to worry about," he said.

Hettie picked up the knife and dropped it back into the pail. "You ain't lookin' any too good," she said. She glanced up and down the creek, then reached into her bosom and brought out a small whiskey flask, about two-thirds full. She handed it over toward him. But he didn't offer to take it. "Go ahead, honey. There ain't nobody lookin'."

"Them niggers are lookin'," he said.

"They ain't nobody," she said.

"I ain't used to no drinkin'," he said.

"My God, honey, this ain't no liquor. It's medicine." She put the flask to her lips and took a long pull at it. "But here, I oughta be ashamed. I ain't the one what's ailin'." She slid over against him and held the flask to his mouth. He gulped a little of the liquor, then took hold of the flask and finished it off. He sat for a minute holding the flask on his knee. "I reckon I better be settin' out," he said. He stood part way up, but she pulled him back.

"You ain't settin' out nowhere, honey," she said. "You're lookin' plumb done up."

She crowded closer against him, and patted his wrist. The point of red had spread out until it was the size of a penny. The Negroes were humming an old bayou song, the hunchback striking in with words now and then. Hettie took the flask out of the man's hand and sent it flashing over toward them. It hit the water, floated for a second, and then sank. The Negroes ducked their heads, pretending to dodge. "I wish it'd busted one of their damn woolly heads," she said.

The liquor was brightening the man's eyes a little. He straightened up. "Where you from?" he said. "I ain't never saw you hereabouts." Hettie put a big worm on her hook, and after throwing the line back up the bank she whizzed it forward into the creek, the heavy sinker making a plunking sound. "You workin' around hereabouts?" he went on.

Hettie pushed her elbow against him. "I am and I ain't, honey," she said. "But you're gettin' mighty curious." She pressed harder against him. "Still, I ain't mindin', sweetheart."

"You mean you're aimin' to quit on somebody?" he said.

"I ain't workin', honey, where there's no other woman. Danks claimed there wasn't gonna be no other woman. Then last night

that loud-mouth old ma of his'n come bustin' in with all her traps."

The man's line ran out toward mid-stream. He pulled it in, but there was nothing on it. The bait was gone from two of the hooks. He brought the line back up to the bench, but Hettie caught it. She took three or four worms and slipped them on the hooks, the man watching her. She let go of the line and he swung it out into the stream.

Then he lifted it up and dropped it a little farther downstream. He glanced at Hettie Kate. "I ain't got no woman on my place," he said. "I ain't never had."

Hettie's line ran out toward the middle of the stream, then cut upstream and around toward the bank. She pulled in a big carp. It had swallowed the hook. She held it on the bench and ran her finger around in its mouth for a minute. Then she jerked the hook out and a piece of gill with it. "A damn sucker fish," she said, "fattened up like a hog. But they ain't fitten, honey, for white folks like us."

She stood up and threw it across the creek. It struck the bank up pretty high and came flopping down between the yellow Negro and the little black one. The little Negro grabbed it and pulled a gunny sack out of the water. He opened the sack and was putting the fish into it when the hunchback took it and threw it back across the creek. It thudded against the bank just below Hettie and the man. "Keep yoh ole fish, One-Eye," he said.

"You go to hell, you broken-back buzzard!" Hettie said.

The fish flopped on down the bank, into and out of a clump of young nettles, and then into the water. The yellow Negro and the little black one had a few words with the hunchback. Then they got to laughing and began humming another song, keeping time by slapping their hands on their legs.

Hettie Kate left her line lying out on the bank and sat down again. "Why ain't you got no woman?" she said.

"I just ain't," he said.

"'Just ain't' ain't no reason, sweetheart. Even them niggers have got women." She rubbed at her thigh, and her dress came up a little above her knee. The Negroes quit humming and began looking over.

The man looked straight ahead, his eyes beginning to dull. Hettie pushed her foot over against his. He glanced down, saw her leg, and reddened up. "It's gettin' about sundown," he said. He fixed his eye on his line again, and moved his foot away from the woman's. She put her hand on his. "You ain't lettin' no nigger stand out ahead of you are you, honey?"

The Negroes were passing a bottle back and forth and were talking and laughing more than ever. The man moved his hand away. "Hell, honey, I ain't no poison," Hettie said. "Where was you brought up that you ain't never had no woman?"

The man didn't say anything.

Hettie put her foot over against his again. "Where'bouts is your place?"

"Down the crick a ways," he said. He glanced sidewise at her, and then turned and looked down along the creek, where a cowpath followed the bank midway on its slope and disappeared in the willows. "I reckon it's past time I was settin' out," he said. He glanced down at her leg again and then across toward the Negroes. "I gotta be goin'."

The woman slid over against him and took his bandaged hand in hers. "You set still," she said. "Ain't I already said you ain't lookin' good? Or let's go on down the crick a piece." But the man didn't move. She eyed the blood on the bandage. "Even the lowest-down man on earth wouldn't get along without woman-help, honey." He crowded away from her a

little, against the end of the bench. "There ain't enough wrappin' on that there wrist," she said. She tore off another strip of petticoat.

"It ain't needin' no more wrappin'," he said. His line cut in toward the bank, bending the pole until it almost touched the water. He pulled it in. It was another carp. With the butcher knife Hettie cracked it heavily just behind the eyes. The fish gave a quiver or two and lay still, its eyes clouding, its big scales shining. Hettie stood up and threw it out toward the Negroes. It fell short and began floating down along the farther bank. The little Negro started to wade in after it, but the other two called him back.

Hettie sat down and picked up the strip of petticoat. The sun was getting low, its light striking high up on the opposite bank. From down along the creek came the sound of a cowbell. "Gimme your hand, honey, so I can wrap it."

"It don't need no wrappin'," he said. "I gotta go."

III

She reached across his legs, got the pole, and threw his line in. "Fishin's just gettin' good, sweetheart. Next time we'll ketch white folks' fish." He propped the pole over the forked stick. She snuggled up against him, and he began to tremble a little. "What sorta place you got, honey?"

He closed his hands. "It ain't nothin' but a small place," he said. His teeth were chattering. Across the creek the hunchback was just finishing the bottle. He was standing up, a little wobbly, his big head rolling between his high shoulders, the other two Negroes watching him and grinning.

"I mean what you raisin' on your place, honey?" Hettie said. "Corn and oats and such truck?"

"Only just grain mostly," he said. "I ain't never fooled around with no stock." He tried to draw away from her.

"You mean you ain't raisin' no hogs or cattle, not even for your own meat or nothin'?"

"No," he said, "I ain't never messed with no home butcherin'. But I gotta be goin'."

She put her hand over his. "You oughta raise stock, sweetheart. And anybody'd have their own meat. There ain't nothin' to home butcherin' when you got somebody to help along with it."

"That ain't no woman's work," he said.

She squeezed his hand. "How you know it ain't no woman's work, honey? You only just said you ain't never had no woman. So what you know about any woman?"

The hunchback was waving the bottle. "Hi, Dave, your line's runnin' all up and down the crick every whicherway."

The man made a move to pull the line in, but Hettie held his hands. "Don't notice them damn niggers, honey." She held his hands, tightly, in both of hers. He sighed heavily. Then he tried to draw his hands away. The Negroes were nudging one another and showing their teeth in broad smiles. By now his line had run in close to the bank, and was still. He tried to say something, but only mumbled. Finally, he grew quiet.

Hettie let go of his hands and put her arm around him. "You ain't said, honey, why you ain't never had no woman. It ain't fitten for a nice man like you not never to have had no woman."

He began trembling again, violently. Hettie held him to her and then leaned around a little and kissed him full on the mouth. He sprang up and away from her. The Negroes set up a loud whooping and laughing, dancing up and down.

The man backed away, knocking his fish-pole down the bank. The line began cutting through the water again. Hettie Kate jumped up and caught the man by the hands and tried to pull him back to the bench, but he broke away and started running and stumbling along the bank toward the willows. "Hi, One-Eye," the hunchback yelled, "there done goes your onliest man."

"You black polecat!" Hettie screamed at him. "I'll cut your heart out!" She grabbed the knife and ran part way down to the creek. Then she turned and saw the man disappearing along the cowpath among the trees. She took out after him, the Negroes not laughing any more. The hunchback began running down along his side of the creek, close to the water. Hettie broke in through the willows, and half fell over a barbed-wire fence, ripping her dress.

But she was up again. The man was still running, now on, now off, the cowpath. "Wait!" she screamed after him. He looked back for an instant, his hat gone, his face white. He stumbled and fell, and Hettie gained on him a little. "Wait, you white bastard! There ain't no man gonna get me laughed at!" But he was back on his feet, and in a moment was out of sight. Across the creek the hunchback was yelling, "Hi, One-Eye! For God's sake, One-Eye!"

Hettie Kate stopped running. Then she started again, and again stopped, this time dead in her tracks, and stood looking ahead to where at a bend in the creek the man had disappeared. The hunchback was still yelling, "Hi, One-Eye! Come on back here, One-Eye!" She turned and threw the knife in the direction of his voice. Then she took a pin from her bosom, pinned together the rent in her dress, and started back toward the dam, sobbing heavily.

THE PEDAGOGUES LEAP TO SAVE US

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

Away back in 1857 a group of representative American educators founded what they called the National Teachers Association. Subsequently known at various times as the National Education Association, and the National Education Association of the United States, and honored in 1906 with a congressional charter, the organization for more than half a century pursued a quiet and creditable course, adhering steadfastly to its first declared principle:

To elevate the character and advance the interests of the profession of teaching, and to promote the cause of popular education in the United States.

During those five or six decades it was composed of a substantial group of serious-minded and level-headed school people, and they met from time to time in dignified sessions for the purpose of discussing, intelligently and honestly, whatever educational problems happened to press for solution at the moment. When a new executive was to be chosen, the members turned to the foremost educators of the day, and among those called to the presidency were William T. Harris, J. Ormond Wilson, Thomas W. Bicknell, Nicholas Murray Butler, J. M. Greenwood, Charles W. Eliot, Oscar T. Corson, William H. Maxwell, David Starr Jordan, and Ella Flagg Young.

Under this leadership the Association made such notable progress that in 1914, when an annual convention was in session

in St. Paul, President Woodrow Wilson sent a message in which he said—truthfully:

Thoughtful people all over the country follow the deliberations of the National Education Association with genuine interest. . . . I think that no one long associated with the profession of teaching can have failed to catch the inspiration of it, or to see how great a power may be exercised through the classroom in directing the thinking and the ambition of the generation coming on, or can have failed to realize that nothing less than a comprehension of the national life is necessary to fit a teacher for the great task of preparation and adaptation to the future that education attempts.¹

That was in 1914. Certainly Mr. Wilson, if he were living today, would not subscribe his name to a like endorsement of an organization that has since lost nearly all its old character, and is engaged in activities that can only amaze and depress its friends. The purpose of the present article is to survey the process by which it was stripped of the dignified habiliments of its heyday, and garbed in the sorry raiments it now sports—the pants of a clown, the blouse of a serf, and the crepe-wrapped plug hat of a camp-meeting revivalist.

Within a few years after Mr. Wilson penned his commendation, the United States got into the World War, and for a

¹ Journal of Proceedings and Addresses of the Fifty-second Annual Meeting, National Education Association of the United States, 1914, p. 23.

time the excitements and distractions of the conflict played havoc with the public schools. A large number of teachers was recruited for military service, and a larger number deserted the classroom for industrial employment, where the pay seemed princely compared with the meagre wages then doled out to public school teachers. The educational leaders of the country were naturally greatly alarmed and the teachers among them cast about for some means to meet what came to be called the National Emergency in Education.

At that time the National Education Association, or NEA, was composed roughly of 7000 pedagogues. Since these members represented the real leadership of the profession, it is logical to assume that they could have accomplished whatever had to be done without materially augmenting their number; certainly without any widespread and indiscriminate expansion, taking in the lame, the halt and the blind. But at the time, unfortunately, there was a concurrent disposition in certain quarters to make mere quantity the standard for judging everything pedagogical, and that unhappy folly soon colored the effort to save the schools. According to its proponents, unless the teaching staff, enrollment and budget of a given school or college increased year after year, it was to be set down as slipping backward. Relative excellence was to be determined almost solely on the basis of the annual increase in these several items.

Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, at the time with the Russell Sage Foundation, was godfather to this idea, but with him it was scarcely more than a theory. The man who gave it vitality and eventually pumped it up to the virulence of a religious faith was Dr. George D. Strayer of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Strayer was then, as now, a man of great energy, and

presently he began proselyting not only among members of the NEA, but also in the teaching profession generally. His evangelistic activities caused him to emerge as the new Big Man of American education, and he soon became entrenched as the most powerful factor in the NEA. With a firm hand he put his followers into strategic positions, and after that master and disciples proceeded to round up more and more pedagogues under the new standard of quantity. They contended that unless the NEA, when it spoke, could speak for a substantial majority of the entire educational force of the country, government officials and taxpayers would not give proper heed to its wishes.

Since it would be physically impossible through the old device of conventions to reach so vast a number of school people as the NEA now hoped to enroll, the next proposal was that a periodical be launched to bind the huge group together. And then, having in mind the experience of wartime, when red-tape barred to schoolmen the way of approach to busy Federal officials, the new leaders began to argue that American education, in order to get the ears of the President and Congress, and presuming that it needed to reach such ears, should and must have an official representative in the Cabinet.

Thus we find that the dominant faction in the NEA planned to meet the emergency that confronted the public schools by: (1) an enormous expansion in membership; (2) the establishment of a periodical as an Association project; and (3) the promotion of a bill in Congress to create a Federal Department of Education.

The third proposal quickly proved the most vicious. When the pedagogical master-minds began to visualize, perhaps only cockeyedly, the glory that would come to some lucky fellow among them through

appointment to the President's Cabinet, each saw himself as the one to be so glorified. At the time the scheme was first broached, the chief argument for it was that the schools needed Federal financial aid, and that this could be distributed only through a separate department, with its chief executive holding a portfolio. Subsequently, to placate a few old-fashioned educators who disliked the idea of a Federal subsidy, this feature was dropped, but despite that abandonment of the original reason for it there has never been any disposition to eliminate the Cabinet job. In fact, it is plain that this job has always been the chief inspiration of those boosters who have done most to put through Congress a bill for the Department.

When the Strayerites inaugurated their campaign, and the opposition aforesaid developed, they argued that all American educators must stand together with no outward sign of division, since the NEA was engaged in a struggle against both legislators and the public. In this situation the traditional timidity of pedagogues showed itself: no one cared to organize and lead the dissentients. So it was not difficult for the champions of a Federal Department to intimidate their opponents by arguing loudly that dissent was nothing short of professional disloyalty. When, after this process of eliminating opposition had been completed, a few dissenters yet remained, the steam roller method—then popular in politics—was used on them, and they were flattened out like pancakes.

The entire membership of the NEA witnessed the performance, and it made a lasting impression. It explains why in all parts of the land schoolmen now meekly carry out the commands of the NEA leaders, and why all sorts of quackery can be practiced in the name of the Association without a single member protesting.

II

At about the time that the Quantitarians came into power there was a bit of jockeying for control of the NEA's central business office. As a consequence, Durand W. Springer, who for five years had discharged with ability the duties of secretary, was packed away in camphor, and the post was turned over to James William Crabtree, author of "The Crabtree Speller" and "The Canvasser and His Victims," who had filled various positions in the schools and the colleges of the West, especially in Nebraska. Mr. Springer had regarded the place in the light of a secretaryship only, but his successor, an ambitious pedagogue with a great itch for the uplift, was not slow to see in the office a chance to exert a wide and deep influence in many tempting fields, including that of the public morals. If he served the dominant Quantitarians well in recruiting a gigantic supporting army for their own particular hobby, then he doubtless would be permitted to try out, as a side-line, some of his own pet reforms.

The first task for the new secretary was to expand the membership. His boast is that in the period 1917-1932 he increased it from 7,300 to 220,149. That was an excellent—indeed, a brilliant—job in the eyes of the Quantitarians, so any criticism that is offered today by a timid educator concerning some of the other things that are being done by Mr. Crabtree and his office-fellows is dismissed with the answer that the secretary has expanded the membership as no other man could have done. The inescapable conclusion is that so long as he can keep the enrollment up, those who now control the destiny of the NEA will wink at the uplift activities—many of them bold, and some of them astounding—of the Headquarters Staff.

Membership in the NEA costs \$2 a head a year, and the chief tangible return for this sum is a yearly subscription to the *Journal*. School officials throughout the country are expected to coöperate with the secretary by attaining a 100% enrollment of their teaching corps. How this business is achieved may be learned by consulting the frequent reports on the methods used, printed in the *Journal*.² Here is one:

I have often said to my own teachers in my own city that *I do not desire to retain within my ranks* those who are not actively affiliated with our local teachers association, with our State education association, and the National Education Association. (p. 73)

This report was made by the Rev. Willis A. Sutton, superintendent of the public schools of Atlanta. Most appropriately he was elected president of the NEA in 1931. Another:

Teachers of the Dallas, Texas, schools are allowed one semester hour college credit for attendance at NEA conventions. (p. 259)

Norman R. Crozier, superintendent of the public schools of Dallas, was elected president of the Department of Superintendence³ in 1930. At about the same time Willard E. Givens, superintendent of Oakland, Calif., sent in such an inspiring report that it was printed in display type:

The superintendent of schools carries an article in the *Superintendent's Bulletin* each week on some vital subject. In early issues each school year one or more of these articles stress the value of the various professional associations and what they are doing

²In this article most of the quotations from the *Journal of the National Education Association* are from the issues of 1931. In such instances, only the page reference is given.

³The NEA comprises a number of departments. The principal one is that of Superintendence, and where mention is made of the Department hereafter reference is to it.

for the teachers of our city, State, and nation, and urging membership in them. In August each year we send out membership blanks with a space provided for pledges and ask for returns as soon as possible, the blank to be returned when a majority have paid their pledges. . . . The secretary checks off a list showing who belongs to each association and sends in a list of 100% schools for publication. This 100% list is also published in our own *Superintendent's Bulletin*. Some principals are surprised when the list comes out without their schools listed, and usually *the one or two teachers who have held the school off the list come in within the next day or two* after the publication of the lists to pay their dues, thus saving the honor of their school. (p. 290)

In other systems it is not uncommon for a superintendent to inform his subordinates coolly that he is deducting, say, \$5 from their pay checks—\$3 for the teachers' institute and \$2 for the NEA.

Wherever a superintendent resorts to any of these methods it is safe to conclude that his teachers will not squeal, for teachers are used to being herded and seldom if ever resist. But why should he do it? One may only guess. It may be that he still nurses a hang-over awe of the NEA bosses from the days when the proponents of a Federal Department of Education fed to the steam-roller all who were not willing to follow them, or it may be that he is hoping later on to reap some personal benefit—say, aid from the mighty NEA in holding on to his job if he is threatened with dismissal, or help in securing a better post, or recognition in the form of a high office or membership on an important committee.

In this matter of building up the membership the services of eagerly coöperating superintendents is ably supplemented by the edifying efforts of the *Journal* itself, which devotes much space to the publica-

tion of the names and the faces of "Master Builders of Our Profession," and apparently defines a master builder as a pedagogue who pays \$100 for life-membership in the NEA. A department of the *Journal* devoted to these eminent men made its appearance in January, 1931, with the following introduction:

This page is the most eloquent tribute to the professional devotion of educational workers which the *Journal* has been privileged to present. It is reserved for those men and women of vision and consecration who come into life membership, and for those schools which for ten or more years have maintained 100% enrollment. These are truly master builders. . . . They exemplify teacher growth in service. They can be counted on in emergencies. They are the prophets of a new and nobler epoch. They have the progressive attitude. They reveal the same pioneer spirit that conquered the American wilderness. (p. 40)

A month later the *Journal* added still more lustre to their haloes:

Life membership is a prophecy. It means lifelong dedication. It appeals to the finest spirits. It furnishes leadership for new movements. It inspires the younger members of the profession. . . . It emphasizes the pioneer spirit. It is a challenge to renewed zeal on behalf of education for a new world. (p. 72)

Meanwhile, the *Journal* does not hesitate to apply the lash discreetly to shirkers. Thus:

One who accepts the benefits of an organization or a profession and refuses to make his contribution to its common problems is like a citizen who evades or shirks his duty in a time of national danger. The following schools have completed their 100% enrollment in the NEA since the last list, etc. (p. 146)

The crucial thing for the teachers just now is to hold the line of professional advance so that when the depression is over effort may be concentrated on making new

gains. Will this line hold? Do teachers appreciate the significance of their local associations? . . . Are they throwing their combined efforts back of their National Education Association? Will they enroll early? Will the number of 100% schools increase? Will the growing life membership list give assurance of renewed dedication and leadership? (p. 274)

As an accompaniment to all this the Headquarters Staff proceeds gloriously with its programme of universal uplift. Secretary Crabtree, who first saw the possibilities of this programme, is a Campbellite—in other words, a follower of a group of extreme religionists who thought the Baptists as a whole were becoming too *liberal* in their interpretation of the Bible! Under the leadership of Alexander Campbell (1788-1866), they pledged themselves to take everything in the Holy Word literally, and gave themselves the grandiose designation of Disciples of Christ.

Of course, one lone man, even though a Campbellite, could not hope to cart the entire NEA to the mourners' bench, and so, in the gradual reconstruction of the Staff, Divine Providence surrounded him only with such as could mix harmoniously with a Disciple. When the *Journal* required an editor, Brother Joy Elmer Morgan, a good Methodist of Calloway, Neb., was called to service. During the early days of the periodical, a few of the more cautious heads in the Association thought it prudent that Brother Morgan's work be supervised by well-seasoned educators, but the attempt at supervision restrained the pious exuberance of the Staff, and some good angel induced the supervisor to withdraw.

When the advocates of the Cabinet job proposed that some one devote his entire time to propaganda for the necessary legislation, the post went to Sister Charl Ormond Williams, who had jumped from

an inconspicuous county superintendency in Tennessee to the presidency of the NEA. Sister Williams is also a good Methodist. After her retirement from the presidency, she was given a temporary berth in the Department until a position could be made for her on the Staff. She now spends her time pleasantly and profitably in annoying legislators. Since a close working combination between the NEA in general and the Department of Superintendence seemed desirable, it appeared politic to make the secretary of the Department an executive with permanent tenure, and so another good Methodist, in the person of Sherwood D. Shankland, of Willoughby, O., was called to the service.

Again, in 1929, when, according to an unwritten NEA law, it was the turn for a woman to be president, Sister E. Ruth Pyrtle was trotted out and put in the chair. Sister Pyrtle was certainly not widely known as an educator, but in Nebraska, the old camping-ground of Brother Crabtree and the birthplace of Brother Morgan, she was venerated as a good Methodist. Her administration was so cordial to the uplift schemes of the Staff that it appeared unwise to swap denominations, and in consequence Brother Joseph Rosier, of the Fairmont, W. Va., State Normal School, was groomed as her successor. Brother Rosier, it almost goes without saying, is also a devout Methodist.

But Brother Willis A. Sutton, who runs the public schools of Atlanta, got an eleventh hour itch for the place, and Brother Sutton had it all over Brother Rosier from the church standpoint, for in addition to being a good Methodist, he was also in holy orders, and had to his credit three years of pastoral work for an M. E. Church, South, in Ashland, Ala. So Brother Sutton was elected, and for the time being Brother Rosier must waste his

ennobling influence as a member of the exclusive executive committee; however, this Summer he is to have another try at making the presidency.

Let us now note how this group of Campbellite-led Methodists labors for the glory of the Only True Religion in the public performances of the NEA. When the Department meeting of 1927 was held, Brother Randall J. Condon, superintendent of Cincinnati, was president. Brother Condon was a good Baptist and hence worked harmoniously with the Staff evangelists. Reporting on the convention for *School and Society*,⁴ Professor W. Carson Ryan, Jr., said:

President Condon had set as the central theme of the Dallas meeting "Ideals—Character, Citizenship, National Units." Around this theme he built a series of general programmes that were *deliberately inspirational rather than informational and professional*; full of music—some of the best ever heard at an educational convention; strong on the religious element—*almost to the point of revivalism*.

Similarly, regarding the Summer meeting of 1931, held in California, Brother Morgan bore testimony that:

The Los Angeles convention was notable for its fine spiritual atmosphere. (p. 233)

Brother Crabtree saw fit to amplify this brief statement in the *Journal*, and produced a comment that was set in display type:

One of the finest features of the convention was the closing act. . . . President Sutton called out on the platform at his left a beautiful girl of nine of Hawaii and to a place on his right a fine boy of seven of Los Angeles and then, putting his hands on their shoulders, called attention to the fact that the work of the Association, whether as to salaries, tenure, curriculum, or better school conditions, was in the interest of

⁴ *School and Society*, March 12, 1927.

the children of whom the little girl was a representative from our possessions and the little boy a representative from the mainland. He then, with a hand still on the shoulders of each, *closed the convention in a most fitting prayer* asking for divine guidance in the great work ahead. (p. 232)

On the opposite page, also in display type, appeared Brother Sutton's prayer:

O Thou great Eternal Spirit moving in the hearts of men, by whatever name called, but always understood, may we, the teachers of the youth of this land, not only realize our responsibility for the training of its intellect but the molding of its character, that this nation may endure throughout all ages and that perpetual happiness and prosperity and peace may abound not only in our nation but throughout the nations of this earth and all the earths of Thy universe. Amen. (p. 233)

III

By what strange magic did the paid employes of the Association, sustained by the relatively small clique that wants a Federal Department of Education, reduce an organization that was a dignified, deliberative body when they took hold of it to the intellectual level of a Methodist Conference?

In its earlier years, before Brother Crabtree replaced Mr. Springer, the duly elected officers of the NEA ran the organization for their respective terms. The president and his fellow-officials would select the topics to be discussed, name the speakers, and appoint those who were to preside at the various meetings and those who were to constitute the committees. That was the method of doing things so long as the organization consisted of only 7000 members, and real leaders in education were being called to the presidency. But with the enormous expansion in membership, and the creation of numerous de-

partments, each with its own sessions, the officers newly elected each year, unfamiliar with the task of running so gigantic a show, were easily persuaded that the job confronting them was more than they could hope to handle without expert assistance. Always very solicitous for the comfort of these greenhorns, the Staff tendered its good offices. Today it stands ready to show each incoming president how to run his convention efficiently. He doesn't have to turn a finger. Everything is carefully planned and executed for him. But he, of course, has all the glory.

The busy Staff members, bursting with the spirit of Service, fairly bubble over with suggestions as to what speakers are available, what educators may be asked to preside over the various sessions, what pedagogues are dependable for committee service. This stock of ready-to-take information might be excellent if it were graded according to professional worth, but there is a reasonable suspicion that the Staff's gauge only too often is church affiliation, while the motivating force in the bosses who counsel the Staff is expediency. Whatever the fact, it seems strange that whenever the cards are dealt most of the aces go to pedagogues whose theology is in accord with the sectarian ardors of the Staff and who are willing to work hand-in-glove with the reigning Quantitarians.

Say a committee is to be named to study character education. Here is an important subject for school administrators, since in certain quarters there is a disposition to confuse moral education, character education, and citizenship training with Christian sectarianism. Well, Brother Archie Loyd Threlkeld, superintendent of Denver, heads the committee—and Brother Threlkeld is another good Methodist. Some really meritorious and sensible sug-

gestions found their way into the mass of material accumulated for the committee's consideration, but they do not appear in the printed report.

In the same way, when the committee on resolutions begins to function, it is found to be firmly under the thumb of Brother Paul C. Stetson, superintendent of Indianapolis, a good Baptist. When the executive committee of the Department goes into executive session, Dr. David E. Weglein, superintendent of Baltimore and a Jew, finds himself in the presence of Brother Stetson, superintendent of Indianapolis, a Baptist; Brother Herbert S. Weet, superintendent of Rochester, another; and Brother Charles B. Glenn, superintendent of Birmingham, Ala., a Methodist. And when the Board of Trustees of the NEA sits down to talk things over, it comes under the watchful eyes of Brother J. M. Gwinn, superintendent of San Francisco, a good Campbellite.

In the days when the NEA comprised only 7000 members, relatively few of them were mere yes-men. The sessions were marked by a vigorous attack upon the problems of education. If there was a disagreement among the members it was aired in open session, and got frank and clear consideration from sincere men. That was the organization which President Wilson praised. An entirely different order of things now obtains. "Inspirational gush," not critical discussion, has become the rule. Let a speaker, once he gets on a programme, reveal a disposition to deal critically with any phase of present-day education, and promptly he is labeled "Do not use."

So completely have even the national leaders of education been coerced into acquiescence in this soft-peddalling that they permit all sorts of quackery to be whooped up in the name of the NEA without open-

ing their mouths, except to say Amen. Asked why they do not offer opposition, they explain sadly that poorly trained but richly prejudiced teachers are now so overwhelmingly in the majority in the Association than an intelligent shaping of its course has become hopeless. Obviously, in any body of 220,000 members mediocrity must necessarily predominate, and there must be a fine chance to play politics. Those who have a talent for such politics now dominate the NEA.

The change may be indicated by examining the process by which the organization now records its official stand on public questions. Certainly, when a professional group gathers to discuss its peculiar problems, it is to be presumed that any position it may take upon a vital matter will be determined in part by what is said at public meetings during the convention, and in part by an exchange of views between those constituting the committee on resolutions and other salient members. But nothing like this happens in the NEA nowadays. Some four or five months before a convention, those who have been named in advance to draft the resolutions and a group of handpicked consultants receive a document that has been considerably prepared for them at Headquarters. Multigraphed sheets are sent out, and in a conspicuous place appears a note to this effect:

Please return your suggestions in the attached stamped and self-addressed envelope. Your signature is not necessary, but the Resolutions Committee would like to have it as an indication of your confidence and willingness to correspond further.

But the members of the committee, with the possible exception of the chairman, do not actually see the suggestions that are sent in. A multigraphed report on such suggestions is mailed to these members,

but not the names of those who made them. What actually is accomplished is simply that the way has been opened up to smoke out any members of the committee who may not be in sympathy with the Staff regarding the stand the NEA shall take on various issues. Thus, if it is necessary, a dissenting member may be brought into line before the committee goes into formal session, since it would never do to have a committeeman jump over the traces in public.

As a further means of control, rigid rules have been formulated for the committee, and by them it must abide. Their folly was disclosed at the Washington meeting in February last. A committeeman proposed a resolution expressing sympathy for the teachers of Chicago, who had been working month after month without getting their salaries. At once he discovered that there was a parliamentary obstacle in the way of the committee even *considering* the matter!

In 1931 the Department of Superintendence met in Detroit. On the first day the committee on resolutions held a session. Daniel S. Kealey, superintendent of Hoboken and at the time a vice-president of the Department, went into the meeting and received a copy of the proposed resolutions that had been prepared at Headquarters. The draft included a resolution in favor of Prohibition. Mr. Kealey took the position that inasmuch as Prohibition was a political issue under general and active discussion the NEA—supposedly a non-political and purely professional organization—should not take a stand on either side. So he suggested that this item be omitted from the draft to be submitted to the meeting. Otherwise, he said, he would feel constrained to oppose it from the floor.

At the Atlantic City meeting of the Department in 1930, the delegates had

elected Mr. Kealey second vice-president. Throughout that Atlantic City meeting, as a candidate for the post, he let it be known that he was wet. His position was not whispered about, but announced openly. To any rational man it must have appeared that, having thus come out openly against the Eighteenth Amendment and having been elected, he was morally obligated to voice in the Department the views of those who were not in favor of Prohibition. But the bosses of the resolutions committee became greatly disturbed by the possibility of a debate on the liquor question in open meeting, and resolved to prevent it. Various tricks were considered, including a proposal to change secretly the time when the resolutions would be submitted to the general meeting. Finally, a group of fanatics of the evangelical party organized a claque to boo down the vice-president in open session—and it was accordingly done, to the eternal glory of all halfwitdom, but to the lasting disgrace of American pedagogues.

In the meeting hall were many who only a year before had voted for Mr. Kealey despite his profession of wetness, and some of them had enjoyed the hospitality of his friends during the Atlantic City meeting. But did any of them come to his support at the Detroit meeting? Not one.

Subsequently, when a college professor commented critically upon the incident in a letter to *School and Society*, Brother Morgan, presumably speaking for the Association, came back with the assertion:

Mr. Kealey in his point of view does not represent 1% of the profession. . . . Will not our effort to be scientific in education discredit itself if in the pursuit of the petty accuracies we overlook that larger science which is inherent in the experience and common sense of ordinary people?⁵

⁵ *School and Society*, December 19, 1931.

What Brother Morgan might have better said was that Mr. Kealey did not reflect the attitude of 1% of the *Staff*—a thing of which no man need be ashamed. As for the second sentence of the Morgan letter, it is hard to say just what it means, but as good a guess as any is that the learned editor wished to imply that the NEA must ignore accuracies, petty or otherwise, in order that it may subscribe to the inaccuracies found in the judgments and prejudices of ignorant people.

During the Atlantic City meeting, while Mr. Kealey, the wet, was being elected vice-president, the *Staff* was engaged in preparing a dry report that was to uphold the hands of the Wickersham Commission. Perhaps it was their rush to get this report ready for the press that caused the *Staff* members to neglect to exert pressure upon members of the Department to defeat Mr. Kealey. According to the press matter that Brother Crabtree then sent out, he had received sufficient replies to a questionnaire sent to high-school principals throughout the country to show that conditions in such institutions were much better in 1930 than in 1920 with respect to both drinking and general behavior.

This questionnaire, of course, really did not ask the high-school principals for facts, but only for opinions. No allowance was made for the circumstance that in the decade 1920-1930 there had been an increase of approximately 26% in the number of high-schools in the country, thus making it certain that a large proportion of those receiving the questionnaire had had no experience on which to base even an opinion. Nor was any allowance made for the large turn-over in personnel, although data in the *Staff's* office would have indicated what percentage of the schools were headed in 1930 by the same men who had been their principals in 1920. Again, no

allowance was made for the fact that on a question of this kind, the practice of pedagogues, who are always timorous fellows, is to vote docilely as uplifters wish. Finally, the fact was ignored that for any principal, over his own signature, to have asserted that conditions in his school had become worse would have been tantamount to an admission that he could not cope with the situation—and to an invitation for his dismissal or transfer to a smaller school.

IV

Brother Crabtree and the other members of the Headquarters' holy synod are uplifters of such heroic proportions as to make the late Dr. Wilbur F. Craft of the International Reform Bureau and the apostles of Anti-Saloonism look like amateurs. Brother Craft had to go about meekly among the gullible, hat in hand, ready to scrape his feet if some one dropped a dime in his chapeau, and the consecrated men from Westerville, save when they can snare a Love-Nest Kresge, get theirs by passing tin-plates in free-pew churches. But the NEA *Staff* has hordes of accommodating superintendents hard at work peeling \$2 bills from teachers' pay-checks and sending them on to Washington, so that a jolly campaign on behalf of evangelical bigotry may proceed apace. When funds run low, Brother Crabtree sends out such an appeal as this:

We want you to appoint a committee composed of your best to canvass your teachers for additional members. We want you to inspire the committee members with the need of every bit of help they can give. Let them know that this is an SOS call. Tell them that the breakdown in education is more serious than after the war. Let them know that it is up to the organized profession to save education in this de-

pression if it is to be saved. Let them know of the great service the Association is rendering and that further help of teachers is now necessary to continue standards and salaries and to be ready at sunrise to again promote the interests of the profession.

A few minutes' time spent with the *Journal of the National Education Association* is illuminating. On the occasion of its tenth anniversary, it published solicited letters from a number of pedagogues who had been asked:

What has been the influence and contribution of the *Journal* since its founding a decade ago? (p. 31)

As a fitting introduction to what will follow, it is profitable to note a few of the replies:

Sane, judicious, prudent, consistent, faithful to all genuine educational interests, representative of the best philosophy of the American nation. Discreet in judgment; wise in sense; and honest in motive.—HOMER H. SEERLEY, *former president of Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.*

No other educational paper compares with it in interest, in reliability of information and in dignity of appearance.—H. M. CRESSMAN, *county superintendent, Egg Harbor City, N. J.*

During the past ten years the *Journal* has attained the enviable position of being the best educational magazine published in the world. I have made this statement frequently to individuals and groups of educational workers and have not yet found a dissenting opinion.—J. HERBERT KELLEY, *secretary, Pennsylvania State Educational Association.*

The articles in the *Journal* have been more high-class and better timed than any others I have read.—VICTOR J. H. SEIFERT, *superintendent, Lee, Ill.*

I regard the *Journal* and other publications of the Association as the most inspiring, uplifting, and coördinating force in American education.—C. C. SHERROD, *president, East Tennessee State Teachers College.*

We are today more forward-looking because of the quality of its leadership.—HOWARD S. BRAUCHER, *secretary, National Recreation Association.*

The *Journal* has aided materially in overcoming educational inertia and complacency and in creating a readiness for innovations.—P. W. L. COX, *New York University.* (p. 32)

Modestly, Brother Morgan pleads guilty to the accusation of editing "the best educational magazine published in the world." Indeed, he supplements the kind words of all these friends and admirers with encomiums from his own pen:

If the *Journal* has achieved that position in a decade, should we not look forward to making it even better—worthy of the rising importance of the teaching profession in American life? (p. 35)

The *Journal* is one of the most quoted periodicals in the world. (p. 170)

For ten years the *Journal* has poured a steady stream of fact, purpose, and idealism into the thinking of the teaching profession of America. (p. 139)

Brother Morgan has a gift for flowery prose, and frequently has it set in bold type. Here is a specimen:

Within every young life is a divine spark. To find that spark and to fan it into flame is the supreme achievement of the teacher. This celestial fire is nurtured in the affection. It finds itself in creative work. Its power is so great that, once kindled, the whole life is oriented and energized by it. An individual or a nation which is to be strong needs this divine fire and appreciates it. That is why America is so full of that prophetic quality—it has 30,000,000 young people in school and college searching to find the light under the guidance of a million teachers. (p. 4)

When the editor of the *Journal* encounters anything by some other master of prose that is especially fine, he shares it generously with the members of the NEA. Thus he lately devoted five full pages to a

6000-word excerpt from L. P. Jacks' "The Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion." A sample:

In the next generation there will grow up, there is growing up even now, a vast unordained ministry of religion who will find their mission at the teacher's desk. . . . Within the last few weeks I have met a Frenchman, a Swede, a Dutchman, an American, a Chinaman, and a Japanese. To each I put the same question: "What is the leading interest in your country? What do your people really believe in?" And in each case the answer given was the same—education. When I varied the question, and asked: "What have you learnt from the war?" the answer was: "We have learnt our need of education." Some would have preferred them to have said: "We have learnt our need of Christianity." *But is it not the same thing?*

The struggle for *light*, with its wide fellowships and high enthusiasms, will displace the struggle for *power*, with its mean passion, its monstrous illusions, and its contemptible ideals. Instead of education being a department of government as now, government will become a department of education.

In other words, Christianity and education are the same thing, and the ideal condition will be reached when education, interpreted in this manner, is not a mere department of the government, but the whole thing!

While sensible school officers, faced by the depression, are trying to coöperate with other public servants in finding ways to balance budgets, the *Journal* devotes itself to advocating a reckless expansion of school activities, a wild increase in teachers' salaries, a marked reduction in the size of classes—and the wholesale conversion of teachers and pupils alike into sectarian snoopers. Under the caption of "The High-School of Tomorrow" it presents a gaudy scheme for making free education cost more:

The development of this institution into a community college which will beautify the entire life of the people is one of the challenging opportunities of the next twenty-five years, and should help to absorb some of the surplus energy and personnel which is now going to waste in the form of unemployment.

Not only can unemployment be eliminated by converting high-schools into colleges and hiring more teachers; in addition, the crime menace can be eradicated in the same way:

Crime can be stopped. To do so would save enough in waste and costs to pay every teacher in the United States \$10,000 a year. The method is relatively simple in principle. Have a teacher who understands sympathetically and thoroughly the growth problems in the life of the child and who is in a position to make those factors favorable. This means more teachers, perhaps one for every ten pupils. Why not? Machines and consolidations are replacing men so rapidly that there is unemployment on almost every side. More teachers would reduce unemployment, reduce crime, and help the child. (December, 1930.)

Brother Morgan, it appears, has encountered scientific data that is hostile to his proposal, but it is brushed aside with other "petty accuracies":

A pernicious influence is showing its head in American education. It is the false notion that somehow classes can be made larger. It is all the more difficult because it seems to have some scientific foundation. There have been a few investigations—all of them dealing with petty accuracies—which appear to indicate that it is possible to teach a larger class in the drill subjects more effectively than a small class. These experiments may be entirely reliable so far as they go, but they hardly go an inch down a road that is a mile long. The petty accuracies are the least of education and anyone who knows schools can see that teachers are already overloaded to the point

where it is almost impossible for them to maintain that close contact with homes and that association with each young life without which education is a farce. (p. 52)

V

Just as the *Journal* is "the greatest educational magazine in the world"—and surely sufficient evidence has now been introduced to substantiate that claim—, so is it the greatest uplift magazine. The Staff's adept guidance of the NEA's committee on resolutions dovetails perfectly into the evangelical schemes of the cabal that mans the Washington office. Suppose that the Staff wishes to add a new number to its line of pious specialties. For the *Journal* to spring it out of a clear sky might prompt a member here and there to ask—in a whisper, of course—whether the Association should go so far. But it is easy to pave the way for any novelty by incorporating a discreet mention of it in the resolutions that the Staff prepares for adoption by the NEA. I point for example to two items in a whole series adopted at a recent convention:

The National Education Association recommends that the Congress of the United States enact legislation prohibiting the transportation in interstate commerce of all such literature, pictures, and tokens as are now denied the privilege of the United States mail.

The National Education Association commends for use in the schools selected periodicals which do not carry tobacco advertising.

There have been many disputes between citizens and the government regarding the admission into this country of certain books, and in not a few instances the volumes that were threatened with exclusion by idiotic postal and customs smellers were imported by educators or educational

institutions. It is thus amusing to see the organization that these timid pedagogues support standing ready to increase the annoyance that they already suffer from. Needless to say, they all keep their mouths shut, for any protest would be followed by a charge that the pedagogue making it was a lewd fellow.

Shortly after the passage of the resolution against periodicals that carry tobacco advertisements, the *Journal* began to print moral argument, some of it in the form of news items, against the wicked practice of using the weed. Now, a very substantial element in the membership of the NEA, including many females, smokes, and in a secret canvass of a small, selected group for comments on the resolutions to be presented at the next meeting, one pedagogue had the courage to write, of course for private consumption:

It is scarcely fair and square to teach pupils that alcohol and tobacco have "evil effects" upon "clean and wholesome living" when some teachers and many school officials are quite in the habit of using tobacco and perhaps even taking a drink.

This obvious caveat got as far as a multigraphed "preliminary report" dated February 23, 1932, intended for circulation among the members of the resolutions committee, but it will not find a place in the printed record, nor is the sinful brother who thus expressed himself likely to get up in meeting and speak out, except, perhaps, to say Amen to whatever the Staff and its machine may propose in his name and that of the other two-hundred-and-odd thousand pedagogues.

I quote several anti-tobacco items from the *Journal* to show their general tone:

By refusing to renew subscriptions to periodicals which carry tobacco advertising and by having student committees write to such magazines protesting the practice, the

schools are leading the way toward higher standards in journalism. The best magazines are now dropping such advertising. Homes are also joining in the movement to refuse patronage to such periodicals. . . .

The best scientific inquiry leaves no doubt as to the evil effects of tobacco. Schools are now omitting from their subscription lists magazines which carry tobacco advertising. . . .

Let us banish tobacco advertising. There is no place in the schools for magazines which carry it. State laws require schools to teach the harmful effects of tobacco to the children. Ignorance and narcotics are the great standardizers of the human race. Many teachers are now writing to publishers of magazines urging them to keep such advertising out of their pages just as an earlier generation of teachers took the lead to banish liquor and patent medicine advertising. (p. A-169)

Parenthetically, it may be suggested that the *Journal* publish the names both of the magazines that have dropped such advertising in response to a demand from pedagogues and of the schools that are writing letters of protest. Meanwhile, with its aid, anyone may learn which magazines are pure: the *Shield*, published by the Anti-Cigarette League of California, recommended for the elementary grades; the *Junior Red Cross*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Prohibition Defender and No-Tobacco Journal*, recommended for junior high-schools; and the *American Issue*, *Consumers Research*, and the *Journal* itself, for senior high-schools.

Naturally, the master arcanum of Prohibition is accorded much space in the *Journal*, in news items, quotations, articles, and editorials. Some of this material is even reprinted on "art paper," so as to be available as classroom posters. In one issue, carrying a 1600-word philippic against booze from the *Christian Century*, there also appeared a news item from Balboa in the Canal Zone, which was regarded as

so important that it was set in bold type and displayed in a box:

DRY LAW SETTLED

Speaking tonight from the pulpit of the Union Church here, Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa said Prohibition is a settled question in the United States and most people are not even thinking about it any more. (p. 167)

To which, the *Journal* added editorially:

Freedom from the slavery of alcoholic drink at its root is an educational problem. . . . In the kindly atmosphere of the school, under the leadership of teachers who have commonsense combined with an understanding of human nature, the whole question of beverage alcohol can be lifted to a high plane of intelligent consideration. Reliable facts can be broadcast, attitudes can be established that are firm enough not only to guide the individual in his own habits *but to fortify him against the subtle influence that may be brought to bear in later years or in other places.* (p. 63)

In other words, here is a proposal, made in all seriousness by organized public education under a democratic form of government, that the schools should attempt to establish attitudes which will prevent their pupils, in later years, from being able to consider unprejudicially questions that they may be called upon to decide by their votes! The following, even worse, is from one of the posters:

We have not lived up to our laws, but I repeat, education is what we need to combat this condition. When we have our younger generation completely educated we will not have types who say: "*Why should I not have any rights as a citizen?*" (November, 1930.)

Strange to say, the NEA has not yet drawn from its box of reforms a proposal to outlaw dancing:

The oldfashioned dances will prevail at the Department of Superintendence Old-

time Ball to be held Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, at 9 P.M. in the Graystone ballroom. Music will be furnished by the Henry Ford Orchestra, provided by him for the occasion, and the figures will be called by Benjamin B. Lovett, dancing instructor for Mr. Ford. . . . The young ladies of the Detroit physical-training corps have graciously consented to act as partners for those whose ladies are not with them. (p. A-98)

Taking account of the provision thus made for pedagogues who had left their wives at home, perhaps all who attended the affair endorsed the *Journal's* statement that:

The old-time dance on Tuesday evening was an enjoyable occasion. (p. A-98)

VI

The reader, having noted the *Journal's* proposal that the State employ, say, one teacher for each ten pupils, and pay that teacher perhaps as much as \$10,000 a year, may wonder whether teachers are not now receiving ample remuneration. Even Brother Crabtree confesses that the teaching profession in America is fairly well off:

Owing largely to the wisdom and power of the State and national associations, teachers' salaries are on higher levels than ever before. Excellent salary schedules are in force throughout the nation. The standard size of classes helps to conserve the health of both teacher and pupil. (p. A-52)

But Brother Morgan cannot see the situation in this light. School people, he argues, are not to forget that

Our taxes are less than half those of other leading countries, and the excessive incomes of the rich are a national scandal.

So he calls upon the pedagogues to fight for more money. Observe, in the following excerpt, the Christian suggestion that

they hold a child between themselves and those whom the people have designated to guard the public funds:

In the face of danger or disaster on a sinking ship we would strike down anyone who attempted to save himself at the expense of a child. Children come first not only on sinking ships but in our hearts, our homes, our schools, and our churches. They are first! . . .

Copy this editorial and take it to members of the school board, the editor, and other leading citizens. Tell them about your own work—the fascinating story of what you are doing to help young people to become masters of themselves.

Let's keep the children first! (p. 75)

In the pedagogues' raids upon the public treasury for higher salaries (although Brother Crabtree, as we have seen, innocently thinks they are already getting "excellent" remuneration) they are to resort to all sorts of tricks for recruiting their ranks, so as to make pedagogy in the mass more powerful—and more costly. If they can stimulate enrollment, it should be done, so that complaint may be made later about the crowded classrooms and heavy teacher-loads:

Each individual teacher may well do something to keep an individual child in school. This can sometimes be done by talking with the family, or, in the case of college students, by arranging some plan of finance. Each teacher has the additional obligation to do something to make the school a better place for these young people who continue their education. The public is entitled to know how crowded the schools are by increased enrollment. The classrooms are likely to be overfull and teachers' loads too heavy for reasonable results. Parents will improve these conditions when they understand their educational significance and importance. (p. 269)

If the poor taxpayer wishes proof that free education, as expensive as it is, is still

costing too little, the *Journal* will furnish it. Thus William Dow Boutwell, of the United States Office of Education, in the April issue:

Fifty-one cents . . . is the average daily cost of giving a modern American education to the average American child. Think of that when you drive your next golf ball into the rough! Think of it when you buy a pair of tickets to the movies! Think of it when you are talking about school budgets and salary cuts! Remember that American schools are run so economically that they will give your child books, a classroom, equipment, a playground, and a day's instruction under a well-trained teacher for the price of a golf ball or the cost of a box of candy.

But this *economy* will not last long if the *Journal* has its way:

Why not create a special training agency to prepare leaders for the rural education of tomorrow? Why not a United States college for county superintendents and rural-school supervisors? Let this college be financed by the Federal government. Let it be under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Education. . . . Let the students of this college be selected by the State departments of education at the rate of one from each county. Let these students come with all expenses paid plus a small salary, following the plan of West Point. A student at West Point receives \$780 a year and it costs about \$292 to provide his subsistence. This is approximately \$1000 a year. Let us assume that it would require another \$1000 a year to provide faculty and overhead, making a total of about \$2000 per year per student. There are 3073 counties in the United States. Assuming that there would be one student from each county, there would be a total enrolment of 3073 students. Multiplied by \$2000 the total cost would reach only \$6,146,000. (p. 10)

Meanwhile, not content with their hold over the children of the nation today and their plans for extending that hold in the

actual classroom, the pedagogues begin to dream of annexing the radio. At present the "inspirational" matter printed in the *Journal* reaches only school-teachers and their families; if radio were brought under control of the Headquarters Staff it would be pumped into every second American home. To this end a National Committee of Education by Radio has been formed, with Brother Morgan as its chairman, and already it has induced Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, a former pedagogue and an ardent Methodist, to introduce S 5589, which provides:

Not less than 15%, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of the radio-broadcasting facilities which are or may become subject to the control of and to allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively, and allocated when and if applications are made therefor to educational agencies of the Federal and State governments and to educational institutions chartered by the United States or by the respective States or Territories.

The *Journal* explains that the bill, if it is passed, will liberate the American schoolma'm from the labors which now oppress her, and give her more time for the uplift:

The classroom of the future will be so organized that the teacher will be freer for the wider service of guidance and inspiration of individual pupils. Radio will help to bring about this freedom. (p. 286)

The value of this reform to pedagogy is thus put in dollars and cents:

Radio is worth at least \$100,000,000 a year to the schools of America. This estimate—and it is really a very conservative estimate—is based on a simple assumption which each one can verify for himself. Let us assume that by the use of master teachers radio can be made to increase the effectiveness of the common school by at least 5%,

and the probabilities are that it can contribute much more than that. This 5% of the entire educational budget of the United States would amount to more than \$100,000,000 a year. (p. 351)

Thus the radio will put the students of the land in touch with "master teachers," and the classroom ma'm will be free to give her time to inspiration. To help bring in this millennium the *Journal* suggests that such questions as the following be given to pupils for class study:

What percent of the radio channels should be assigned exclusively and permanently to education? Should commercial advertising be allowed on the international channels? Should narcotic advertising be allowed on the air?

By "narcotic" advertising, of course, the brethren mean tobacco advertising.

VII

It is for the parents and taxpayers of the country to judge whether public education, as reflected in the NEA, shall longer enjoy their confidence and good-will, or whether they are justified in convicting it, on testimony taken out of its own mouth, of being engaged in outraging every legitimate tradition of American democracy. Under the leadership of the NEA's bosses the teachers, ostensibly hired as public servants, are being converted into agents of sectarian propaganda. The reigning "unordained ministers of religion" strive to keep the rank and file in line by persuading the more credulous that careers of ease and luxury at the public expense will be attained by sticking with the movement and trusting to its present leadership.

But censure for this disquieting state of affairs should not be vented wholly, or even mainly upon the Staff of the NEA. The dear brothers there are simply run-

ning true to the familiar evangelical pattern. They are stupid or careless regarding many of the matters they discuss, they are intolerant of those who do not agree with them, and they are often hysterical in their utterances, but despite all this, there is little doubt that they are sincere according to their light. Moreover, they are merely hired agents of the NEA, and their principal is responsible for their acts.

The real responsibility rests upon the members of that group which, in order to force through legislation for a Federal Department of Education, has recklessly exposed the NEA to exploitation by anyone who seemed likely to help that cause. Before these leaders got the whip-hand, the Association was run democratically by its members. But in 1920, anticipating a huge increase in membership, a scheme was put over whereby control was transferred to a Representative Assembly. State and local teachers' associations that become affiliated with the NEA are entitled to one delegate for each 100 members. Instantly this plan of reorganization was put through, there began a scramble among the politically-minded to become delegates.

Naturally, the pedagogue who is most adept at pulling wires comes off with the credentials. And when he gets into the Assembly, his wire-pulling proficiency is not permitted to fall into disuse. The brazen way in which delegates play politics makes the average ward-heeler, by comparison, appear squeamish. In some parts of the country competent and decent schoolmen have no chance of being named as delegates; in other sections, their self-respect would not permit them to accept appointment. With the affairs of the NEA in the hands of a body so constituted it has become easy for the dominant clique to control it.

If we turn to the minority which has no stomach for the things that are now being done by the NEA, we find a mass of timid pedagogues of the sort who fear to speak out lest they be suspected of casting aspersions upon their profession. Moreover, they are no longer in an advantageous position to act. On all sides they are hemmed in. To the rear is a great mass of inarticulate and inferior teachers who, in many instances, despite all the current gush about "the child first," are hot only to get as much as they can from the state and to give as little as they need in return. In front are leaders who are willing to sacrifice everything else in order to maintain a great and submissive army of pedagogues to fight for a Federal Department of Education. And on the neck of the potential rebel is the Staff.

Intelligent educators realize that something radical should be done. Dr. Jesse H. Newlon, of Lincoln School, Columbia, speaking at the Detroit (1931) meeting said:

If a million teachers had the courage to speak their minds on the great social problems of the day, they could affect the course of events in America. Such teachers would quickly remake American education. (p. 116)

But why pass the buck to the classroom teacher? If one hundred, or even fifty educators of Mr. Newlon's eminence spoke their minds openly they could accomplish as much in remaking American education as a million inconspicuous pedagogues—and more quickly. At no time has public education in this country stood so desperately in need of intelligent, courageous leadership. Even at this late hour a relatively small group of schoolmen could start a movement that would restore to the teaching profession at least some shreds of its old dignity and common sense. But turn to those who might be expected to take the initiative in the emergency, and you will see them sitting cautiously on their own heads.

Soon or late, the American people will have to put a stop to the banal foolishness that is now being carried on in the name of the NEA. When they have stood for as much of this sort of thing as they are able to bear, it may be that they will turn their eyes to Capitol Hill and demand a congressional investigation of the Association. In which case Congress may decide to exercise the prerogative given it under the act of 1906 "to modify, alter, or repeal" the charter under which the NEA carries on.

FROM AN OZARK HOLLER

BY VANCE RANDOLPH

The Burying of an Infidel

HUMAN life is cheap enough in Poot Holler, God knows, but the actual occurrence of death is still a solemn and awesome piece of business. The hill-man can never regard the passing of a human being as a mere cessation of physiological functions. To him it is a dramatic moment when the soul leaves the body, Hell-bent or Heaven-bound as the case may be. Even the most insignificant person becomes somehow important at the moment of death, and his last words, no matter how trivial, are "studied over".

It was a discussion of these and kindred matters which moved Windy Bill Hatfield to tell me about old man Kane's funeral. The story may not be strictly true in all of its details, but inquiry has convinced me that the main events occurred pretty much as Bill described them. It was, my neighbors assured me, "th' Gawd-awfulest buryin' ever saw in these parts, an' no mistake." But let Bill tell the tale in his own words.

"Wal, sir, Ol' Man Kane he was a out-an'-out infidel—didn't believe in no Gawd nor no Bible nor no Heaven nor nothin'. Hit was jest plumb turrible t' hear him a-goin' on 'bout them things. I never will forgit th' time he said Christ Jesus warn't no better'n a woods-colt! Ol' Mis' Kane she jumped up an' run right out in th' rain—figgered th' house'd be lightnin'-struck or somethin'. But it warn't.

"Atter Doc Holton done give him up, th' ol' feller jest laid thar a-cussin', an' when th' folks tried t' git him t' repent an' j'ine th' church he cussed worse'n ever. Purty soon Preachin' Bob Henshaw he come in an' begun t' argy 'bout it, but th' ol' man says he'd lived a infidel an' he aimed for t' die a infidel, an' they could jest let th' tail go with th' hide. An' furthermore he didn't want no preachin' nor no prayin' attar he was dead, neither. 'An' mark my words,' says he, 'if ary snivellin' parson *does* come a-cunjerin' 'round at the buryin', he'll *foller me into th' grave!*' Th' ol' man was a-hollerin' loud as he could by this time, an' he riz right up in bed an' p'inted his long skinny finger at Bob Henshaw. I seen th' parson was skeert dang nigh t' death—hit's turrible bad luck for a dyin' man t' talk t' a feller thataway—an' then all of a suddent Ol' Man Kane started a-spewin' out blood, an' purty soon he was dead an' that was th' end of him.

"Wal, sir, soon as th' womenfolks seen th' ol' man was dead they begun t' holler an' carry on, an' ol' Mis' Kane she tuck t' flingin' of herse'f round on th' floor somethin' scandalous. Th' gals they was a-runnin' t' stop th' clock an' cover up th' lookin'-glass, an' all like that. But th' parson he jest stood thar a-shakin' like a pizened pup, an' nobody couldn't git ary word out'n him. Th' ol' woman kept a-yellin' for him t' pray, but he never done it. A dyin' man's last words has got t' be tuck serious, even if he *was* a infidel,

an' Preachin' Bob was afeared t' go ag'in whut th' ol' feller said.

"Some o' th' neighbor folks come over purty soon, an' whilst they was a-washin' up th' corpse Bob he come out whar me an' Poody Henders was a-settin' in th' ol' weavin'-shed. Hit was a-rainin' somethin' turrible outside, an' cold, too, but Bob was a-sweatin' like a nigger at a lynchin'. Thar he was, th' only parson in th' hull dang settlement, an' ol' man Kane a-layin' thar dead, an' th' widder a-pesterin' Bob for t' preach th' funeral. Pore Bob he jest didn't know *whut* t' do.

"He tuck turns a-settin' up with th' corpse, 'long with th' rest of us boys, but I seen he was turrible upshot 'bout whut Ol' Man Kane said when he was a-dyin'. Hit was a turrible bad night, too, a-rainin' an' a-lightnin' an' a-thunderin' so loud you couldn't hear th' boys a-makin' th' coffin even. Must of been purty nigh noon afore we could git th' grave dug, an' when it did cl'ar up 'bout one o'clock we bailed her out an' figgered on buryin' th' ol' devil in time t' git home by sundown. Th' kin-folks was all a-feelin' purty good 'bout that rain, though, 'cause everybody knows thar aint no better sign than rain on a buryin'-day.

"Th' ol' woman an' th' gals they kept on a-coaxin' Bob 'bout th' funeral, an' finally he give in. 'Hit's ag'in my feelin',' says he, 't' pray over a man whut don't *want* t' be prayed over, but I caint stand hyar an' see a feller-bein' throwed into his grave like a wild varmint, even if he *warn't* a Christian,' he says, 'Maybe th' pore ol' feller was out'n his head when he spoke them last words, anyhow, like Mis' Kane says.' An' th' ol' woman sings out 'Praise th' Lord!' an' she says she *knowed* her man was out'n his head for more'n twenty year back, 'cause nobody in his right mind is a-goin' t' poke fun at th'

Word o' Gawd like he done. An' then Bob he says 'Amen, Sister Kane, an' if a man's crazy th' good Lord aint a-goin' t' hold it ag'in him. I'll say a prayer over that 'ar corpse if it's th' last thing I ever do this side o' Jerdan!' says he. An' so out t' th' barn he goes, an' tuck a dram or two o' corn for his stummick's sake. He tuck several more leetle snorts, too, afore we started, but 'peared like th' licker didn't help him none. Th' corpse was in my wagon, an' Bob he set up straight on th' seat by me. I could feel him a-shakin' an' a-shiverin' all th' way t' th' buryin'-ground.

"Th' dirt was mighty soft all round whar th' boys had been a-diggin', an' when we finally got th' coffin set down by th' grave-side we was all gaumed up an' muddy, an' it was a-comin' on t' rain ag'in, too. Th' parson he jest stood thar at th' head o' th' grave a-prayin', an' a-wringin' of his hands kinder foolish-like. Jest a few words, an' then he motioned us fellers t' let th' coffin down. Th' danged ol' ropes was awful slick, an' one end o' th' coffin *did* come down purty suddent like, an' maybe spat-tered a leetle water—not 'nough t' do no harm, though.

"Hit *wouldn't* of done no harm, neither, if Preachin' Bob hadn't been so all-fired narvish an' tetchous. As 'twas, he jumped anyhow two foot when that 'ar water hit him, an' I reckon it must of throwed him out'n his balance some way. He let out a turrible whoop jest as his feet slipped, an' th' next thing I knowed he had fell right slap-dab belly-buster into that 'ar grave! When he lit on th' coffin thar come a big holler *boo-oo-oom* jest like if th' danged ol' box was plumb empty. An' it come in my mind whut if it *is* empty, an' Ol' Man Kane drug off t' Tarmint afore we got him buried even? Gawd-a-mighty!

"Soon as he ketched his breath Bob he tried for t' jump out, but th' edge o' th'

hole was too muddy, an' ever' time he fell back on th' coffin th' 'dang thing 'd go *boo-oo-oom* ag'in. Folks was a-millin' round ever' which way, an' fallin' down in th' mud, an' hollerin' out whut t' do 'bout it.

"Wal, sir, he shore was a sorry-lookin' parson when me an' Bib Tarkey drug him out o' that 'ar grave-hole. You-uns wouldn't of knowed him skeercely, he was that benastied. 'Oh Gawd!', says he, 'I *did* foller him into th' grave! Oh Gawd!'—an' with that he jest lit out through th' bresh, a-yellin' 'Gawd save us!' at ever' jump. We ketched him atter while an' tuck him home in th' wagon, but he was plumb out'n his head, an' th' boys had t' set up with him all night.

"Doc Holton he 'lowed it was brain fever whut ailed him, an' he finally pulled through all right, but Bob aint never been whut you mought call *at hisse'f* since. He still preaches round sometimes, but 'pears like he aint got th' rale ol' power no more, an' thar was a long time he never went near no funerals nohow. I've saw him a-projectin' round several buryin's hyar jest th' last few years, but I take note he allus stands 'way back from th' grave-hole. Yas, sir, he *shore* does!"

II

A Man of Letters

"This hyar school-teachin' aint whut it's cracked up t' be, nohow," muttered Lance Bledso as he trudged down the trail toward his boarding place. With almost superhuman effort, as a young man, Lance had worried through the difficulties of the seventh grade, and after years of study at home had finally managed to obtain a teacher's certificate. Thus equipped, he taught the Durgenville school for many

years. Ignorant, stupid, homely, middle-aged. They paid him only \$35 a month for his labors, and some folk doubted if he was worth even that. Josie Lee, however, regarded the schoolmaster as a settled and successful professional man, and felt herself altogether unworthy of such a distinguished suitor.

Lance himself was not entirely satisfied with his attainments, and there were moments when he became discouraged over his prospects. All his efforts to obtain a better school having proved fruitless, he had seriously considered giving up his profession altogether. It was of these matters that he was thinking as he ambled down the path that afternoon.

Just as he passed the old Bigotty Price place the great idea struck him, and that evening Josie saw a new Lance—a strange absent-minded Lance who followed a stranger vision.

"Honey," said he, "I seen in th' paper whar some feller writ *hisse'f* a book, an' they give him more'n ten thousan' dollars for it. I borried that 'ar book from Doc Holton, an' read it plumb through, an' thar aint ary word o' sense in it, nohow. I tell you, Josie, that feller is th' sorriest author a body ever read after, an' I kin write a better book 'n that myse'f. I'm a-goin' t' do it, too, if I *never* see th' back o' my neck!"

Josie was a bit surprised, but her faith in her hero never wavered.

"You shore kin write a dandy, Lance, if you've done sot your mind to it," she said quietly. "You allus was th' best scribe *I* ever seen."

From this time forward the schoolmaster spent most of his evenings at home, working on the manuscript. There were twelve chapters, of equal length. Lance knew that they were of equal length, because each one just filled a ten-cent tablet.

He wrote until the tablet was almost full, and then ended with a particularly effective phrase which he had set aside for the purpose. Lance had purchased twelve of these tablets for a dollar, and when the last one was filled he added a peroration in defense of honor and virtue and loyalty and other matters which seemed to him important.

On the outside of tablet number one he wrote in large and elaborately shaded Spencerian script: *The Winning of Princess Fernetta*, by Lancelot Isham Bledso, Durgenville, Arkansas. Then he placed his twelve tablets in their proper order and fastened them together with a bit of tinsel ribbon that came on one of Josie's Christmas presents.

"As soon as this hyar school's out," he told Josie, "I aim t' go down t' th' city an' git her printed."

Josie turned pale at the thought of Lance travelling all the way to Little Rock, but she said nothing. When the time came for his departure she wept a little, and handed him a paper poke filled with fried chicken and cake and sandwiches to be eaten on the train.

Lance was gone nearly a month. There were no letters, and Josie lost a good deal of sleep, becoming thinner and more pinched-looking than ever. He must be dead, she thought, or else had fallen under the spell of some painted charmer in the city. "If I could of jest got me one right good dress, an' maybe some perfume," she reflected bitterly, "Lance wouldn't never of went."

One hot afternoon she saw him coming down the road, and her heart gave a great thump of relief. He was shabbier than she had ever seen him. "That's whut I like 'bout Lance Bledso," said Josie to herself, "he don't never put on no airs. Most fellers would of dressed theirse'f all up if they

had wrote a book, but not him. Jest as common as a ol' shoe"—and she wriggled ecstatically as she fixed her graying hair before the broken looking-glass.

Lance kissed her with more than his usual enthusiasm, and inquired for news of local happenings, mostly matters of drouth and crop failures and school politics. Josie waited patiently for a report of his adventures in Little Rock. "Times is turrible hard ever'whar," he was saying, "but I reckon we kin make out on my thirty-five dollars . . . Th' preacher he done raised a big family on less'n that, I reckon."

Josie's face was pale, and her voice trembled. "Shorely you don't aim t' foller school-teachin' no more, do ye, Lance?" The schoolmaster smiled tolerantly, and put his arm around her thin shoulders. "I shore do, honey—I *shore* do. An' I reckon we-uns better git married afore school begins, too—hit'll save us money on th' shivaree. . . . This hyar book-writin'," he added soberly, "aint whut it's cracked up t' be, nohow!"

III

A Saint on Earth

Blowin' Cave is located in the center of the old Witherspoon place, and was doubtless named with reference to the cool breeze which always issues from its mouth in the Summertime. It isn't much of a cave, really—not more than two hundred feet long and perhaps fifty feet wide—but it is clean and dry always, except for a little spring that flows out past the big stalagmites at one side.

Old Ike Witherspoon used it as a stable and hay-barn in his day, and later on it served as a garage for the Widder Witherspoon's shiny little roadster. She al-

ways kept her milk and butter in the cave, too, and in hot weather she used to move her rocking-chair out there. I stopped in to talk with the old lady occasionally, and always thought that the entrance of Blowin' Cave was one of the most pleasant spots in the Holler.

Mis' Witherspoon had lived on the place for nearly forty years, but she came originally from somewhere near Fayetteville. "She was a right purty gal when she first come hyar," Aunt Elvy Hatfield told me, "but she shore led her ducks t' a pore puddle when she married Ike Witherspoon. A skinny, redheaded, possum-faced feller with two big gold tushes a-stickin' out—hit allus made me sick t' my stum-mick jest t' look at th' critter!" The old woman was always spoken of as the Widder Witherspoon nowadays, but everybody knew that she was really only a grass-widow—"a forsook woman", as Aunt Elvy phrased it. It seems that Ike simply walked off into the woods one day—nobody ever knew what became of him. Some people said that he had "follered a Injun trollop" into the Osage Nation . . . At any rate, he never showed up at home any more, and most of his neighbors thought that the Holler was better off without him.

But all that was long ago, and half forgotten now. Mis' Witherspoon was a hard worker with a good head for business, and she had prospered mightily since her husband went away. The Witherspoon place was not particularly valuable from an agricultural point of view, but it fronted on the best fishing water in the whole region, and she made some money by selling cabin-sites to city people after the new State highway came through. The old woman still lived alone in the cabin just outside the cave, although she owned several much more pretentious houses in the settlement. Gentle, charitable, devoutly re-

ligious, prominent in church work and all proper social activities, the Widder Witherspoon stood mighty high in the Holler. "That ol' woman," said Aunt Elvy, "is a saint on earth," and this conviction seemed to be shared by the entire population. Her only weakness, so far as I could see, was a sort of mania for match-making; she was always trying to bring "nice" young men and women together, and crying up the advantages of lawful wedlock.

About the time I first came to the Holler, the farmer boys discovered that some tourists would pay cash for "Injun relics"—arrow-points, spear-heads, flint knives, stone mortars and the like. Most of these objects were scattered about old village sites and camp grounds along the streams. Later on it was found that some of the dry caves contained relics of a different and much more ancient sort, and this discovery brought a party of professional archeologists into the region, who hired workmen and made systematic explorations of the caverns.

They sifted tons of ashes, and took out a great number of animal bones, flint weapons, hoes made of mussel-shells fastened to wooden handles, water-tight vessels of basketry daubed with pitch, clay pots of various shapes and sizes. They unearthed many human skeletons, too, doubled up in shallow pits lined with buckskin. Some of the bodies were wrapped in robes made of feathers twisted on strings, others were clad in deerskin tanned with the hair on, many wore sandals woven of grass, and crude straw helmets. The scientists called these cave people Bluff-Dwellers, to distinguish them from the historic Indians of the region.

Before the Summer was over, more or less digging had been done in all of the local caverns save one—and that one was Blowin' Cave. The Widder Witherspoon

would not permit any excavation there, and she was not tempted by offers of financial gain, either. "I don't hold with this hyar grave-robbin'," she said calmly, "an' I aint a-goin' t' have none of it on my place." She listened patiently to the arguments of the archeologists, then remarked: "I caint see as it makes any difference how many thousan' years them bones has been a-layin' thar. A thousan' years aint no more'n a day in th' sight o' Gawd, an' we're all pore critters, anyhow . . . I reckon when th' Day o' Judgment comes, them Injuns 'll git right up an' march t' Glory 'long with th' rest of us."

And so the grave-robbers went their several ways, but before they left one of them told me that Blowin' Cave was the most promising shelter in the entire region, and probably full of valuable Bluff-Dweller remains. As time went on, I read several magazine articles about the pre-historic inhabitants of the Holler and its environs, and became more and more interested in these matters.

One day, when the Widder Wither-spoon had gone to visit some of her kin-folk, I went into Blowin' Cave and dug into the ancient ash-heap, just at the edge of a big stalagmite. About two feet below the surface my pick crashed into what seemed to be a human skeleton. Profiting by my observation of the professionals, I worked very carefully now, using my fingers and a thin splinter of wood, and presently unearthed a skull in extraordinarily good condition. Old skulls are usually heavy, being full of dirt, but this one was strangely light. Looking closer, I saw that bits of mummified flesh still clung to it, and even wisps of hair—*red* hair!

A little shaken now, I wrapped my trophy in an old gunny-sack, filled up the hole, and stamped down the ashes as best I could. I raked dry straw and rubbish

over the place, too, so that no signs of my labors were visible. This done, I got out of that cave as quickly as possible, and hurried home through the woods instead of following the new highway.

Back in my own cabin, I cleaned the skull very thoroughly, polishing the gold crowns on two of the incisors till they shone in the lamp-light. Next morning, however, after due reflection, I knocked out all the front teeth, and scattered them in a tangled thicket behind the house. I broke up the lower jaw too, and threw the pieces into the river. Thus it was that the skull came to rest solidly on the upper molars and the mastoid processes, and looked very impressive on my mantelpiece. I splintered the jaw slightly in removing the teeth, and this gave the thing a singularly humorous expression—very different from the grim stare of the perfect skulls one sees in class-room exhibits. . . . The neighbors regarded my new household ornament with scant approval, but they naturally assumed that it was a Bluff-Dweller's cranium, and I was quite content to let them think so.

One night, when the Hatfields had brought the Widder over to visit me, we fell to talking of the most attractive young girls in the neighborhood. Mis' Wither-spoon, regarding me as an eligible bachelor, was singing the praises of a certain Ellen Lynch, whom I had recently escorted to a frolic on Gander mountain. "A young feller should orter git married, an' settle down," she added benevolently. "Thar aint no rale happiness only in married life, nohow, an' besides —"

Just then a half-burned piece of chunk-wood crashed out upon the hearth, and a brilliant flare lighted the cabin for a moment. And in that moment it seemed to me that Ike Witherspoon's toothless grin became just a little wider than usual.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Journalism

THE ART OF THE COPY-READER

BY KITTREDGE WHEELER

THE dictionary does not list *copy-reader*, yet some copy-reader or other has daily contact with most of the 130,000,000 inhabitants of the United States. The exceptions are the infants, the blind, the illiterate, jurors in capital crimes, and the few others who don't read newspapers.

The dictionary does define *redactor*, a word the English language borrowed from the French. In France, a copy-reader is a *redacteur*. In England, he is a *sub-editor*. But wherever he is or whatever he is called, he is one who edits matter for publication. On American newspapers his main job is writing headlines.

Since type is inflexible and only so many letters can be forced into a line, the copy-reader is often hard pressed for short words. By the constant use of those he is sure of he has educated the American reader to decipher headline English. When a heading reads: "Bank Head Named," that reader knows that a bank has elected a president or a chairman of the board. In the same way he readily interprets Senate *group* as Senate committee, *quiz* as investigation, *debate* as discussion and *love theft* as alienation of affections.

When space will not permit Frothingham To Run For Senatorship, the copy-reader falls back on the ungrammatical form of Frothingham To Run for Senator. It was doubtless the constant newspaper use of this construction that caused

one of our immortal statesmen, who was probably more concerned with the onrushing depression and how to dodge it than he was with good English, to write: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

As headlines must be sparkling enough to arrest the reader's attention and to induce him to read the stories under them, copy-readers have accumulated a large store of sure-fire words and phrases. Among them are *mystery, torture, rescue, missing, fight, beg, plead, appeal, heiress, beauty, blonde, triangle, smash, other woman, Reno, risque, Follies girl, unwed mother, un-kissed bride* and *tells own story*. Foremost of them all is *love*.

Owing to the limitation of space, it makes a serious difference to the head-writer whether it is Wickersham, Brookhart, Connally, Stimson, Hughes, Borah, Reed or Nye who is denouncing something. Long names must be teamed with short verbs, and so the copy-reader is thrown upon *hit, rap, flay, score, assail* and *attack*. The same problem presents itself when the action is one of approving. Then the copy-reader turns to *urge, uphold* and *aid*. *Aid* is one of the happiest words in his vocabulary, for it is short and both a noun and a verb. The vice-president of a bank may be called a *bank aid* and a ditch-digger's helper a *digger's aid*.

A few years ago the copy desk of the Chicago *Herald & Examiner* discovered that an assistant managing editor had developed a fondness for *beg* as an expressive and appealing verb. That was the

copy-readers' cue and they fairly pelted him with headlines containing it. The blow-off came when someone on the desk wrote "Coolidge Begs" in a head. The assistant managing editor arrived at the office late and in bad humor. He walked over to the copy desk and angrily shouted: "I'll have you know that the President of the United States begs for nothing." But that, of course, was back in 1926.

In his eagerness to write a punchy head, the copy-reader frequently misleads the reader. He forces the headline to say all that the story will bear. No matter how slight the accident to a ship at sea, or in New York Bay, or even in the Hudson river, if the passengers are removed, they are *rescued* in the headlines. Similarly, persons are rarely *wounded* in headlines; they are usually *shot*. Often the reader, at first glance, thinks that all those shot were killed.

While on the *Herald & Examiner* in 1927 I wrote an eight-column line for the top of Page 1, saying: "Two Killed, Three Shot in Gang War." The news editor rejected it, asking for a line saying: "Two Killed, *Five* Shot, etc." Of course, the two dead men had been shot also, but the revised line made it appear at first glance that bullets had been poured into seven men.

About a year ago five airplane passengers and two pilots crashed in Ohio. The dispatch said that only one person had been injured and he not seriously. However, I knew the public still had the Rockne airplane death in mind, and the headline I wrote was: "Plane Crashes; Seven Aboard." No doubt the reader pictured seven bodies strewn over an Ohio meadow. Had I written, "Plane Crashes; One Is Injured," I would have been throwing down the story, as newspaper men say.

Every newspaper has its own *index expurgatorius* as regards headlines. A famous one was that of the *Herald & Examiner* a few years back. It included *hit, flay, rap, score, deny, silent, mum, due, probe, renew, resume, reopen, continue, now, again, still, no, Negro, murder, nab* and *libel*. Such words are usually barred simply because they have been overworked by the copy desk. The official reason for the barring of *libel* was that the paper wanted its readers to forget that there was any such thing.

There are many purely local taboos. Without ever having worked in San Francisco, I am reasonably sure that if I went there tomorrow I should use the word *earthquake* rather sparingly in heads. Nor would I endanger a job in Florida by harping on *hurricane*. Similarly, Chicago frowns on *race riot*.

A few years ago, and perhaps still, the Minneapolis *Journal* barred *blizzard*. The reason was obvious; Minneapolis has blizzards, and rattling good ones, too. The *Journal*, to use the old newspaper wheeze, had a hand on the pulse of the world. The other hand was on the pulse of the local Merchants' Association, and the advertisers among its members didn't want anyone to backcap the town. So in March, 1924, when a blizzard swept down on Minneapolis, paralyzing traffic for three days, forcing the stores to remain closed and otherwise knocking the town into a coma, the *Journal* announced to its readers in an eight column bold-faced line that stretched across the top of Page 1: "\$75,000,000 Snow Covers Northwest." It had been noted in the story that the precipitation would be worth that much to the Winter wheat crop!

A memorable instance of the temporary banning of a word occurred on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* a few years ago.

The *Public Ledger* had offended the Catholic Church by printing inadvertently an article which cast some doubt on a Christian belief. When Cardinal Daugherty saw it there was hell to pay, and some danger that the Catholics of the Philadelphia diocese would be advised not to read, and much worse, not to advertise in, the *Public Ledger*. Consequently, it began to lean backward, as the newspaper saying goes, and forward and even sideways, making the sign of the cross and genuflecting all over the place in an effort to appease the Cardinal. The climax came when the St. Louis National League baseball team, known universally as the *Cardinals*, came to Philadelphia to play in the World's Series. The order went to the copy desk not to refer to the team as the *Cardinals*. The copy-readers wound up by calling the visitors the *Red Birds*.

Headwriting is only a part of a copy-reader's work. He is also his paper's last line of defense against libel, inaccuracy and bad taste, for the story before him will appear in print exactly as it leaves his hands, provided everything is functioning in its theoretical way. Oddly, editors do not edit the news you read; copy-readers edit it.

When space in the news column is limited, the order to trim goes to the copy desk. Words, phrases, sentences and paragraphs are deleted. Not a great many newspapers even carry in toto a President's message to Congress. On those that don't a \$60-a-week copy-reader is asked to boil down to, say, 1500 words a \$75,000-a-year President's 5,000-word harangue, preserving all the more obvious buncombe. If the copy-reader knows his business and is conscientious, the result is that the reader probably misses nothing. Thus, if Lincoln's Gettysburg Address had been passed over to a modern copy desk on a

day when space was scarce, its 269 words might have been reduced to these 107:

In 1776 the United States was established, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

We are engaged in a civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so dedicated can endure. We are met on a battlefield of that war, a portion of which we have come to dedicate as a cemetery for the war dead.

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what the troops did here.

We resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—and that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom and not perish.

This trimming business is sometimes carried to great lengths. On certain newspapers ironclad rules have been set up with the sole design of saving space; for example, change *an announcement* to *announcement*, with the exception of to *excepting*, *upon to on*, *in spite of to despite*, *in the meantime to meanwhile*, *the directors met for the purpose of drafting to the directors met to draft*.

The Associated Press has a syntax all its own. It seems to be based on the excessive use of quotation marks. The following, in which not one of the quotes is necessary, are specimens:

Washington.—Gifford said that to have organized the country under a central organization would have been "disastrous."

Williamstown, Mass.—The situation in India was called an "experiment unique in history in its scale and importance" by Dr. William Y. Elliot, etc. Professor Elliot said that dominion status will [would?] not be achieved at the conference, but that India "will continue to be governed by a viceroy." Out of the conference would come to India a "reserved dominion status," he said.

It is a puzzle to determine whether this over-use of quotes is intended to achieve

emphasis or to dodge libel suits. Perhaps it is only the A. P. reporter's way of announcing, "You may say it's so, but I don't believe you."

Despite the incessant cry in newspaper offices for clarity and simplicity, silly copy desk rules all but stifle idiomatic writing. Copy-readers are great quibblers. They enjoy fretting over *half-staff* and *half-mast*, *secure* and *obtain*, *practically* and *virtually*, *heart failure* and *heart disease* (the rule makers explain that all persons die of heart failure), *contend* and *maintain*, *during* and *in*, *almost* and *nearly*, and hundreds of others. As the result of my early training, during which I accepted the rules without question, I have changed *drops dead* to *falls dead* in hundreds of newspaper stories. Since then I have relearned, much to my amusement, that a man may *drop* dead as fatally and as grammatically as he may *fall* dead. But copy desk rules stick with the tenacity of a constitutional amendment, though the chief copy-reader who invoked them may have long since gone to the cemetery. As copy-readers are a rather migratory lot, rules are even borrowed from the far ends of the country.

Newspaper English seems to have got its start when someone set down the rule to positively not split an infinitive. Copy-readers go to any length to avoid this, and they feel a sense of victory when they nail a split infinitive in copy. The rephrasing of an offending sentence becomes almost automatic with the copy-reader, who, in 99 cases out of 100, places the adverb ahead of the infinitive, regardless of how awkward the result may be. Many copy-readers even take the liberty of revising the infinitives in directly quoted matter.

From the war upon the split infinitive was evolved the most dubious of all the

rules of newspaper English; that against the separation of the component parts of a compound verb. It explains why newspaper readers often encounter such miserably awkward passages as these:

Agitation against governmental decreases in salary appeared virtually to have subsided.

Even police reserves hardly could take care of the crowd.

It would gravely have endangered their chances.

Copy-readers sometimes believe that they were taught this construction in grammar-school but the fact is that they learned it in newspaper offices, where it is now safely intrenched. The practice has been carried so far that there is even a tendency to keep a verb and a predicate adjective together, as in *John also is deaf*, when the thought intended is that *John is also deaf*.

The ban on the inverted passive, a rather vague term, prohibits such a construction as this: "Mrs. Brown was granted a divorce." It must always be made to read, "A divorce was granted Mrs. Brown." The rule makers graciously explain that it was the divorce that was granted, not Mrs. Brown. This rule is enforced on the *New York Times* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, to name only two. The kindergarten rule of not ending a sentence with a preposition is also one that copy desk experts are proud of.

I have canvassed many copy-readers on their choice of *none are* or *none is*. Most of them make it *none is*. It is the course of least resistance and least argument, although not always preferred English.

Aside from the sports writers and other special writers, no one has a greater opportunity to get away from the hackneyed American newspaper style than the copy-reader. Yet no one labors harder to stand-

ardize English. A copy-reader takes responsibility for nothing if he can avoid it. He plugs along on the theory that, when in doubt, qualify it or delete it. He knows that when a copy-reader is fired, it is, 999 times out of 1,000, because of something he let get into the paper, not something he kept out.

There are occasional flare-ups of hostility between the men who write for newspapers and those who correct their copy. The blame is about evenly divided. The copy-reader has plenty of reasons to cuss.

All day long he handles stories in which all journeys are *treks*, all roads are *lonely* and all fleeing automobiles are *high-powered*. Copy-readers themselves, to say nothing of the reading public, are being gradually forced by the reporters and rewrite men to believe that *hectic* means exciting, and *shambles* wreckage. If the rewrite men keep pounding away, the day is not distant when newspaper usage will elevate *venued*, *chairmaned*, *serviced* and *fiscaled* to the level of respectable past participles.

Language

THE SPEECH OF LITTLE ITALY

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

SOME months ago I was called by the judge of a probate court in Nevada to help decipher the provisions of a strangely written will. The document was wholly in the handwriting of the testator, an old Italian-born resident of a mining town, who had attempted to dispose of a considerable estate among his heirs. With the exception of five or six unfamiliar phrases, and aside from a few orthographical errors due to the testator's limited schooling, the document was unmistakably written in what is properly spoken of as the Italian language, as contradistinguished from the various provincial dialects of Italy.

The will had been submitted previously to a professor of Romance languages, a linguist of exceptional learning. He had managed to translate most of it, but had been hopelessly stumped by a number of words and phrases which were nowhere to be found in his dictionaries. For instance, two of the words, *nota* and *morgico*, which appeared several times in the instrument, and occupied important places in the testator's scheme of distribution, seemed to

have been borrowed from a strange tongue that was utterly unknown to the professor.

My experience among Italian-Americans enabled me to make short work of the difficult phrases. There was no doubt that the professor's academical knowledge of languages was far superior to mine, but he had missed this new speech for lack of personal contact with those who spoke it. The clauses in question were written in the strange tongue of Little Italy. The words had the general appearance of true Italian, because of their vowel endings, but they would have been understood least of all in the Italian Peninsula.

A mortgage in Italian is called *ipoteca*, but I had learned that in the speech of Italian-Americans it is almost invariably known as a *morgico* or *morgheggio*. The Italian word for a promissory note is *cambiale*, but in Little Italy it is *nota*. Likewise with hundreds of similar terms to be found in the quotidian vocabulary of all seasoned residents of the many Italian communities of the Republic. They are words that suggest a distant English parentage, but they have been Italianized beyond recognition.

The main reasons for the evolution of

this curious speech are very simple. The so-called Italian colony is by no means the homogeneous whole that the untutored outsider believes it to be at first glance. It is, instead, a loosely joined assortment of men and women representing every section of the Italian Peninsula. And although the greater number of them are more or less familiar with the standard Italian of the books and newspapers, the speech most familiar to each individual is the peculiar dialect of his native province. The similarity or dissimilarity of one dialect to another is largely a matter of geographical proximity. Thus while a native of Naples may understand, with relative facility, the speech of his co-national from Rome, neither of them could, without a great deal of study, wholly comprehend the peculiar patois of the Genoese, the Venetian, the Calabrian, or, least of all, the Sicilian.

The natural consequence is that each Italian immigrant, upon coming to America, regardless of the region of his birth, must resort to as much as he happens to know of standard Italian, as the only feasible means of intra-colonial communication. If it is remembered, however, that most immigrants belong to working or agricultural classes, whose schooling was not of the best, it will be understood that the sum total of the language so reached does not bear a very close resemblance to school-book Italian. It may be described, rather, as a Babel of dialects struggling laboriously toward the standard speech, each individual contributing as much pure Italian as his limited education will let him, and supplying the difference in the local speech of his native village.

The confusion would be bad enough if it stopped here. But now comes the English language, spoken by the native neighbors of all Italian groups, and demanding representation in the daily oral intercourse

of every Italian-American. The result is the jargon which may be called American-Italian, a dialect no less distinct from both English and Italian than any provincial dialect is distinct from that of the Italian language.

It must be borne in mind that the immigrant, in taking up his economic position in the New World, and in his social dealings with Anglo-Americans, is met by a peculiar relationship of things and activities in an industrial nation that were unknown to him in the rural life of his birthplace. He finds that his native vocabulary, which was never very rich, is now more inadequate than ever, whether in substantives or in verbs, to give expression to his new wants and reactions. His immediate impulse is to coin new words to fit the new life. That he does not invent neologisms of Italian parentage is easily understood. Even if he had the linguistic erudition to coin them, he would not do so, for the English language is conveniently near, and fully adapted to the service of the natives he must deal with daily.

What he does, then, is to borrow purely American words, according to need, and to fit them, as phonetically as possible, into his own makeshift Italian. The first English accretion to his daily speech consists of certain words for which a true Italian equivalent is lacking or remote, because of the absence of absolute identity between the American thing or act and its Italian counterpart. Among them are *sexa* for railroad section; *campo* for a lumber camp; *rancio* for ranch; *gliarda* for yard; *visco* for whiskey; *pichinico* for picnic; *ais crima* for ice cream; *ghenga* for gang; and *rodomastro* for roadmaster.

In the next division are words whose Italian equivalents were generally unknown or unfamiliar to the immigrant before his arrival in America. In this class

belongs the hybrid *morgico* which the professor had found untranslatable. The Italian word *ipoteca* would be an exact synonym for mortgage, but in the simple economy of his rural life in Italy the immigrant had no need for the word, because he was unfamiliar with the thing represented. When called upon to use such a term in America, therefore, he finds it easier to Italianize the American *mortgage* to *morgico*, or *morgheggio*—words that may be understood in his dealings with Anglo-Americans when he is called upon to use his small fund of pure English, and which are also well known to his compatriots of the colony. In the same class are *lista*, a lease (It. *atto*); *bosso* for employer or boss (It. *padrone*); and *fensa* for fence (It. *siepe*).

In the third category are a number of English words that win the honors of Italianization by the sheer force of their repetition by the American natives, despite the fact that the Italian language affords familiar and ample equivalents. Among them are *tomate* for tomatoes; *stritto* for street; *carro* for car, automobile; *trampo* for tramp; *gambolo* or *gambolino* for gambler; *loya* for lawyer; *boya* for boy; *bittare* for beat; *faiti* for fight; *loncio* for lunch; *denso* for dance; *cotto* for coat; *draivare* and *ronnare* for driving or running an automobile; *bucco* for book; *storo* for store; and *checca* for cake.

Once an American word has been borrowed, its transformation does not end with its first changes. It is drafted for full service and made to run through all the genders, tenses, and declensions of Italian grammar, until it presents the very faintest image of its former self. Thus the word *fight*, which was first changed into *faiti*, can be seen in such unrecognizable forms as *faitare*, *faitato*, *faitava*, *faito*, *faitasse*, and many more.

The percentage of Italianized English words varies, of course, with individuals, according to their knowledge of Italian and the length of their residence in America. But it is probable that, on the whole, the new expressions comprise as much as one-fourth of the spoken language of Little Italy. When I first took up my residence in America, in the Italian quarter of Pueblo, Col., I found this peculiar dialect so puzzling that, in the simplicity of a child of twelve, I mistook it for the native language of the Americans. For a number of months after my arrival I did not understand more than half of what was said in this curious speech. For as long as a year I was often forced to ask for translations. It was only with time and my increasing knowledge of English that I finally obtained a sufficient familiarity with it.

It sometimes happens that the newly coined words strike the sound and meaning of well-known Italian words, and the result is very humorous. I was both puzzled and amused, for instance, during my first week in America, when I heard a laborer say quite casually, that his daily work involved the use of a *pico* and a *sciabola*, that is to say, a pick and a saber! It took me some study to understand that in the process of Italianization, the American *pick* could be vaguely recognized, but the *shovel* had been turned into a military implement.

As to the further evolution of American-Italian, in the years to come, there is no doubt that its differentiation away from standard Italian will increase rapidly, now that it is no longer retarded by the influx of new immigrants from Italy. Hence it is easy to predict that its growth will be in the direction of additional Americanization, and toward the estate of a distinct sub-language.

But that it will ever develop the tenacity of such a speech as Pennsylvania Dutch appears to be doubtful, if we bear in mind the urban character of most Italian colonies, and the consequent lack of that isolation and economic self-sufficiency which seem to be necessary for the preservation of alien languages within the borders of any nation.

The average and typical Italian immigrant has never maintained any steady

aloofness from the native population. This is particularly true of his American-born children, who do not generally preserve any permanent attachment to Little Italy or its language, but prefer to identify themselves, as early as possible, both in attitude and speech, with the Anglo-Americans. The safest prediction, therefore, seems to be the total disappearance, within a few generations, of the peculiar patois of Little Italy.

JOEL'S

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

EVERY once in a while before 1920 New York was swept by an anti-rum and obey-the-law spasm. All-night licenses were suddenly rescinded. Saloons were ordered closed at one o'clock and restaurants were commanded to sell nothing but food after that hour. Strong men wept and fat madames bawled before heavily chained back doors. These concessions to rectitude would last for several weeks, when, sufficient moral publicity having been achieved for the officiating police captains, everything would open up wide again. During such spells of cataleptic virtue it was sometimes far harder to get a drink between the prohibited hours of 1 and 6 A.M. than it has ever been under Prohibition, which so beautifully abolished the Raines law, Sunday closing, and the Lord's Day compulsory sandwich.

But during these sporadic outbreaks of the pox of holiness two places in the Broadway district never quit selling the Blessing: Jack's, at Sixth avenue and Forty-third street, and Joel's Bohemia, in Forty-first street just west of Seventh avenue. They were the white-headed boys of the Police Department. At times, it is true, they went through some comic motions of closing at one o'clock, but they never were really closed for a moment. Jack's went so far as to take out an all-night license, but Joel's never had such a document.

"Why bother with something they can take away from you?" said Joel to Jack

one morning. "Besides, there is no all-night license for Saturday and Sunday nights, and that's when I do my biggest business."

As a matter of fact, they did take away Jack's all-night license for six months because of a row in the place in which a young fellow had his eye knocked out. But nothing ever happened to Joel's, although from 1902, when he opened his six-story Bohemia, until 1926, when, still selling the stuff, he disposed of the place, there was never a time during the twenty-four hours that you couldn't get a drink.

He was the mystery, the superman of the Tenderloin. "How do you do it, Joel?" I once asked him from the depth of my open-mouthed naïveté. For answer I got a duplicate of that enigmatic smile which it took Leonardo da Vinci twelve years to paint on the lips of the wife of Francesco de Giocondo. The thousands who recall the subtle but impassive mask of Joel Rinaldo—a pale, intellectual, Latin face—will know exactly what I mean.

As Joel's Bohemia was absolutely unique in Twentieth Century New York, so was Joel himself. It was easy to conceive of August Lúchow, the Mouquins, Louis Martin, the Shanleys and Jack Dunston behind a bar or serving food. That was their born business. But no one ever saw Joel Rinaldo serve a drink from behind his bar or act as waiter. Among the restaurateurs and purveyors of the Blessing he was the intellectual, the aristocrat.

This Portuguese Jew, born in New York, was always in formal dress. There was always a flower in his lapel. His whole make-up was stunningly immaculate.

Tall, dignified, with gold nose-glasses, low-spoken, seldom taking a drink in his own place, he always looked like the guest of honor at a party. When he put you out for unbecoming conduct he bowed you down the stairs as though the honor were all his. If you fell on the way, he hurried to assist you, and with a solicitous smile and some low-murmured words of apology conducted you to a taxi. But go you must! Jack Dunston used a flying wedge of six waiters to remove his cantankerous Yale boys, and they were often landed on the sidewalk bottom down. But it was an honor to be put out of Joel's by Joel himself.

Once I wrote him a testimonial for this favor which he had bestowed on me. He had it framed. Why was I put out? Simply because I had started a theological war in the dining-room by arguing that the good Nazarene had been betrayed by the waiters at the Last Supper because He had neglected to tip them. It would have been all right, said Joel afterward, but it was Good Friday.

The things that gave to Joel's its unique odor were its celebrated *chili con carne*, its immense scuttles of beer ("five scuts!" they used to sing out downstairs at the bar), and its literary and revolutionary flavor. Joel not only played for the literary, newspaper and artistic cream of New York and the nation (of course, a lot of intellectual skim milk got mixed with the cream), but his Bohemia was also the meeting-place of heretics and radicals of all breeds: fleeing, out-at-heels generals from Mexico; hunted, unshaven admirals from Honduras; common, every-day White House dynamiters from Guate-

mala; bawling Egyptian Anarchists; loud-mouthed sappers and miners of the social edifice in general who would shut up for a beer and a load of beans; barroom Napoleons and millennial crackpots of all nationalities. Add to this a raft of actors and actresses, mainly from the country of Ham, and you will have but a faint notion of the most colorful, the most romantic and the most vibrating place in all New York.

II

Joel's was the town's Jacobin Club, its House of Farces, Fantasies and Fumisteries, where revolutions, fake newspaper and magazine stories, and even presidential booms were hatched and launched. Nothing was too absurd, too amusing, too nearly inconceivable to be spawned there. Joel himself was known as the Chili Con Carne King, and when I asked for *chili con carne* in the Café Gambirinus in the City of Mexico in 1906, Belatto, the proprietor, said, "You'll have to go to Joel's, in New York, for that!"

I have seen everybody of note that I have seen anywhere else in New York at Joel's. It was the melting-pot of all nations and all races. It was ultra-democratic, ultra-New York, ultra-cosmopolitan. Joel never had imported draft beer in the place, but his waiters were Jews, Gentiles, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Greeks—anything. No one, however, ever spoke anything but English. "We are Mongrelians here," Joel said to me when I first met him in 1904, having been taken to his place by the caricaturist, Carlo de Fornaro, and Roy McCardell, the Dostoevsky of the Jarr family. Fornaro not only hatched the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz in Joel's after he came out of Blackwell's Island, where he had served ten months for "libelling"

that famous bandit, but also founded the famous Literary and Revolutionary Table in the northeast corner of the dining-room. A sign was fixed on this table every night at 11 o'clock. It read "Reserved for Literature and Revolution."

Joel worshipped intellectuals and revolutionists of all kinds, and one of his fantasies was to stake any man to a meal, a room, a five-spot, or all three, if he had anything at all to do with the arts or had exploded a mine somewhere. Thus he nosed out Jim Moore, of the Café Francis, in West Thirty-fifth street, who would stake you to anything if you could paint. So far, indeed, did he distance Moore in these good deeds that the Lord rewarded him in the end by bestowing on him for a small sum all the pictures on the walls of the Francis. Among them were a Glackens, a Luks and a Sloane. Ernest Lawson recovered his after a terrific battle in which the waiters at Joel's were divided into Lawson and anti-Lawson camps.

There is a picture made by Fornaro of a Sunday morning at the Literary and Revolutionary Table. At it are seated Booth Tarkington, Edwin Markham, Leon Trotsky, E. Haldeman-Julius, Robert W. Chanler, Leonard Charles Van Noppen, Jacob Coxey, Charles Willis Thompson, Michael Monahan, Léon Dabo, Arthur Leonard Ross and Emma Goldman. The Grand Old Man of American Poetry, Edwin Markham, when he came to Manhattan used to put up for the night at Joel's, whose three upper floors were the Hotel de Rinaldo. Naturally, he who gave us that rollicking ballad, "The Man with the Hoe," was always an honored guest at the revolutionists' table. Markham, however, never drank anything stronger than coffee. He didn't need alcohol, for his spirits and his body were always leaping like the hart from the depths of some cos-

mic joy not perceivable to the rest of us. But we always had a diabolical curiosity to see any professional sobersides in his cups. So one night I passed Big Fritz the word to dump a slug of brandy in every cup of coffee our Poet Laureate ordered. Around 2 A.M. Markham was pounding the table, signalling joyously to the singers, and rising to execute a Highland fling when Papa Joel, who had got hep, towed him up to the Poet's Suite on the floor above. Markham told Joel to order ten pounds of that coffee for Mrs. Markham. Led by Charles Willis Thompson, we serenaded the poet outside of his door with the national anthem of Forty-first street, "One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back."

III

About Big Fritz, the favorite waiter of the Happy Few who were permitted at *the* Table. Every one who ever went to Joel's will recall that big, heavy Prussian ex-cavalry officer. When we went into the war in 1917 the Table became the Newspaper and Literary Table. The word revolutionary was quietly dropped, and everybody in the place turned patriot overnight except Big Fritz. He kept on drinking to the Kaiser right out loud whenever we asked him to have a beer with us. His audacity awed us. So we protected him from the onslaughts of the uniformed boys who were going over to make the world safe for Lenin, Mussolini and Harry Daugherty. "Why, it's only good old Fritz—he's—" and we'd tap our foreheads significantly. Fritz came out of the war without a scratch. Maybe he was a kind of vicarious atonement for our frenzied patriotism.

The first floor front of Joel's was given over to the bar and the hotel desk, behind

which was a towering safe in which reposed the checks and I. O. U.'s of what Shaemas O'Sheel used to call "Joel's authors." It was known as the Iron Cemetery. In back was a drinking and eating room and the kitchen. The second floor had a balcony overlooking Forty-first street, from which point we used to spy into the dressing-rooms of the Ziegfeld Follies girls across the street, or salute them and drink to them with scuttles of beer when, on Summer evenings, they came out on the fire-escapes to air themselves. With a purely æsthetic eye, of course, we men of the Foaming Grail thus took our peep into the Venusberg. Sometimes, at about four in the morning, Sadakichi Hartmann, George Luks and I would toss our *chili con carne* bowls from the balcony into the street to find out just how many cops were sleeping in Forty-first street and where they slept.

The rest of the floor, a very long one, was made up of tables, a musicians' stand and a dancing floor. It was on this dancing floor that Sadakichi, after he was pumped up on many brandies, would execute those exotic dances which would stop the works. He looked like the Grand Lama of Thibet gone nuts. One night he passed around a seven-gallon hat for what he called "substantial recognition of my genius." The hat was rapidly assuming its original shape from the load of silver that the all-night cloak and suit revellers were throwing into it when it reached Bill Reedy, soshed to the crow's nest and right off the St. Louis pickle-boat.

Bill had the largest foot ever owned by a Single Taxer. He aimed it straight at the hat and sent ten pounds of coin high into the air. The waiters and the musicians scrambled for the windfall while Sadakichi aimed a table filled with scuttles of beer at Bill's head. It missed and smashed

Glackens' picture, "The Prix de Rome." Sadakichi was ordered to the floor below, beyond the bar. This place was for first offenders. The broken glass in the Glackens picture was never touched. It became known as the Sadakichi Glackens, beer-stains, cracked glass and all. Where is it now?

If downstairs in Joel's looked like a Teniers kitchen—especially on Saturday night—the second floor at its riotous apogee, which was between 1 and 4 A.M., was smelly glamour, stuffy sensuality, blasts of beer and *chili* sauce, a Babel of talk, song, girls (ah! Vic with the marvelous teeth!) and the blare of detonating laughter. I always threw myself right into it as I hope to do some day into a Munich beer vat. Joel would have no lone sitters in his place, no mopes, no Johnny-stare-in-his-dregs. He was a *Schadchen* of joy.

But he would never introduce a banker to a writer, or even to a proofreader. He was against frisking. He was strong for vibrant harmony. It was thus in 1912 that a lanky, red-headed fellow from Sauk Center, Minn., was put at my table by Joel. It was there and then that Sinclair Lewis presently issued a challenge to outswill me in *chili con carne*. Bugs Baer's arrival settled the argument, for Bugs ordered a large bowl of *chili con carne*, emptied two highballs into it, stirred the mess with a fork, and swallowed the whole thing. He challenged Lewis and me to follow. We refused. The conversation then turned to higher things. The three of us were sentenced to the first floor back at 4 A.M. for aiming oyster crackers at the electric fans.

Joel had the most penetrating eye that I ever knew any human being to have. He advanced in all his open boiled-shirt grandeur to greet every writer, newspaper man and artist as the visitor came up the

steps. He had to. For many of us, on occasion, hadn't a cent, and we were out to bum a jag and eat off of the house. Joel's eye knew, in one rapid survey of your face, just about how much money you had in your pants and what your intentions were—and instantaneously on surveying you, he prepared his defences. His eyes said *go* or *stop*. A grand game of cat-and-mouse then began.

But Papa Joel was the best fellow that ever was. He was the Otto Kahn of the cafés. Of course if, in his crying need of intellectual cronies, he deliberately set about, in 1902, as he did, to cater to the Literary Barrel-House Gang, he had to stand for a frisk now and then. Anyhow, I said to him, as he looked one morning with pained eyes at my check, "It is prestige, magic, brains that we bring you, Joel. Like Maggie Murphy's organ, we give the house a tone!" It was then that he issued his celebrated *mot*: "If you do me once, damn you! If you do me twice, damn me!" But Papa was really our Corn Exchange. Every one will recall the framed sign that greeted you at the head of the steps: "Let Joel Be Your Banker." No one needed a receipt from him. He was sounder than any bank.

In the middle of the floor upstairs, opposite the music-stand, there was a large cigar-case. If you looked in the case you were astonished to see the poems of Shaemas O'Sheel, Fornaro's "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," Hippolyte Havel's "La Guerre Sociale" and my own "The Shadow-Eater" between the Coronas and the Cremos. Sam, the Hungarian waiter, presided over this mixture of smoke and letters. He tried to sell a book to every customer who displayed a five-dollar bill and seemed the slightest bit lit up with Joel's famous Blue Moon cocktails. There were other books of the gang's, the titles

of which escape me, in the case. At every sale to some maudlin guy from the sticks we used to collect our 15% royalty from Sam.

Joel took over fifty copies of my book of poems, and he sold every one at \$5 apiece. (The book retailed at \$1.) If we were in the place (and some cigar-case author always was) we were requested by the purchaser to autograph the book. Then he would generally set up wine in honor of meeting Fame in person, and the night ended by the author frisking his book from the sleeping jewel salesman and putting it back in the case. One toothpick manufacturer from Pennsylvania thus bought one of my books three times over in a year. Thanks to Our Joel, those were the Golden Days of cash royalties and quick turn-overs. His *mot* concerning this matter was: "An honest author is the sorriest work of God."

It was in 1910 that this most fantastic and colorful of New York's Prosperos (in these gray years such men of the Drink Elysium shimmer in my memory with the splendor and the magic of a tale out of the glamorous skull of Scheherazade) put forth the most astonishing book over his own name that ever emanated from a seller of food and drink. It was called "Rinaldo's Polygeneric Theory: a Treatise on the Beginning and End of Life," and was a serious attempt in eleven chapters, with diagrams, to upset the Darwinian notion of evolution. There was an exhaustive bibliography at the back.

What drew me to Joel at my first meeting with him was his disbelief in all modern science. The book was a powerful (and to me conclusive) argument against the theory of the mutability of species. It was received by the reviewers at the time just as the books of Charles Fort are received today—with open-mouthed incredulity. I

challenged Joel on his authorship. In reply, he showed me some of the original manuscript in his own handwriting. In 1921 he issued another book, "Psychoanalysis of the Reformer," one of the most drastic and penetrative pummellings the Prohibitionist and bluesnoot have ever got. In it all puritanical inhibitions are traced directly to sexual perversions. There is an introduction by André Tridon.

Were these books really written by Joel? There are some who doubt the authenticity of Shakespeare's plays and the sacred inspiration of the Bible. Oh, ye men of little faith! The man who invented the Blue Moon cocktail and drank it every evening has a brain, I claim, that could eject anything. In this famous controversy I was, and still remain, pro-Joel. Joel, it must be remembered, had his enemies, too; for could he not smell the rubber burning in a check before the holder of it had even set forth Joel-ward?

IV

After Sadakichi Hartmann, the most picturesque fellow who frequented the place was Hippolyte Havel, who, variously, ran *La Guerre Sociale* in Chicago, was Emma Goldman's editor of *Mother Earth*, lectured in jail and out on Anarchy, was the first banner-carrier in every strike, and was, at bottom, the gentlest humanitarian who ever tried to break my skull because I was a Tammany realist in politics. Long black hair, a coal-black mustache, a flowing black tie, gold-rimmed glasses, behind which were gentle satanic eyes; and barely over five feet. Havel was almost always broke, was a great spender when he got it, and a whale of a guzzler. There was, however, something so sinisterly charming about the fellow that he was welcome everywhere.

I once saw a sight in Joel's that cannot be repeated even in Nietzsche's *Eternal Return*. I entered at about 11 o'clock and saw at one table Hippolyte Havel, Konrad Bercovici, Jo Davidson and Carlo de Fornaro. Havel's black hair, mustache and tie; Bercovici's jet-black mustache à la Nietzsche, his fierce, black eyes and swarthy complexion; Jo Davidson's bituminous beard and hair and eyes that spit pitch; Fornaro, who looks like the last of the Borgias on a milk diet—well, it seemed like the Ethiopian Day of Wrath split four ways.

Havel soon discovered that he had a great nuisance value. He knew Joel's gentle and long-suffering nature and his love of decorum (hilarity to the limit, but decorum, boys!). Havel needed (always) a dollar or two. He would mass his swear-words in battle formation down at Hell's Hole, in Sixth avenue, and move on Joel's. He would advance down the dining-room emitting oaths until Joel gave him two dollars to get out. It never failed. For all that, Joel loved Hippolyte. "Although he believed my grandmother barked, still do I revere him," said Lord Rinaldo.

During the periodical closing spasms that New York had before the Speak-Easy Amendment Joel's used to go through an elaborate manœuvre at 1 o'clock. At quarter to one the waiters would take all the customers, upstairs and downstairs, both the bar-flies and the sitters, together with the five musicians and the singing women, and herd them all into a small room on the third floor. Here, standing or sitting, we would hold our breaths behind locked doors while the cops went through the two floors to see that everybody was out. Joel was innocently at his desk pretending to add up the day's receipts, and one by one the lights were extinguished by the cops. As soon as they left to report the

place closed for the night Sam would let us down to the second floor, the music would begin, the booze would flow, the panels would be thrown around the bar, now wide open again, the *chili con carne* would send up its pungent vapors again from vast boilers—and the rouse would go on till 8 A.M., or 10 or all day if you wanted to stay. As then, so now: the Thirst is mightier than the Law!

It was this *chili con carne* that lured Caruso into the place. He came over in tow of Fornaro. Naturally, the works stopped. Everybody pressed him to sing. Joel rubbed the dust off a bottle of his old Chianti. The chef made a ton of spaghetti. But sing he would not, not even for Vic of the glorious teeth. His contract, it appeared, wouldn't permit it. But when he got good and mellowed he stood a bowl of *chili con carne* on his head and drew caricatures of Joel, Sam Hoffenstein and Bob Davis. And as he left the orchestra struck up and we all sang "My Cousin Carusel!" For answer Enrico grabbed up Vic and carried her down to the street. Further deponent saith not.

Of those who went to Joel's who does not recall Uncle Morales? He turned up about twenty-five years ago, and must have been about seventy-five. He was a distinguished and ultra-English old swell from somewhere in the West Indies. He was more British than *rostbif*. Well, one of Joel's specialties when it was in season was hot corn on the cob, which he almost gave away to the *chili* and beer boys, especially if you were of the Table. One night we made Uncle Morales a Table guest. In the centre was a heaping plate of corn on the cob. Joel, in his blitheness and generosity, pushed the plate over toward Uncle Morales. What a treat for Uncle!, shone in Joel's eye. Uncle Morales put on his monocle, looked at the

steaming cobs and said with an air of infinite disdain, "In the West Indies we feed *that* to the swine." Joel was wounded to the gizzard. But quick as a flash there came out of his mouth, "That's the reason, Uncle, I pushed it in front of *you*."

This same Uncle Morales was a perpetual and mortal offense to Corse Payton, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, America's best bad actor, who when he was asked by a soldier in uniform during the war why he wasn't Over There replied that he was too tall for the trenches. Corse used to show up in Joel's with a huge lily in his lapel, a perfect as long as a blackjack in his mouth, and a grand air of *Ecce Homo*! The minute he would spot Uncle Morales he would stand in front of him and say, "Salute the three greatest Americans: Abraham Lincoln, Jesse James and Corse Payton!" Papa Joel always smashed this Anglo-American conflict in the egg by planting Corse facing the mirrors at the end of the dance room, with America's best bad singer, Wilson Mizner.

V

But in the mental kaleidoscope of Joel's Bohemia there rises—there towers—above all my memories Robert W. Chanler—Sheriff Bob. I first saw him there more than twenty years ago. He was at his peak. He looked like some one who had just come from an orgy on Olympus. A giant with a fat, round face fired by the rays from the Sun of Alcohol, a sun that knew no dawn or setting. A corona of thick grey curly hair. A voice that stoned your ears, eyes, brain. An impediment in his speech heightened the effect of his bombilating larynx. He was pandemonium; a magnificent hang-over from the Renaissance; a Dutch satyr such as Frans Hals never conceived; an Astor who

smashed with his cobblestone fist the frowning mug of the whole landed "aristocracy" from which he descended.

At the head of the table he was Gargantua-Silenus. He guffawed at the universe. He loved the world drunk, soused, stewed, frenzied. To be sober at his table was an insult to him. His murals and panels are gorgeous nightmares, alcoholic and Venusian color-blasts. Baudelaire, Rops, Redon and Poe were in his work. But he was only tainted with them; he was not of them. He offered to paint Joel's ceiling with pink butterflies, red monkeys, green serpents and plastered Jezebels. But Papa said no. He could brook no rival to his Blue Moon cocktails.

Here's the way I met Bob Chanler. The waiters weren't fast enough for me in Joel's on this night. So I myself was carrying the beers for our table from the bar. Bob howled at me to bring him some brandy. He thought I was a waiter. I laughed at him. He complained to Joel about his impudent waiter. Joel introduced me. Chanler ordered me to sit down and drink with him, uttering a string of oaths at me that made me gargle blood—the Olympian blackguard! It was soon afterward that he threw Walter de Shoto's (the Great de Shoto!) trombone out on Forty-first street. Elohim!—what fantastic nights!

There was the picture that Carlo de Fornaro painted when the Cubistic craze came out of the skulls of the artistic Acephali. It was hung on the wall over the literary-nicotine showcase. Joel offered a prize of one hundred free bowls of *chili con carne* to the person who would divine what it was about and give it a title. This set to work all the lace-curtain brains and even the papoose skulls of the culture-hounds from the Suit and Cloaka Maxima. Some of the guesses were "Gettysburg Be-

fore the Battle," "Trixie Friganza in the Subway," "Strindberg Milking a Cow," "Benjamin DeCasseres in Conference with God," "Daniel Frohman Speaking," "Snowstorm in Mott Street." It was General Jake Coxey who guessed right and won the hundred bowls with "Prophetic Vision of the Fall of Yonkers."

General Jake, by the way, always made Joel's his headquarters when he was in from Massillon, Ohio, or back from Washington, where he had been trying for years to make a purse of plenty out of the Congressional sow's ear. Jake was a perfect example of the hick political miracle man, the philistine on a radical souse. His bugs were many and proliferous. In 1920 he launched his candidacy for the Presidency at Joel's bar to the jingle of a set-up of New Orleans sazaracs. We were all for him so long as he paid. When he quit shelling out (which was soon) we literati remained like Shelley's Mont Blanc—remote, serene, inaccessible. But nothing ever dazed Jake.

On Christmas Eve, before the war, Papa would assemble by invitation the Biggies among the lace-curtain Intellectuals and the thick cream of the Way-Outers, Fiat Luxers and Barricade Bombers. A grand spread in the second-floor back room. A high trellised screen was thrown across the front of the room. Through this screen the Acephali from Queens and the business marts were permitted to peep. Joel would serve steaks, *chili con carne*, beer and the Blue Moon thing. What a memorable logorrhea those suppers were! Everything from the sex-life of the amoeba to esoteric Anarchism was belched out. It was at one such party that Hip Havel tried to choke the life out of Don Marquis because Marquis said he didn't think he loved *all* of the human race, and Arthur Leonard Ross was attacked by Jo Davidson because

Arthur had mildly averred that all the arts aspired to etching. Joel sat at the head of the table at these feasts commemorating the birth of the good Nazarene. His only remark that I can now recall is "How embryonic!"

His generosity sometimes winced. There suddenly appeared on the wall downstairs one night 'round about 1917 this sign: "According to the style-card of the New York *Herald*, 'A *Patron* of a hotel is one who pays for his bed, eating and drinking. A *Guest* is one whose bed, eating and drinking are paid for by the host.' We love our Patrons; but damn our Guests! Joel Rinaldo." But for all that Joel knew as many guests as he did patrons. He has helped hundreds of cultured gentlemen (and newspaper writers) over the cobbles. And as for the actors of New York, he was their post-office, their banker and their angel.

The ethical ladybirds and tumblebugs put over Prohibition in 1920. But that made no more difference to Joel's than it did to Jack's or Mouquin's. As a matter of fact, Joel's, like thousands of other places in New York, was already a speak-easy during five hours of the night. Prohibition merely extended the five hours to twenty-

four. We drank out of cups for a while as the snoop-snouts looked on pleasantly for a few minutes and then left us. Gradually the cups were abandoned and the glasses reappeared. Scuttles of beer were always to be had. It was in 1922 that Tom Geraghty, the playboy of Broadway; Charlie Chaplin and myself landed in Joel's one night, dismissed the orchestra (for a consideration) and gave a concert of our own—Tom playing the trap-drum, Charlie the violin and I the piano (I can play Liszt and Chopin by using only the little finger of the left hand and the thumb of the right hand). Joel was attending a dinner at Barney Gallant's Village Inn. The Great Walter de Shoto again lost his trombone on that night.

Joel sold out in 1926. He now lives the retired life of South Brooklyn. Surrounded by books—from Aristophanes to Ben Hecht—, by rare pre-war cordials and exotic brandies, himself never touching a drop, as hospitable as ever, he dreams of the Pleasure House that he, the Kubla Khan of the Tenderloin, decreed and the revels and charivaris of twenty-four years, a few of which I have tried to indicate to the gin-sodden growing generation of our Comic Republic.

THE WATER LILIES

BY KARLTON KELM

AFTER they got back from the cemetery they all went to Hugh's house for dinner. Alice was the only sister-in-law in the family, so it had fallen to her to get the meals since Mary's death—Alice, with all her babies, two months behind in her rent, and only one extra leaf for the dining-room table! But of course the girls couldn't be cooking with their sister laid out, and after all, they must eat,—and well, it was the only thing Alice had ever been able to do for the family.

So they all crowded around the circular table, and the girls said they couldn't touch a thing. But Alice said they ought to keep up their strength. She told them that Mary wouldn't rest well if they carried on like that. Then the girls agreed to take a little baked ham just for Mary's sake. Hugh said he thought ham was about as good as you could have for either a picnic or a funeral. And they all decided it went the farthest.

Then Edith's husband, George, had to spoil it all by reminding them that tomorrow they would have to go over to Mary's and dispose of her things, on account of Olive having to return to Chicago the day after tomorrow. Of course they all began to cry again. How could George even mention such a thing?

"I was thinking," said Alice suddenly. "Mary had a picture of some water lilies. They were so soft and white. I was thinking——"

Alice blushed and hurried to the kitchen for more boiled potatoes.

The girls stopped crying and looked at one another. Then they looked at Hugh. In marrying a farmer's daughter they had always felt that their young brother had married beneath him.

Hugh looked ashamed and said that Alice was just talking.

"We don't want a thing," he said. "You girls divide it between you. Take whatever you want."

Edith pulled at her handkerchief and said, "Well, I'm sure George and I don't want anything. Let Flora and Olive divide it between them."

Flora put her hand to her mouth and excused herself. Flora's husband, Duncan, had died a year ago and left her with a nervous stomach.

"Not a thing for me," she said brokenly. "Give it all to Olive."

They all looked at Olive. Olive clerked in Chicago and only got home for funerals and the holidays. Where could she put all of Mary's things in her two-room apartment? "Not me!" she protested generously.

Bad as he felt, Hugh had to smile. "Then we'll give it all to Aunt Faustina and Uncle Ball," he cried conclusively.

But that didn't set things right either. Edith bit her lip, and Flora put her hand to her mouth again, while Olive's eyes narrowed critically as she studied the pattern of the tablecloth.

"Aunt Faustina is the only one of us that has both orientals and a Frigidaire," said Edith after a bit.

"Uncle Ball was always so tight with Mama when she was a girl," complained Flora.

"And," cried Olive, "I'll never forget that neither of them came to see Mary when she had her gall-bladder out."

Hugh smiled again and shrugged his shoulders. "Still, if you girls don't want any remembrances of your own sister—," he teased.

The girls blinked thoughtfully. Then Flora swallowed a soda mint and spoke up bravely, more bravely than she had ever spoken since Duncan died. "It isn't that we girls wouldn't like a remembrance," she began, looking to Edith for help. "Just a towel or something."

"Yes," put in Edith quickly. "Even a handkerchief would do. Because we wouldn't want it said—" She finished the sentence by blowing her nose.

They were all quiet for a time. Then Alice came in from the kitchen and said, "They were the prettiest lilies I ever saw. I think she had them behind the piano. I was thinking—" She twisted her apron and blushed again.

The girls nudged each other, then Edith said emphatically, "We meant to make it up to you, Alice, for getting the meals. We even meant that you should charge them to the funeral expenses."

"Oh!" cried Alice, her soft lips quivering.

Then she burst into tears and ran back into the kitchen.

Soon after that they got up from the table and Hugh said they had better all go home and get some rest. Then Alice's babies burst into the dining-room to finish up what was left of the baked ham, and the girls struggled into their galoshes

and said it was a shame that Alice was so sensitive when they meant it for her own good.

Out in the street Flora said weakly, "To tell you the truth, it would've been awful for Alice to take pay for the meals."

"Yes," agreed Edith, "but don't you worry, Alice is probably figuring on lots of Mary's things to make up for it. Did you hear her start right off about that picture? Why, I never knew Mary had any water lilies, did you, Olive?"

"Y-yes," said Olive hesitantly, "y-yes." Then after a thoughtful moment, "You know, girls, I was going to get me a picture for over the davenport in my apartment."

"Oh?" Edith pinched Flora.

"Y-yes," mused Olive. "Funny, I even thought of flowers."

"Oh?" Flora nudged Edith.

They reached the corner and Olive left them to go over to town. Then Edith said to Flora, narrowly, "We'll have to watch Olive. When Mama died she grabbed up everything just because she was home the longest."

And again Flora put her hand to her mouth. But this time she forgot to excuse herself.

II

The next morning the girls were to go up to Mary's flat. Over the telephone the night before, they had decided to "do the right thing." So they had notified everyone in the relationship to be there to get some little remembrance of Mary. Uncle Ball was sending his seven daughters, and Aunt Faustina had got Edith out of bed at eleven-thirty to tell her that she had reconsidered and would drop over in the Chevy too. Earlier in the evening Aunt Faustina had distinctly refused to take a

thing. "Why should I?" she had inquired loudly into the mouthpiece. "I have everything. My house is complete."

Of course they had notified Alice too, and at first she hadn't been going to come either, but with Hugh at her elbow, saying she would start a family fuss if she didn't, she had also reconsidered.

Edith set out for the flat with George a little earlier than agreed upon. She was the eldest and it was only right that she should arrive first. And George was laid off now and could help. They could kind of look things over. Especially those water lilies Alice was raving so about. But what was this? The door was already unlocked. And they could hear Flora and Olive up in the tiny kitchen, crying because of how nice Mary had kept everything.

When Edith saw how lovely the aluminium kettles were scoured she had to cry too. Olive drew Flora into the pantry and whispered, "I told you she'd bring that old washwoman along."

Then they all went into the front room and George asked what would they have, just as if he owned it all. The girls just sniffed and dabbled with their handkerchiefs. George asked how about the piano. But the girls wouldn't say a word. And they weren't looking at the piano. They were looking above it. They were looking at the water lilies.

"Then there's the washing-machine," continued George.

They paid no attention to him.

"Good God!" cried George. "The rest of the family will be here before we've settled the *big* things."

The girls all blew their noses. Then Edith said, "It all came to me in the night. Mary painted those lilies herself. She did them under the same nun I done my carnations."

Olive pinched Flora.

"Yes, sir," went on Edith, "and after I married George I was always going to do some roses or—or something, to sort of match for the other side of the mantel. But do you suppose I could ever find the time? No, sir. And George just said this morning, 'Edith,' he said, 'them lilies of Mary's just match your —'"

Suddenly Edith stopped speaking and looked searchingly at her sisters. But she didn't receive much encouragement. Olive looked away and said pointedly, "There was that place behind my day —"

"They *are* awful pretty," remarked Flora sickly, for she had found yesterday's ham especially hard to digest.

"Good God!" protested George. "I thought Alice hinted for those weeds."

There was a tense moment, then Edith burst out, "That's just it! She hinted. I'm like Mama was. I can stand anything but a hint."

And Flora and Olive agreed that Alice shouldn't have hinted.

"Besides, there are so many more practical things for *her*," continued Edith.

"That's right," said Olive. "People with five babies shouldn't even be thinking of pictures." Olive had never married and believed in birth control.

George threw out his arms in despair. "Leave the lilies till later then," he cried. "But the piano and the washing-machine and —"

"They can be settled later too," decided Edith.

"All right, all right," hollered George, "leave *everything* till later."

"Now you're talking!" cried Flora, her stomach better already.

But Edith didn't think that would be wise. "There are certain little things which can be settled immediately," she said. "Now, for instance, this darling little whisk broom. I've always wanted —"

"Yes, I noticed it the first thing I came in," interrupted Olive.

"I was with Mary when she bought it," said Flora. "She took the pink one and I took the blue, but mine's all worn out now. I could never keep things like Mary."

"Good God!" yelled George, and he fled from the room.

Olive looked after him darkly.

"How long is George going to be laid off?" she asked vaguely.

Then, before anything could be done about the little pink whisk broom, they heard Aunt Faustina's brakes screaming in the street below.

"Why, she's a whole hour early," protested the girls.

Aunt Faustina puffed all the way up the stairs and found just wind enough when she reached the top to ask, "Which one got the water lilies?"

The girls regarded her suspiciously. "We haven't had a chance to settle anything yet," said Edith crossly.

Aunt Faustina collapsed into the nearest chair and sucked her lips thoughtfully. She was near seventy and still drove her own car. "You know, it's a funny thing about them lilies," she began. "Whenever I came to see Mary I'd just rave about them, and Mary would say, 'Well, Aunt, if anything ever happens to me——'"

Edith cleared her throat loudly. "I didn't know you ever came to see Mary," she said, forcing a smile. Mama had always said Aunt Faustina was the biggest liar in the family.

"I remember the time she had her gall-bladder out—" began Olive; then she thought better of it and didn't finish.

"Yes, we got quite chummy towards the last," said Aunt Faustina confidently. Then she stood up and started into the

front room. "So if none of you object, I'll just go in and get my lilies, then I'll be off in the Chevy again. Got to get a marcel."

The girls wrung their hands and looked at one another. But before they could say anything there was a knock at the door, and Uncle Ball's seven daughters filed in solemnly. They were all considerably younger than the girls, so the family usually referred to them as the children.

"Now, children," said Edith, "you just look around, and if there's any little thing that takes your eyes, just speak up."

"Oh, anything," said the children, their eyes all over at once. "Anything at all."

Then Ballina, the eldest, spoke up. Ballina was a home girl, and spent her life keeping down Uncle Ball's blood pressure. "There was only one thing Papa specified," she told them. "It seems that Papa once gave Cousin Mary a picture."

The girls swallowed hard, but smiled bravely.

"A fruit picture?" asked Edith hopefully.

"A holy picture?" asked Olive.

Flora just covered her mouth with her hand, for she couldn't remember what other kinds of pictures there were.

Before Ballina could express herself more clearly, Aunt Faustina came out from the front room, dragging the water lilies after her.

"There's the picture!" cried the seven daughters of Uncle Ball.

For a moment there wasn't a sound. Then Flora asked if someone would get her a glass of water. Edith steadied herself and told them there must be some mistake, that Uncle wouldn't be giving Mary a picture she had painted herself.

Ballina, however, was inclined to believe no one but Papa. She drew close to

examine the picture. "Why, it's not hand-painted at all," she said. "It's just a print."

The girls looked closely, but they weren't at all convinced. What did Ballina know about art anyway? It wasn't as if she'd painted carnations, like Edith.

Only Aunt Faustina seemed inclined to accept Ballina's judgment. "It must be just a print if Uncle Ball gave it," she told them, sighing heavily. But they noticed she didn't loosen her hold on the lilies any. Because when Aunt found something that she liked and wanted, she didn't care whether it was hand-painted or not.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Ballina nervously.

The girls considered. If this picture was a present from Uncle Ball, it was the only one they had ever known him to give, so it didn't seem right that he should get it back. And as for Aunt Faustina, although you did get a meal at her house occasionally, still she had started that new contract club and left out both Edith and Flora.

So the girls simply looked at one another, knew that they all felt the same, and Edith spoke. "We are sorry," she said with dignity, "but Alice spoke for the picture first."

They all looked surprised. Even Flora and Olive. Edith hastened to explain. "But since there are several of you who also want it, rather than have it said we showed any partiality, us girls will keep it ourselves."

"Hmn!" Aunt Faustina set the picture against the wall with a bang and buttoned up her coat. "Hmn! And it's the only thing I asked for."

"Now, Aunt, there's so many things —"

"Nope. I got everything. My house is complete." Aunt jammed her hat down

on her head and went noisily down the stairs. At the bottom she turned and called back, "There's a dozen lilies on that picture. See that each of you get four!" Then she slammed the door and was gone. But the girls knew what she meant. They looked at each other suspiciously and recognized the problem before them. Then they listened to Aunt's gears scraping all the way down the street. Flora ran into the kitchen for the baking soda.

III

Uncle Ball's daughters were of a different temper from Aunt Faustina. If they couldn't get what they wanted, they wanted what they could get. So after an hour or more, all seven of them were surrounded with steadily rising pyramids of knick knacks. But the girls didn't seem to mind. They were still preoccupied with the problem of the lilies. Besides, they must make it up to Uncle Ball for not getting back his present. So they offered some cut-glass jelly dishes, a bed warmer, a chest of drawers, a hair receiver, three sets of salt cellars, a Japanese sunset, and some lace and pillow slips for Dixie Corinne's and little Polka's hope-chests. But these were just some of the things. And the children were still looking around.

Finally, Edith told them she thought that would be about all they could carry. But Ballina said that was all right, Papa was sending up the store truck before dinner. The store truck? The girls bit their lips and wondered what Uncle Ball had been expecting.

After that the girls made it quite evident that there would be nothing more, so the children, led by Ballina, took a last look at everything, then filed out on to the back porch to wait for Papa's truck.

The girls sighed with relief and George said that now they must pick their own things. But just then Alice came in and the girls ran up to tell her about all the things they had been saving for her and Hugh.

"You're so handy with the needle," said Edith, "and there's all that sheeting Mary got at the fire sale."

"But I don't get time to sew."

"Then there's that high old wardrobe you can use for a sort of catch-all," offered Flora.

"But our place is so small——"

"And that nice sanitary bucket for when your babies are sick," encouraged Olive.

"But——" Alice couldn't think of a very positive objection to the sanitary bucket. She simply didn't think it the thing to remember someone by.

The girls regarded her with growing impatience. Too bad Alice wasn't more appreciative. Why, she looked as if she were going to cry. "It means—it means—I won't get the water lilies?" she was asking them tremulously.

"Now, Alice," they soothed, "we wanted that you should, but in order to keep peace in the family——" And they told her how it was.

"But you can't all three have them!" objected Alice, brokenly.

Then the girls knew the time had come to settle this problem between them once and for all. George came in to listen.

"Of course, I mentioned my place over the davenport yesterday already," reminded Olive at once.

"But it isn't as though you had carnations you wanted to match," objected Edith. "Is it, Flora?"

Flora demurred. "If I had one hand-painted picture I think I'd be satisfied. But, no. Olive got all of Mama's, and now you want Mary's."

"But you never said *you* wanted it," cried Edith and Olive together.

"No, I never *said* I wanted it, but I sure thought plenty," wailed Flora, the soda doing strange things to her stomach. "And it isn't as though I painted myself!"

"Good God!" yelled George. "Let's get to the big things."

"The *big* things!" scoffed the girls. "Mary didn't *paint* the big things!" Instinctively, they drew together. After all, how could a brother-in-law feel the way sisters felt about things?

The girls went to the picture and picked it up between them.

"I'm the eldest," stated Edith as a last resort.

"It's the only thing I have room for in my apartment," snapped Olive.

"And I'm a widow, and alone, and not well!" wailed Flora. "I'm——"

But that was as far as Flora got, for just then she became deathly ill. She tasted ham. Her stomach revolted. And before she could do anything about it, she had been sick.

They all jumped back, hurt, revolted. The picture dropped to the floor. Flora fled to the bathroom, gasping, "It's all Alice's fault. She knew how ham would disagree with me."

Edith and Olive ran into the front room. They were crying. George followed them. Not that he felt like crying too. Somehow, he felt like laughing. But they were all a little frightened, he guessed. It was as if Flora had hurt Mary. It was as if they had all hurt Mary with their ridiculous squabbling.

"Oh, I could never take it now," sobbed Edith. "Never!"

"Nor I!" cried Olive. And they both hoped that Flora was satisfied now that she had made the picture her own.

But when Flora came out of the bathroom she told them that she wouldn't take the picture either. "If I looked at it, I wouldn't see lilies," she explained tearfully. "I'd see ham! And I'd do it again. I'd do it every time I looked at it."

Then she hurried out to get the picture and scour it well. But it wasn't where they had dropped it. And when she went into the kitchen she found Alice there, washing it carefully, even tenderly, in nice warm suds. And there was a little smile about Alice's soft lips.

Flora couldn't say a word. She just gave Alice a quick little kiss on the cheek, then

hurried back to the girls again. But Alice knew what that kiss had meant. She sighed softly, and dried off the water lilies with one of Mary's nice and soft bleached towels.

Then she rolled down her sleeves, put on her hat and coat, and tucked the picture under her arm. Then she started down the stairs.

In the front room she could hear George saying, "Now that that's settled, we can turn to the big things."

And Edith asked, "What about this little pink whisk broom? We never settled on that."

THE MUSIC ROOM

THE POSTURE OF THE OPERA SINGER

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

WHY do we resent the tenor in opera planting himself, as he is inclined to do if he is not checked, in the centre of an imaginary line drawn across the stage not far away from the footlights? In part, of course, because we feel this to be undramatic: the singer has momentarily stepped out of the character and out of the drama, and for vanity's sake is singing not to us but at us. But there is another reason, and a subtler one, for our annoyance: the tenor is outraging our physical sense of the *optique du théâtre*. Whether we are conscious of it or not, we see the stage in that diminution of perspective natural to all lateral lines prolonged. The eye is unconsciously drawn toward the central point of the background; and whether the sides of the scene actually converge or not, we subconsciously feel them to be doing so.

One reason why the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth creates such an illusion of what we may call idealized reality is to be found in the fact that the side pillars of the auditorium converge toward the stage. Though the lights are down, there is still light enough in the house for the spectator to be aware, wherever he may be sitting, of these columns creating an effect of perspective-convergence toward the concentrated area of the stage action. Our ordinary theatres and opera-houses lack this advantage: they are planned not so much for ideal dramatic as for social and

box-office purposes; but even in these theatres there is still a subconscious perception in the spectator, however faint it may be, of this physical *optique du théâtre*.

Thus we see why the fatuity of the tenor annoys us as it does. This foolish bellowing figure, planted frontally in the middle of the broadest line of the stage, interferes with our sense of stage perspective. The sub-conscious converging lateral lines sweep past him, or try to do so, and we feel it to be an arrogance for this insignificant creature to be thrusting himself into the centre of the broadest side of the triangle. He is neither physically nor mentally big enough to occupy that position with any dignity. If a static figure in opera is to concentrate our whole attention on him for any length of time, his proper place is at the back and in the perspective-focus of the stage; moreover, his position there must be one of immobility, and his function and significance symbolic rather than dramatic.

Two cases that may be cited by way of illustration are that of the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute," and that of the old Emperor in "Turandot." Each of these characters is a symbol rather than a personage. Being symbols, it is right that the whole of the forces of illusion of the stage shall be pressed into the service of the presentation of them; and this is done by placing them at a point, in the very centre of the very back, where the physical *optique du théâtre* finds its completest satisfaction by means of the final concentration of the whole perspective-convergence of the theatre upon them.

The opera-goer will have noticed how Tristan, when he comes forward for his interview with Isolde in the first act, at once loses the remoteness, the impressiveness, the heroic quality, he had in his pose at the helm earlier in the scene. The explanation is that in his position at the helm the perspective of the stage gives him a more than personal dignity, all the lateral lines of the theatre converging upon him and centring in him; whereas when he steps down to the stage level and comes to the centre of the space he is merely an ordinary human figure forced to rely for his impressiveness solely upon his stature and his bearing.

The ideal position for the actor in full-face, then, is at the centre-back of the stage, where all the lines meet in him and can go no further, instead of down at the footlights, where he is felt as an annoying frustration of the stage lines in their natural attempt to converge. The full-face, of course, is the attitude most favored by the singer, because in that position his voice carries better and is equidistant from all the spectators. But the full-face is one that should rarely be adopted in opera, for it is the least expressive, because of the flattening out of the more prominent features.

The profile-position also labors under a disadvantage, for it tends to contradict the subconscious physical *optique du théâtre*. It must be remembered that opera, by its very nature, tends more toward the static than drama does: if only for the physical reasons connected with breathing and with tone-emission the singer is forced to adopt a series of more or less static poses. But a profile-position long maintained tends to contradict the *optique du théâtre* of which I have spoken, by compelling the eye to draw a line lengthways across the stage instead of following its bent toward perspective-convergence.

These may be small matters, no doubt, but they undoubtedly play their part in our satisfaction or dissatisfaction; for when we sit in a theatre we become unconscious servants of the subtle laws of the theatre. Further, the profile-position is the ideal one neither for singing nor for dramatic illusion—not for singing, because part of the tone is lost in the wings, and not for dramatic illusion because under these conditions the actor violates, to however slight an extent, the other *optique du théâtre*, in that now he does not play sufficiently to the audience, but makes the drama, again to however slight an extent, seem an affair purely of the people on the stage, upon whom we are merely spying, and whom we are merely overhearing.

Full-face and profile-face thus being both ruled out, in most cases, by the subconscious operation in us of the one *optique du théâtre* or the other—in some cases of both—the four-fifths face emerges as the predestined compromise. It offers the maximum of advantages and the minimum of disadvantages. It does not contradict the physical *optique du théâtre* as the full-face and the profile-face do; for in its way it still coöperates with the spectator's physical illusion of a converging perspective. It ensures almost the maximum of tone being broadcast through the whole house. And it still enables the actors to preserve dramatic illusion by appearing to keep the conversation, as it were, among themselves, while it neither shuts out the drama for the benefit of the spectator, as the full-face attitude is apt to do, nor shuts out the spectator for the benefit of the drama, as the profile attitude tends to do for the time. The four-fifths face is thus a working compromise that has been forced upon the stage by the unconscious operation of the very laws of the stage.

It will be found, in practice, that the

commonsense of the dramatic composer has been at work within him to preserve the principle of the four-fifths face in his shaping of most of his scenes; I need only cite, in illustration, the position of the King and the general setting of the stage in the first act of "Lohengrin," that of Hans Sachs in the scene outside his workshop and again in the final scene of the opera, that of Cavaradossi singing "Recondita armonia" in the first act of "Tosca," and the scene of the writing of his letter to Tosca in the last act ("E lucevan le stelle"). But, like all compromises, that of the four-fifths face is one that it is impossible to maintain under all circumstances. For opera, as for the drama, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down: all we can be sure of is that the sense of the *optique du théâtre*, on the part of the librettist, the composer, the actor, and the spectator, is always subconsciously striving toward the four-fifths face as the ideal.

PEDAGOGY

LISTENING TO MUSIC.

By Douglas Moore.

W. W. Norton & Company
\$3 8 x 5¼; 288 pp. New York

This volume is addressed to the reader ignorant of music; its aim is to teach him the elements of the art. There is some question that the business may be achieved by any book. Music stands so far apart from literature that it must be studied on its own ground, and with the ear rather than the eye. But in so far as the task he undertakes is feasible at all, Mr. Moore tackles it in a very intelligent manner. His explanations really explain, and they are so graded that, given genuine interest in the reader, their difficulties should not be insurmountable. Most of the examples are taken from familiar and even homely pieces, *e.g.*, "America", "My Old Kentucky Home" and Rubinstein's Melody in F.

MUSIC IN THE HOME, *Before Lessons Begin.*

By Geraldine L. Aitken. Carl Fischer
\$1 7 x 10½; 59 pp. New York

This aspires to be an "outline of simple and natural experiences in music, for mothers and teachers of very young children". Paraphrasing Mark Twain's dictum about our Navy and the water we have, one might say that there's no reason why our children shouldn't grow up into virtuosos; look at the teachers and instruction books we possess. The sanctimoniousness of Miss Seymour's introduction is not necessary. The book is attractive, very helpful, and self-sufficient.

SCORE

AMERICANA. *A Sequence of Five Chorus Texts From THE AMERICAN MERCURY.*

By Randall Thompson.

The E. C. Schirmer Company
35 cents 10¾ x 8½; 36 pp. Boston

Mr. Thompson, ranging THE AMERICAN MERCURY's Americana for texts, has chosen an anathema by a Seattle clergyman, some extracts from the astrological department of the New York *Graphic*, an extract from a leaflet issued by the W. C. T. U., an account of a quadruple electrocution in Arkansas, and some dithyrambs by a Los Angeles New Thought. His settings are for mixed choruses with piano accompaniment, and all of them are ingenious, original, and unfailingly amusing. The New Thought dithyrambs are done in four-part counterpoint, and have all the solemn grandeur of a motet—with a touch of ribaldry added. The Arkansas narrative, very dramatic in itself, becomes a sort of opera in miniature. And in the W. C. T. U. piece Mr. Thompson achieves an hilarious burlesque of those modernist composers who find it necessary to change the time signature with every measure. The choruses are by no means easy, but they are all decidedly singable, and any amateur chorus of sound experience should be able to do them effectively. They were sung with great success at a concert of the League of Composers in New York on April 3, with the composer conducting.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Notes on an Insoluble Problem

20,000 YEARS IN SING SING, by Lewis E. Lawes. \$3. 8½ x 5¼; 412 pp. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith.

CRIMINALS & CRIMINAL JUSTICE, by Nathaniel F. Cantor. \$3.50. 8½ x 5¾, 470 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

MR. LAWES is the warden of Sing Sing Prison; Dr. Cantor is professor of sociology at the University of Buffalo. They naturally approach the problem of crime and punishment from different directions. Warden Lawes, out of the richness of his years of prison experience, attempts to formulate the principles of a plausible penological philosophy; Dr. Cantor, examining critically the speculations of all the known penologists, ancient and modern, attempts to deduce a series of rules that will work in practise. The earnestness of both men is undeniable, and each in his way is manifestly competent, but it would certainly be going too far to say that either is wholly persuasive. On the contrary, both show a marked appetite for assumptions that are too easy, and so their conclusions are sometimes forced and unconvincing. I point, for example, to their dealing with that most dark and difficult of all the problems of penology: the question of capital punishment.

Dr. Cantor follows the familiar path of comparing English and American experience, and comes to the orthodox conclusion that "the certainty rather than the severity of punishment probably accounts for England's lower homicide rate." So far, so good. But what is one to make of this corollary, following immediately:

Capital punishment, being so severe, is not often inflicted. Juries hesitate in the face of even reasonable conviction of the defendant's guilt to return a verdict condemning him to death.

Certainly this corollary is in plain conflict with the known facts. The English, as a matter of record, do not "hesitate in the face of even reasonable conviction of the defendant's guilt" to inflict capital punishment; on the contrary, they inflict it almost automatically and without any visible hesitation whatever. And it is precisely this certainty of *capital* punishment, not any other kind of punishment, that seems to keep down the homicide rate in England. The potential murderer there not only knows that he faces a competent police, who will very likely take him; he also knows that, once he is taken, he will have to deal with twelve very resolute and realistic jurymen, who will almost certainly send him to the gallows.

In the United States the police are less efficient and juries are more easily fetched by sentimental appeals, and as a result, to take Warden Lawes' word for it, not more than 2% of each year's murderers "ever reach the death-chamber". But is that an argument for abolishing capital punishment, as both the warden and Dr. Cantor seem to think? If so, the logical steps elude me. It seems to me to be rather an argument for inflicting it oftener, as the English inflict it. Hanging or electrocuting 2% a year, we have twenty or thirty times as many murders proportionately as the English, who hang 30% or 40%. The plain fact is that we have never given capital punish-

ment a fair trial; we have simply played with it. If the experience of the English has anything to teach us at all, it is that we could greatly decrease our homicide rate by inflicting it more often.

Warden Lawes makes much of the fact that, when men are drawn for duty on a murder jury, many of them try to evade service, and that on occasion "a thousand have been examined before twelve could be chosen". But all that this proves is that disposing of murderers is an unpleasant business—that the average jurymen dislikes his part in it quite as much as Warden Lawes dislikes *his*. The fact is scarcely germane to the main issue. Practically all of the duties of the citizen are unpleasant, but certainly it would be foolish to argue that that unpleasantness, with its accompanying impulse to evade them, is sufficient reason for suspending them. Getting rid of assassins is a dirty job, but it has to be done. The American way is to lock them up transiently, and then turn them loose to slay again. The English way is to dispose of them, once and for all time, as soon as they are caught.

Warden Lawes appears to share the notion, often voiced by penological theorists, that the disinclination of juries to inflict capital punishment makes the conviction of murderers more difficult. Well, it doesn't seem to do so in England. Moreover, in practically every American State the jury may substitute imprisonment for death if it wants to, or ask the judge to do so. If there is any State which denies it that privilege, then only a slight change in the law is needed to provide it. The warden also argues that, if capital punishment were abolished, murder trials would be carried on "without passion or sentiment or emotion". It sounds plausible, but I can see no evidence for it in the American States that have done what he advocates.

Consider, for example, Michigan and Wisconsin. In both of them a salient murder trial gets just as much space in the newspapers as it does in New York or California, and there is the same public fever over it. The only difference I can find is that in such States there has appeared of late a tendency to make up for the criminal's escape with his life by hustling his trial in a reckless and melodramatic manner, so that he scarcely has time to make an adequate defense.

Both Warden Lawes and Dr. Cantor incline toward the reform, so widely advocated of late, which would reduce the function of judge and jury to the simple one of determining the prisoner's guilt, leaving his punishment, if he is condemned, to an impartial board of scientists. The objection to this plan is that such scientists do not exist, and that any attempt to unearth them would only saddle the community with a new gang of quacks. Dr. Cantor himself, in an admirable review of the so-called "scientific" literature of the subject, notes how heavy it is with what he calls "soapy generalizations". Penology, indeed, is still very far from a science. Its chief ornaments are primarily uplifters, not scientific men, and when they turn to more seemly faculties for light and leading they commonly choose those of psychology, psychiatry and sociology, all of which will have to go a long, long way before they are themselves sciences, in the sense that anatomy, physiology and pathology are sciences. No one, in truth, has the slightest idea what would happen if the plan to take punishment away from the courts were adopted. The only thing that is certain is that criminals would welcome the change. For much the same reason mice would welcome the abolition of cats and the substitution of guinea-pigs.

All such schemes overlook something,

and that is human nature. The idea that punishments are ordained to reform and mellow criminals is mainly poppycock; they are actually ordained to punish them, and it is a natural and laudable purpose. When an atrocious murder has been committed the public does not want to hear that the assassin has been taken in hand by a posse of Ph.D.'s and converted into a Y. M. C. A. secretary; it wants to hear that he has been punished, swiftly and drastically. Even Dr. Cantor, who shows, in general, a prudent skepticism, falls into fatuity in this department. "We assume," he says, "that the serious proponents of capital punishment are civilized enough not to rest their case on the theory of revenge, but would rather choose the alternative theory of deterrence." But why assume anything of the sort? What is the matter with revenge? It is as congenital to man as faith, hope or charity. When some abandoned scoundrel waylays one of my acquaintances on a dark street and robs and murders him in cold blood I am not interested in reforming the criminal, or even, primarily, in dissuading others. I am interested only in seeing that he is laid by the heels, brought to his trial, confronted with his guilt, and then put to death. And so is every other normal man. Such vermin have absolutely no right to live in society. To spare them the just and logical penalty of their crimes, whether on sentimental grounds or on pseudo-scientific grounds, is simply to condone their villainy.

A vast amount of cant is talked about the alleged immorality of the desire for revenge. As a matter of fact, that desire rises to meet hostility and injury quite as naturally as gratitude rises to meet benevolence. It is a part of the instinctive mechanism of self-defense, and as such plays an important rôle in the preservation of the individual and the species. Healthy peoples

are always quick to smite their enemies, and so are healthy men. Magnanimity, to be sure, is generally esteemed, and no doubt justly so, but magnanimity is not a duty; it is simply an act of grace. It belongs to victory, not to battle. If the late Woodrow Wilson had turned poor old Gene Debs out of prison it would have been a magnanimous thing, for Wilson was Emperor of the United States and Debs was too feeble to hurt him. (Unfortunately, Wilson came from the lower levels of Protestant Christianity, and hence never learned how to use and carry power gracefully.) But it would not be magnanimous to turn out all the gunmen who now lie in Sing Sing; it would simply be silly, for nine-tenths of them would resume their robbing and slaying within twenty-four hours. Nor would it be magnanimous to relieve them of the pains of hard labor and hand them over to a gang of theorizing quacks; it would be silly again, for they would fool the quacks very easily.

What is needed to deal with such persons is a sufficient supply of wary jailers, with a few adept hangmen intermingled. The public demands and deserves assurance that they are being punished, severely and appropriately, for their invasion of its security, and that effective steps have been taken to prevent them doing the same thing again. If they are reformed in the process, well and good, but reforming them is only half of it. The main thing is to punish them. The moment any moral system loses this contact between crime and punishment, it ceases to be logical and plausible, and becomes arbitrary, metaphysical and preposterous.

So far my remarks upon the books of Warden Lawes and Dr. Cantor have been somewhat waspish, but I hope no follower of these lines will conclude thereby that I advise him against reading them. As a

matter of fact, they are both very interesting, and in large part, as I think, very sound. They show clearly that the current American method of handling criminals is in a frightful mess. It tends to be too tender to the really bad ones, and too cruel to the relatively harmless ones. That many of the men who get into prison can be saved to society and are worth saving is obvious; unluckily, it is equally obvious that most of them are now wrecked beyond repair. There are too many crimes on the books, and in our prisons too many merely foolish and unfortunate young men are thrown with the old and incurable professionals. Any scheme that promises to break up this evil system is worth examining. There ought to be some way to differentiate accurately between the responsible and the irresponsible, the heinous and the venial, the abandoned and the erring. But I can see no sense in any plan that would rescue all the Hickmans and Two-Gun Crowleys from the hangman, and hand them over to sodalities of charlatans.

The Machine that is Man

THE WISDOM OF THE BODY, by Walter B. Cannon. \$3.50. 8½ x 5½; 312 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company.

DR. CANNON borrows his title from the late Dr. E. H. Starling of London, one of the greatest physiologists of modern times. Despite the high authority thus standing behind it, it is somewhat romantic, for wisdom connotes reflection, and there is no more evidence of reflection in the operations of the human body than there is in the operations of a streptococcus. As a matter of fact, Dr. Cannon gives over most of his book to showing that the body is a purely automatic machine, and that the mind has little to do with its running. The heart pays no attention, ordinarily, to the

brain, and the lungs pay very little. "We can, to be sure, voluntarily breathe faster or slower," but only transiently. In the main, the processes "which keep steady the conditions of the internal environment," converting food into tissue, carrying off waste matter, regulating the functioning of the vital organs, and maintaining the bodily temperature, "are not under control from the cortex." We may, by taking thought, interfere in some of these processes salubriously when they happen to be out of kelter, but under normal conditions they are better let alone, for every meddling with them is extremely dangerous.

Dr. Cannon, who is professor of physiology in the Harvard Medical School, describes them at length, and in a very clear and attractive manner. He writes well for a medical man, and has a lot that is interesting to say, for his own investigations have contributed no little to current knowledge of the phenomena he discusses. He shows how the body maintains a uniform temperature in the face of a highly variable environment, how it keeps the blood supplied with exactly the right amount of water, salt, sugar, fat and calcium, how the bones and muscles are fed, how the organs of digestion and excretion do their work, and how all sorts of enemies, whether chemical, physical or biological, are dealt with. We live on dry land and breathe dry air, but the body itself is still aquatic, for it exists in a fluid intermedium, and dies the moment that intermedium ceases to function. It thus inhabits a world within a world. The brain itself is as wholly dependent upon the health of the medium as any other organ. It, too, is part of the automatic machine. But that very fact is responsible for most of its achievements, for if it had to take care of itself it would have little time left for the transcendental operations which now en-

chant and glorify it, and if it had to take care of the whole body it would have none at all.

Toward the end of his book Dr. Cannon attempts to apply what he has found out about the body to the problems of human society. In society, he says, there is something corresponding almost exactly to the body's *milieu interne* of blood and lymph, and that is the system of transportation and communication whereby commodities and ideas are interchanged. Unfortunately, this system, as we now observe it, is lamentably defective. "The social organization, like that of the lower animals, is still in a rudimentary stage of development." It works fairly well when things are going smoothly, but it meets abnormal stresses very badly. There is no "certainty of the continuous delivery of the necessities of existence. The common stream becomes clogged, its rate of flow becomes slower, manufacture becomes hazardous, workmen are therefore unemployed, and being unemployed they cannot earn the wherewithal to secure what they must have." To dispose of these disasters Dr. Cannon proposes that "intelligence" be "applied to social instability", and argues that it could "lessen the hardships which result from technological advances, unlimited competition, and the relatively free play of selfish interests."

All this has been argued before, and with great eloquence, but I have some doubt that Dr. Cannon's observations of the body actually support it. In two ways the body differs radically from the social organism. First, it is operated without any apparent taking of thought, by a purely automatic process. Second, it is operated in a very prodigal manner, with stability always put ahead of economy. I believe that these facts are only too often overlooked by the advocates of what has come to be called a Planned Economy. It would be, to begin with, enormously wasteful—as experience in Russia, and in the United States during the late war, plainly shows—and perhaps it would be wasteful beyond endurance. And it would be, even more importantly, not automatic, but purposeful, and hence wilful, vacillating, arbitrary, and capricious, as we see also in Russia.

I should surely not want to have a body in which heart, lungs, kidneys and liver were operated by the brain, and by the same token I should not want to belong to a society run by a steering committee of politicians and uplifters. The present society is pretty bad, but it still remains endurable. I suspect that what is best in it is largely automatic, or, as we say on such levels, instinctive. And that what is worst has come from upstairs.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

H. E. BUCHHOLZ *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

G. H. BURCK *was born in Minneapolis and educated at the University of Minnesota. He is now living in Brooklyn.*

LOUIS COCHRAN *was born at Shannon, Miss., and is a graduate of the University of Mississippi and Cumberland University. He is now practising law at Jackson.*

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES'S "Joel's" *is the third of a series of intermittent articles upon the great restaurants of pre-Wesleyan New York. The first, dealing with Lüchow's, was published in December, 1931. The second, dealing with the two Mouquin places, was published in March last. A fourth, on Jack's, will follow anon. The whole series will later appear as a book.*

JAMES T. FARRELL'S first book, "Young Lonigan," *has just been published. He has contributed to the Chicago Daily News, the New Review, the Midland, This Quarter, and the New Masses.*

KARLTON KELM *was born in Portage, Wis., twenty-three years ago. He has an A. B. from Columbia College, Dubuque, Ia. He has been published in Tambour, This Quarter, and Direction.*

ARTHUR MANN *was born at Stamford, Conn., and grew up on a Long Island farm, where his interest in horses first developed. He prepared for Dartmouth, but abandoned college for newspaper work, and joined the sports staff of the New York World. In 1923 he transferred to the Tribune, and in 1926 to the Evening*

World, where he remained until the suspension of the paper. He is now writing for the magazines and presenting radio sketches.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS *was himself a foremost figure in the Poetry Revival of which he writes, and his "Spoon River Anthology," published in 1915, was probably its most striking contribution to the national letters. His latest book is a dramatic poem, "Godbey."*

GEORGE MILBURN *is the author of "Oklahoma Town" and editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

ERNEST NEWMAN *is the well-known music critic. He is the author of half a dozen books, and is the leading authority in the world on Richard Wagner.*

VANCE RANDOLPH *is the author of "The Ozarks: An American Survival of Primitive Society."*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *was born in Cosenza, Italy, in 1894. He was brought to America when he was nine, and admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915.*

KITTREDGE WHEELER *is on the telegraph desk of the New York World-Telegram. For two years he was head copy-reader for the New York Journal. He was born in Sioux City, Ia., and has worked on papers in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Havana, and Paris.*

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, PH.D. (Nebraska), *is professor of English at the University of Nebraska. A more detailed account of him appears in Editorial Notes.*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section,
page vi

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

BROWN AMERICA: *The Story of a New Race.*

By Edwin R. Embree. *The Viking Press*
\$2.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 311 pp. New York

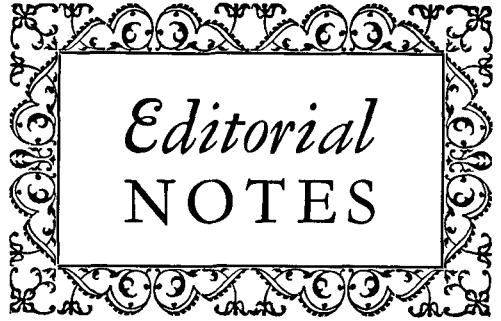
Mr. Embree is executive head of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, a major interest of which is the Negro. He has thus had wide and intimate contact with the chief problems of the Negroes in the United States, and he writes about them with knowledge and authority. He begins with a chapter on their racial background, and then discusses their history in America, paying particular attention to their economic, educational, and social struggles in the South, and to their general cultural development. He devotes special sections to Negro schools, music, and literature. "The American Negroes today," he says, "are as uniform as any typical race of mixed ancestry, such for instance as the Japanese or the Anglo-Saxons." Into the century between 1800 and 1900 they have "crowded experiences more varied than many races have seen in millenniums." They have made progress, "and there are a considerable number at a fair level, but the race as a whole is still below a decent average of living conditions and accomplishments." But there is no reason to despair. "Looked at in the long view, a satisfactory and a satisfying future for the new race in America is already assured." Altogether, Mr. Embree has written a sensible and useful book. One of the chapters in it, "A Kentucky Crusader," dealing with his Abolitionist grandfather, John G. Fee, was first printed in slightly different form in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. A bibliography and an index are appended.

ILL-STARRED PROHIBITION CASES. *A Study in Judicial Psychology.*

By Forrest Revere Black. *Richard G. Badger*
\$2 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 162 pp. Boston

Dr. Black, who is professor of law in the University of Kentucky, here makes a detailed and devastating examination of the decisions of the Federal courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States, in a number of salient cases under the Volstead Act, and shows how they have gradually whittled away the guarantees of the Bill of Rights. In the Carroll, Lambert and Olmstead cases, in particular, the Supreme Court has made great inroads upon the ancient rights of the free citizen. Dr. Black believes that the best way to get rid of Prohibition will be by a process of nullification, and presents a plan to that end first suggested by Clarence Darrow. Mr. Darrow also furnishes an introduction. The book is well documented, but lacks an index.

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Editorial NOTES

Herewith is a portrait of Mr. Joel Rinaldo, *Wirt* and *Kulturhistoriker*, whose services to civilization are dealt with in the present issue by Mr. Benjamin De Caseres. Until the Methodist *mur- rain* descended upon New York Mr. Rinaldo was one of the salient personages of the town. He is now in retirement, and it is to be hoped that he will give over his leisure to the writing of his reminiscences.



Joel Rinaldo

For a quarter of a century, Mr. H. E. Buchholz, author of "The Pedagogues Leap To Save Us," has been active in education as publisher, writer, and critic. He is head of the educational publishing house of Warwick & York, publisher and managing editor of *Educational Administration and Supervision*, established by him in 1915, and publisher of the *Journal of Educational Psychology*, founded by him in 1910. In connection with his recently published "Fads and Fallacies in Present-Day Education," Professor William C. Bagley, of Teachers College, Columbia, said of him:

He has published a large number of important monographs. . . . Young men and young women, starting on their professional careers with high hopes but slender

Continued on page xii

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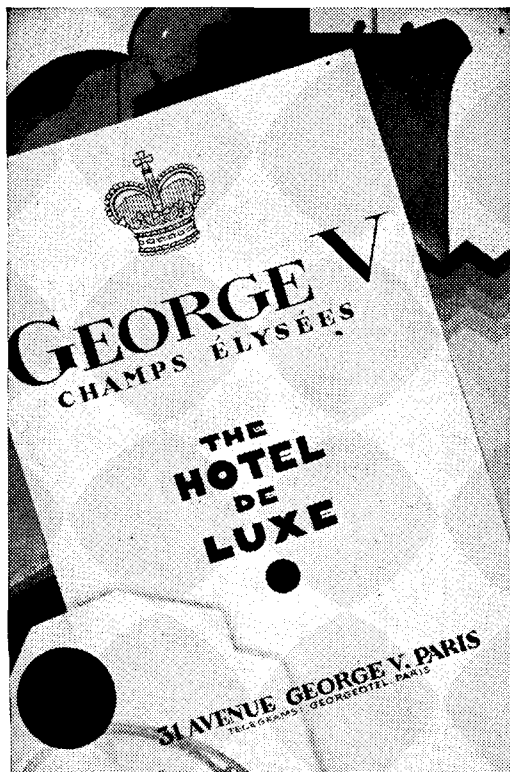
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page x

purses, have found in him a generous and kindly—albeit an extremely candid—friend. . . . For more than a decade, over the pen name of Ezekiel Cheever, he wrote a column for the Baltimore *Sunday Sun*. In terse and simple language he set forth the educational needs of the city and of the State as he saw these needs. He was frank, sometimes almost to the point of brutality. He would not hesitate unmercifully to chastise his best friends if they strayed from what he regarded as the straight and narrow path of professional rectitude and unswerving fidelity to the public weal. Students of education who have followed the developments of the past ten years in Baltimore and Maryland will agree that the gratifying conditions now prevailing were made possible in no small measure by the keen critical analysis to which Mr. Buchholz subjected every educational proposal and by the skill with which he set his conclusions before the public.

Dr. William McAndrew, formerly superintendent of schools in Chicago, and now associated with Dr. J. McKeen Cattell on *School and Society*, writing of Mr. Buchholz in the June 6, 1931, issue, said the following:

I would find it hard to name any living American who has done more to push education ahead and to steady it. As a slapper he is nonpareil. His affection for education fails not in chastening schoolmen. His love taps are like the caresses from the hindlegs of a mule. Bagley says Buchholz has a passion for plain speech. What you like in him more than this is that as a publisher of educational books and dependent for success on selling them to schoolmen he does hammer every schoolman trait he thinks a fad or a fallacy.

DR. LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, author of "Love Affair" in this issue, was born December 25, 1890, at Plaquemine, La., a

Continued on page xiv

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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is an Englishwoman who lives part of the year in London, and part in her villa on the Italian Riviera. She first became widely known in this country through her novel, THE MATRIARCH, and her rich chronicles of family life and her more modern stories of life and love continue to delight her many readers. Said Rebecca West: "G. B. Stern is a creative artist indeed. She can make flesh and bones, and the hair on the head and the phrase in the mouth . . . into a perfect living character."

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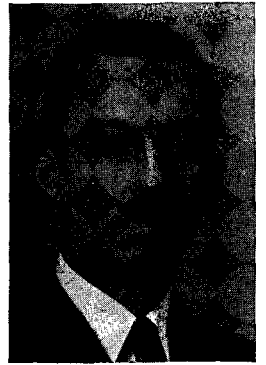
Editorial NOTES

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Mississippi river town. "My father," he says,

now retired from the ministry, was a Methodist preacher of the old school. With him, my mother, my five brothers, and my two sisters I went from one Methodist charge to another, living, all told, in some dozen or more towns.

When I was about ten years old, we moved from New Orleans to—for us—the far North, specifically to Wauneta, Neb., at that time a



Dr. L. C. Wimberly

Western pioneer town and the jumping-off place of the world. But it was a boy's paradise, especially in the Summer.

The Winter was somewhat less diversified—howling winds, snowdrifts, blizzards, and, to relieve our distress, missionary barrels from the East, the barrels crammed with a miscellany of cast-off hats, shoes, dresses, and suits that didn't fit any one of the ten of us. It often happened that a shoe didn't have a mate or that a coat didn't have trousers to match. But we wore them all somehow, even the stovepipe hat (caved in), the grease-spotted tuxedo, and the evening gown.

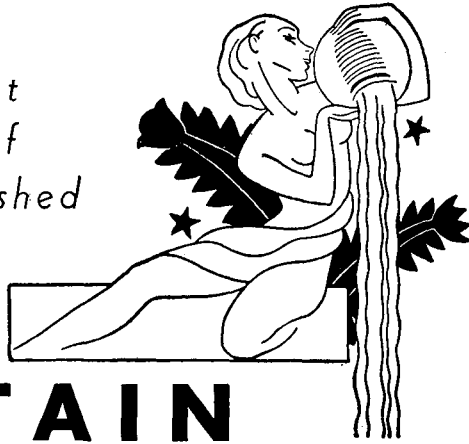
All this time I was going to school. I was graduated from high-school in Woodbine, Iowa. I studied the violin industriously for a year. Then I took up shorthand and typewriting. In 1912 I entered the University of Nebraska, where I have been ever since, first as student and then as teacher, and where I have taken three degrees, A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. My doctoral thesis dealt with the British popular ballads. For the past six years I have been editor of the *Prairie Schooner*.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

TRAVEL WITH BORZOI BOOKS

"Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel."—OF TRAVEL. Francis Bacon's comment is as true today as it was three hundred years ago, although he might have added that the best introduction to foreign lands is to be found in books.

In the United States

It is surprising how little many dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers know about their own city, and they might well profit by reading Walter R. Brooks's *NEW YORK: AN INTIMATE GUIDE* (\$2.00). For the stranger in New York this handy little volume is indispensable. It answers every question from where to eat to how much to tip the doorman. ¶ Certainly the cheapest and probably the most delightful way to travel in this country, if one is to believe Mary Day Winn's *THE MACADAM TRAIL* (\$5.00), is to go by motor-coach. This record of over 10,000 miles through New England, the South, Texas, Nevada, Wyoming and California, with 34 full-page drawings (one in full color) by E. H. Suydam, will open your eyes to the many advantages of this form of travel.

In England

Most Americans would find it difficult to really know England at play without Horace Annesley Vachell's *THE BEST OF ENGLAND* (\$3.00). Here is a book that tells how and where to enjoy hunting, polo, fishing, racing, football, and tennis, as well as the customs of the English country house and English society. But probably the best manner in which to learn to know the English is to read Henry Woodd Nevinson's *THE NATIVES OF ENGLAND* (\$3.00)—a review of customs, manners and morals which has been compressed by this engaging essayist into one small volume, illustrated with 16 full-page illustrations from paintings by C. R. W. Nevinson.

On the Continent

One of the most entertaining accounts of a European trip written in many years is Francis and Mason Merrill's *AMONG THE NUDISTS* (\$3.00)—a witty, but at the same time serious account by a young American couple of their experiences at the nudist colonies of Europe, which is illustrated with 23 photographs. *HOLLAND* by Karl Scheffler (\$3.50), on the other hand, is a comprehensive study of the land, its people and its arts which is illustrated with 64 half-tones. But if you are travelling in a more liquid vein, you will find invaluable information concerning European wines in *BOUQUET* by G. B. Stern (\$3.50) and P. Morton Shand's two volumes, *A BOOK OF FRENCH WINE* (\$3.50) and *A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH* (\$3.50). *UNROMANTIC SPAIN* by Mario Praz (\$4.00) needs no further comment than that of *The London Times*: "Signor Praz starts by exploding the whole romantic theory of 'picturesque Spain', due to Gautier and not stereotyped in the prospectuses of travel agencies. . . . One of the most amusing books we have read. . . ." If you have a taste for romance, however, you will like J. B. Trend's *SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH* (\$5.00), a book full of enthusiastic comments on architecture, poetry, literature, music and history.

In Latin America

An intimate picture of Mexico from Tampico to the Guatemalan border with its sun-drenched *haciendas*, its gorgeous flowers, the effects of its *pulque*, the flavor of *mole*—inspired concoction of wild turkey and chiles—and descriptions of its little-known towns are to be found in Maria Storm's beautifully illustrated *PROLOGUE TO MEXICO* (\$3.50). And if you touch at Cuba on the way, you most certainly should have Joseph Hergesheimer's *SAN CRISTÓBAL DE LA HABANA* (\$2.50) which *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* called: "One of the most remarkable and fascinating books of travel in the language." *Illustrated.*

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